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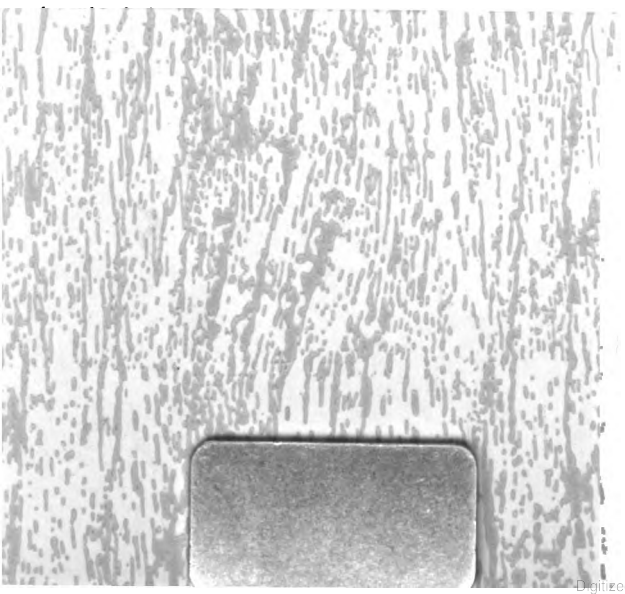

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THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

OR

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CONTENTS OF No. XIII.

ART. I. Madoc, a Poem: in Two Parts. By Robert Southey p. 1

II. A Tour in America in 1798, 1799, and 1800: Exhibiting Sketches of Society and Manners, and a particular Account of the American System of Agriculture, with its recent Improvements. By Richard Parkinson - - - - - - - - - 29

III. Medical Reports on the Effects of Water, Cold and Warm, as a Remedy in Fever and other Diseases, whether applied to the Surface of the Body, or used internally. By James Currie, M. D. &c. - - 42

IV. An Experimental Inquiry into the Nature and Propagation of Heat. By John Leslie - - - - 63

V. Hints towards Forming the Character of a Young Princess - - - - - - - - - 91

VI. Flore du Nord de la France: ou Description des Plantes Indigènes, et de celles cultivées dans les Départemens de la Lys, de l'Escaut, de la Dyle, et des Deux-Nèthes, y compris les Plantes qui naissent dans les Pays Limitrophes de ces Départemens, &c. Par F. Roucel, Officier de Santé pensionné de la Ville d'Alost, &c. - - - - - - - - 100

VII. A Short Statement of Facts relative to the late Election of a Mathematical Professor in the University of Edinburgh, &c. By Professor Dugald Stewart 113

VIII. L'Eneide: Traduite par Jacques de Lille. And Virgile à Jacques de Lille: ou Dialogue des Morts, sur la Traduction des Six Premiers Livres de l'Eneide. Par M. Quenneville - - - - - 134

IX. A Short Account of the Cause of the Disease in Corn, called by Farmers the Blight, the Mildew, and the Rust. By Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. - - - 148

X. Memoirs of C. M. Talleyrand de Perigord, &c. &c. By the Author of the Revolutionary Plutarch - 151

XI. Travels to the Westward of the Allegany Mountains, in the States of the Ohio, Kentucky, and Tenessee. By F. A. Michaux, M. D. &c. - - - 155

XII. Academical Questions. By the Right Honourable W. Drummond, Author of a Translation of Persius 163

XIII. Observations on the Present State of the Highlands of Scotland; with a View of the Causes and probable Consequences of Emigration. By the Earl of Selkirk 185

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ART. XIV. The Works of Edmund Spenser, with the principal Illustrations of various Commentators. To which are added, Notes, &c. By John Todd, M. A. F. A. S. - - - - - p. 203

XV. Mes Souvenirs de Vingt Ans de Sejour à Berlin; ou, Frederic le Grand, sa Famille, sa Cour, &c. &c. Par Dieudonné Thiebault - - - - - 218

XVI. The Horrors of the Negro Slavery existing in our West India Islands, demonstrated from Official Documents recently presented to the House of Commons - - - - - - - 244

Quarterly List of New Publications - - 249

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS OF NO. XIV.

ART. I. A Treatise on the Coins of the Realm, in a Letter to the King. By the Earl of Liverpool - Page 265

II. An Analytical Inquiry into the Principles of Taste. By Richard Payne Knight - - - - - 295

III. Les Saisons de J. Thomson. Traduites en vers Français, par J. Poulin - - - - - 328

IV. The Life and Pontificate of Leo X. By William Roscoe - - - - - 336

V. Memoires Posthumes de Marmontel. Imprimées sur le Manuscrit autographe de l'Auteur - - 358

VI. Specimens of early English Metrical Romances, chiefly written during the early Part of the Fourteenth Century. By George Ellis, Esq. And Ancient Engleish Metrical Romanceës, selected and published by Joseph Ritson - - - - - 387

VII. The Principles of Moral Science. By Robert Forsyth, Esq. Advocate - - - - - 413

VIII. An Account of the Life of Dr Samuel Johnson, from his Birth, to his Eleventh Year. Written by Himself - - - - - 436

IX. Recherches sur le Tems le plus reculé de l'Usage des Voutes chez les Anciens. Par M. L. Dutens - 441

X. Travels through Italy in the Years 1804 and 1805. By Aug. Von Kotzebue - - - - - 456

XI. The Wealth of Nations, with Notes, Supplementary Chapters, and a Life of Dr Smith. By William Playfair - - - - - 470

XII. Lyric Poems. By James Mercer, Esq. - - 471

XIII. Speech in the House of Commons, on the War against the Mahrattas. By Philip Francis, Esq. - 478

XIV. The Tomb of Alexander. A Dissertation on the Sarcophagus brought from Alexandria, and now in the British Museum. By Edward Daniel Clarke, LL. D. 480

Quarterly List of New Publications - - - 503

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THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

OCTOBER, 1805.

No. XIII.

ART. I. *Madoc, a Poem: in Two Parts.* By Robert Southey. 4to. pp. 560. London, Longman & Co.; And Edinburgh, Constable & Co. 1805.

MR SOUTHEY, we think, has great talents for poetry; and more learning and industry than commonly fall to the lot of those who dedicate themselves to the service of the Muses. But he has unfortunately great ambition, and great facility: and those qualifications, which have often been the chief means of acquiring a poetical reputation, really seem to us to have operated in this case very unequivocally against it.

The *ambition* to which we ascribe this unfavourable effect, is not, our readers will understand, of that regulated and manageable sort which usually grows up in old established commonwealths, either political or literary—which aspires at distinction through a just gradation of honours, and, looking at first with veneration to those who have previously attained the heights of fame, ventures by degrees to follow their footsteps, and to emulate or surpass their achievements. Mr Southey's ambition, we are afraid, is of a more undisciplined and revolutionary character. He affects to follow the footsteps of no predecessor, and to acknowledge the supremacy of no chief or tribunal: he rather looks, we think, with a jealous and contemptuous eye on the old aristocracy of the literary world, and refuses the jurisdiction of its constituted authorities. He confines his admiration, in a great measure, to those over whom he must be conscious of possessing a decided superiority, and seems to aim at dethroning the old dynasty of genius, in behalf of an unaccredited generation.

It is true, no doubt, at the same time, that Mr Southey has nowhere ventured directly to express that treason against the poetical sovereigns, of which we are inclined to accuse him; but his disaffection, we think, is sufficiently proved by his whole style and behaviour:—he honours his great predecessors neither in word nor in deed; and not only withholds from them that tri-

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bute of applause to which they are legally entitled, but sedulously avoids all imitation of their manner; and declines, upon any occasion, to be influenced by their example. He will neither wear their livery, in short, nor submit to their commands; and though he does not say any thing openly in their disparagement, he evidently treats their authority with contempt, and indicates his desire of seducing his readers from their allegiance, by silently setting up a new object of veneration, which does not resemble them in any one of its lineaments. All this we are inclined to set down to the score of his ambition; and the injury which it is calculated to do him, we really believe to be formidable. If we must renounce our faith in the old oracles of poetical wisdom, before we can be initiated into the inspiration of her new apostles—if we must abjure all our classical prejudices, and cease to admire Virgil, and Pope, and Racine, before we can relish the beauties of Mr Southey, it is easy to perceive that Mr Southey's beauties are in some hazard of being neglected, and that it would have been wiser in him to have allied himself to a party so respectably established, than to have set himself up in opposition to it.

If we were to institute any comparison between the qualifications by which Mr Southey has aimed at distinction, and those by which his predecessors have attained it, we might be accused perhaps of taking an unfair advantage of existing prejudices, and endeavouring to resist improvement, by giving it the name of innovation. In matters of taste, however, we conceive that there are no discoveries to be made, any more than in matters of morality. The end of poetry is to please; and men cannot be mistaken as to what has actually given them pleasure. Accidental associations, indeed, may impose upon them for a season, and lead them to ascribe to the genius of the poet an emotion which was really excited by the circumstances in which they perused him: but this illusion can never be of long duration; and the emotions which he continues to excite under every variation of circumstances, the feelings which he commands among every class of his readers, and continues to impress upon every successive generation, can only be referred to that intrinsic merit, of which they afford indeed the sole and ultimate criterion.

The ancient and uninterrupted possession of the great inheriters of poetical reputation, must be admitted therefore as the clearest evidence of their right, and renders it the duty of every new claimant to contend with them as lawful competitors, instead of seeking to supplant them as usurpers. It may still be asserted, indeed, that though they may retain what they have possessed, they cannot prevent the further accumulation of their successors; that

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new sources of poetical beauty may be discovered, which may lower the value of the old; and that untrodden regions may still be explored in that vast domain, sufficiently splendid and fertile to become the seat of a legitimate and independent empire. We have already said, however, that we have no faith in such discoveries; the elements of poetical interest are necessarily obvious and universal—they are within and about all men; and the topics by which they are suggested are proved to have been the same in every age and every country of the world. Poetry, as we have formerly hinted, is in this respect indeed very nearly upon a footing with morality. In substance, it is the same every where; and while its perfection never fails to call forth emotions of the warmest admiration, it is recognized by all mankind as the assemblage of those known qualities in which excellence had been universally held to consist. We should certainly look with compassion or contempt on any man who should pretend to have discovered a new way to be virtuous; and who, in pursuit of supreme moral excellence, should affect to put no value upon the vulgar elements of justice, generosity, or benevolence; but to rest his pretensions upon some peculiar moralities of his own invention, such as ordering his servants never to deny him, educating boys without the use of birch, or keeping an hospital for decayed post-horses.

It will be readily admitted, that few things could be more unfortunate than such an ambition of singularity; but such, it appears to us, is in many particulars the ambition of Mr Southey and some of his associates. They do not think any thing worth trying, in which others have previously succeeded; they will have none of the merits which have been already allowed to their predecessors; and as most of the natural beauties of conception and expression have been defiled by previous exemplification, they have been forced to betake themselves to a series of strange affectations, which, if not altogether unprecedented in themselves, were never seen at least before in compositions of so much genius. Of these resources, we endeavoured to give some account in a former article. The most remarkable, we think, are, an affectation of infantine innocence and simplicity; an affectation of excessive refinement and preternatural enthusiasm; and an affectation of a certain perverse singularity in learning, taste, and opinions. Of some of these we shall have occasion to speak again, perhaps, before we conclude this article. At present, we can only repeat, that they appear to us to proceed altogether from an ill regulated ambition; and that we are persuaded Mr Southey would write incomparably better, if it were possible to make him feel a little more respect for those who have written before him, with the most universal applause.

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All this, however, would have been attended with less mischief, if he had not been gifted with an unusual copiousness of diction, and facility of smooth versification. If he had written with greater difficulty, he would have been forced to dwell longer on the thoughts and expressions which occurred to him; and as each of them, in proportion to the labour it cost him, would have acquired an additional importance in his eyes, he would have perfected and finished it more carefully, and endeavoured to compress his images and conceptions within more manageable limits. In this way, the composition would have acquired more brilliancy and compactness; and instead of that diffuse and interminable redundancy by which his style is now chiefly distinguished, we might have had a nervous and concise expression, suitable to the dignity of his subjects, and the weight and gravity of many of his conceptions. An unlucky facility in rhyming has betrayed many poets into inexcusable negligences; and we really fear that the great easiness of that loose and colloquial blank verse, in which Mr Southey has chosen to compose, will one day be the ruin of him. It leads him on insensibly from line to line, and from page to page, without let or obstruction, and carries him smoothly through every sort of illustration or exposition that occurs to him, without once admonishing him of the necessity of excluding much, in order to give effect to what is permitted to remain. As he has always plenty of good words, he never pauses to look for exquisite ones: and, rendered confident by the consciousness of his fluency, he sets down the first view that presents itself, of an image or sentiment, without waiting to determine whether it be the most striking or advantageous. If the idea does not come out quite strong enough in the first six lines, he adds other ten, or twenty, or fifty, and goes on, accumulating circumstances and consequences to his conception, till he has put in every thing that occurs to him on the subject. All his pictures, accordingly, appear to be finished in too *broad* a style, and are sketched on a scale by far too large for the variety and importance of the objects. There is a faintness and feebleness in the colouring, resulting from the excessive dilatation of the landscape; and the effect is weakened by the distance at which the groups are placed from each other. If Mr Southey has not himself judgment and resolution to correct this error, we really do not know how to assist him. To compose in a more difficult measure, would probably afford but a temporary check; for practice would soon renew the temptation of facility. If he were to write in the measure of Dryden or Pope, however, we conceive that he would be sooner struck with his own exuberance and prolixity.

The poem now before us contains many beautiful passages,

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and bears decisive testimony, we think, to the genius and amiable character of the author. But it is obviously too long,—and, independently of the faults resulting from the affectations we have already mentioned, its excessive length, together with a want of interest in the story, and a considerable failure in the delineation of character, will render it tedious, we are afraid, to ordinary readers, and communicate an air of heaviness to the whole composition.

The subject is the discovery of America by the Welch in the latter end of the 12th century; a transaction to which Mr Southey has transferred all the incidents and adventures which distinguished the subsequent expedition of Columbus and his heroic followers. In order, however, to prevent us from confounding his heroes with the gallant Spaniards, or from mistaking his work for a mere versification of Robertson's history, the author, besides changing the names, has thought proper to prefix a long narrative of the family feuds and personal adventures of Prince Madoc, before he abandons his native country; and thus the poem comes forth 'in two parts;' one being entitled 'Madoc in Wales;' and the other 'Madoc in Aztlan.' We shall now endeavour to lay before our readers a brief sketch of these twin epics.

Prince Madoc, though himself the most accomplished of poetical heroes, is represented, we think, as coming of a very bad breed. His father Owen, king of Gwyneth, or North Wales, after depriving of sight, and otherwise mutilating, a nephew who had been confided to his care, seems to have spent his time very laudably in fighting against the English, and breeding up his legitimate and illegitimate children in great jealousy and dislike of each other. Immediately upon his death, accordingly, they all go together by the ears. The eldest, who had a blemish in his face, and seems to have been a very soft-tempered youth, is set aside without a struggle; and the throne is usurped by Hoel, a prince of great accomplishments, but a bastard, and a little too fond of fighting and dominion. His pretensions are resisted by his brother David, who slays him in a bloody battle, and assumes the sovereignty, to the terror and affliction of his surviving brethren. Prince Madoc, who seems to have been feasting and visiting among his friends at the crisis of these dissensions, sets off post, as soon as he hears of Hoel's usurpation, to mediate between his brothers; but does not arrive till the day after the battle, when he buries the fallen, and, not caring to appear before the victor, seeks shelter in the cottage of the cousin whom his father had deprived of sight. Here he contracts an intimate friendship with a son of the old gentleman; and, walking out with him one fine evening to the beach, they are both struck with the very natural and obvious idea of following the setting sun into another region; and forthwith determine to undertake a voyage of discovery to the West. How the prince

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settles matters with his brothers, we are not informed; but he takes his departure, in very good style, with two ships well manned and furnished at all points.

His voyage is the very prototype of that of Columbus. His men mutiny from terror and impatience; and he urges them on, with promises and threats. A storm drives them forward against their will, and he reaches the coast at length, and gains the confidence of one of the natives, by whom he is guided to an inland settlement, and received with great honour by a queen and her people. He then engages to deliver this tribe from a bloody tribute imposed upon them by their conquerors; and, after defeating the king of Aztlan and his people, enters into an alliance with him, and establishes his colony in good order in a snug valley. He then takes ship and sets out for Wales again, to recruit for his new settlement; and finding his way back with marvellous accuracy, without card or compass, lands at the palace-stairs of Aberfraw, just in time to assist at the marriage feast of his brother David. This gracious sovereign, he finds, has employed himself, during his absence, in massacring another of his brethren, and hunting down the remainder; one of whom he keeps in chains, and has set a price upon the head of another. He has also concluded a peace with England, and married a daughter of the Saxon monarch. Madoc being put a little out of humour at all these irregularities, behaves at first a little rudely to the bride, and chides his Majesty somewhat too freely. A few cups of mead, however, soon reconcile all differences; and he becomes quite social, and narrates the whole history of his voyage, and his exploits among the Hoamen and Aztecas. After this he seems to go about feasting and carousing with his old friends in different parts of the country; and the whole remainder of the first part, or 'Madoc in Wales,' consists of the miscellaneous and incidental occurrences which befal him in this course of visits. No one of these can be said to have any connexion with another, or to help forward the action of the main story; but all are evidently introduced for the purpose of displaying the poet's powers of description, or his intimate acquaintance with Cimbric antiquity. Thus he goes across the country to visit Cyveilioc, an hospitable old gentleman of his acquaintance, whom he finds harping to a large party at table; and this gives Mr Southey an opportunity to introduce an imitation of an old Welch drinking song. The prince is then carried by his host to assist at a solemn meeting of bards on the top of a neighbouring mountain; and Mr Southey has again scope for antiquarian and poetical dissertation. He then happens to call at the castle of Lord Rhys, which enables his historian to introduce a silly anecdote (faithfully detailed, it seems, from some ancient chronicle) about Goagan of Powys-land, who gets a

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horse and three suits of clothes from the liberal chieftain. After this he takes a trip to the island of Bardsey, to say his prayers; upon occasion of which, the reader is treated with a very fine description of the cathedral service. In his way home from this autumnal tour, Madoc goes a little out of his road to take a peep of the cottage in which he had taken shelter after David's victory, and finds it occupied by a fair woman and a fine boy, whom he luckily discovers to be the mistress and child of his unfortunate brother Hoel, and to whom he offers an asylum in his American kingdom, which is joyfully accepted. As he is journeying slowly home with his newly discovered relations, he finds a Saxon bishop in the very act of excommunicating his friend Cyveilioc, for having refused to take part in a crusade which the worthy prelate had thought proper to patronize. A considerable squabble ensues; and Madoc having discovered that the zealous ecclesiastic had it also in view that very night to dig up the bones of old king Owen, and remove them to a less sanctified repository, hides himself in the church; and, bursting in upon the monks in the midst of their sacrilegious labour, fairly bullies them out of their design, takes up the bones himself, and packing them with a large quantity of fine linen in a box, sends them aboard ship, to take their passage along with him to America. On his return to Aberfraw, he has again some warm expostulations with David. Meantime the emigrants flock to him in great numbers, and, among the rest, a damsel in the disguise of a boy; and at length the six ships being fully victualled and manned, the whole party, with abundance of prayers and tears, take an eternal farewell of their native land, and set sail with a favourable breeze for America.

This concludes the first part, which, except in the narrative delivered by Madoc on his arrival, has no more reference to the discovery or conquest of America, than to that of Hindustan; and is indeed so totally unconnected with the Transatlantic exploits of the hero, that Mr Southey has found it necessary to separate it by a different title and description. The second part conducts Prince Madoc in safety to his colony, with the busy prosperity of which he is not a little delighted, till he learns that the priests of Aztlan, being grievously offended at the remission of human sacrifices required of them by the conqueror, had been exerting themselves, in his absence, to excite dislike and suspicion of the strangers in their king's mind, and had succeeded in alienating the greater part of the people from their attachment to them. Even the subjects of the friendly queen had been shaken in their affection, by the arts of their holy men, who complained that their god was thirsty for blood, and could not submit to be famished any longer. Madoc sets him-

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self valiantly against these symptoms of rebellion; and, when he arrives to remonstrate with his allies, is assailed by the chief priest and the god himself, who makes his appearance in the form of an enormous snake. The British warrior, however, cuts down the priest with his cutlass, and chases the god into his den with a burning stick. He then pelts the poor deity to death with large stones; and, after roasting him before the faces of his affrighted worshippers, he converts them all to Christianity, by an authoritative sermon of fifty verses, and baptizes them forthwith in the river.

This proceeding gives no small offence, as may be imagined, to the holy brotherhood of Aztlan, who send two of their chosen warriors to try and catch one of the strangers for a sacrifice to their offended deity. By the greatest piece of good luck, these savages pick up Madoc's nephew, the infant son of Hoel, and scamper off with him before the face of his uncle, who is superintending the workmen employed in enlarging his new city. The Prince thoughtlessly runs after them; but they keep the start, and decoy him across the mountain, to a place where an ambush of their countrymen had been stationed. Poor Madoc falls unarmed into their hands, and is carried in bonds to their city, in the rear of little Hoel. The child is shut up in a cavern, to die of hunger in honour of some water god; and the Prince, after being sentenced to the altar, is tied to a stake, and obliged to maintain a combat with the choice warriors of the city. By strength and dexterity, he discomfits and slays his first antagonist; and is engaged in dire hostility with the second, when tidings are received, that the Welchmen are in full march to the city to rescue their leader, and that all the warriors must turn out to oppose them. Instead of despatching Madoc by the hands of the priests, they content themselves with tying him neck and heel, and laying him up behind the altar, where he is discovered by a tender-hearted priestess, who cuts his cords asunder, and restores him to liberty. The same compassionate damsel also contrives to deliver young Hoel out of his dungeon, and sends him home, under Madoc's charge, to his mother.

The partisans of the snake god, seeing all the men of the new settlement engaged in battle at Aztlan, think this a good opportunity to carry off the women; and descend into the valley with this gallant and laudable intention. The ladies, however, are exceedingly valiant in defence of their honour; and, after hamstringing the chief, and mortally wounding him, repulse the invaders, and remain conquerors in their mansions. Madoc, on his return, finds dead bodies strewed all over the valley, and expresses his approbation and surprise, at the prowess of his sister

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and her amazons. He then arms himself, and returns to the battle, where, after an obstinate contest, his followers at length drive their enemies before them, and take possession of the city of Aztlan.

The vanquished retreat to Patamba, another city on the opposite side of the lake, from which, after a certain interval, they prepare to invade the strangers with a vast fleet of canoes. Madoc, however, in the mean time, had taken care to get twelve of his brigantines taken to pieces, and brought overland to his new metropolis. They are put together again in the lake; and, with the help of a stiff breeze, run down and demolish the whole small craft of the natives, who are scattered upon the water like leaves in the pools of autumn. Notwithstanding all these reverses of fortune, the bigotry of the priests, and the savage valour of the warriors, disdain all composition with the victor; and they are preparing for another attack by land, when, on the eve of one of their great festivals, a neighbouring mountain suddenly blazes out into a volcano; vast deluges of lava desolate the country; and a mighty earthquake heaves up the waters of the lake, and sweeps away Patamba, with nine-tenths of its inhabitants. Madoc generously employs his gallies to save the drowning remnants of his opponents, and even offers the king, who was among the survivors, a temporary asylum in his ancient palace of Aztlan. The high-minded monarch, however, cannot be brought to accept of such an accommodation: he rather chooses to take the advice of a certain bird in his mountain retreat, which he fancies calls upon him to depart. In obedience to this respectable counsellor, he assembles the wreck of his subjects, and declares his resolution to migrate to a distant region with such of his followers as may be inclined to adhere to him; Madoc being willing to grant protection and assistance to such as may choose to remain. The young and the valiant—all but one, who prefers killing himself—follow their sovereign to the westward, where they found the kingdom of Mexico; but the pacific part of the population remain with Madoc, who incorporates them with his own people, and thus becomes the founder of a mighty dynasty.

Such, with the exception of a few episodes, is the story of Madoc, a poem in two parts, and thirty-five sections, which disdains the 'degraded title of Epic,' and pretends not to be 'constructed according to the rules of Aristotle!'

The faults of the fable and characters are many and obvious. The adventures of Madoc in Wales have little interest or coherence in themselves, and bear no relation whatsoever to his exploits among the savages. The European story, moreover, is not only quite unconnected with the American one, but it is unfinished and im-

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perfect. After attempting to interest us, for eighteen sections, in the fortunes of Owen's children, Mr Southey snatches us away from them, just as their destiny appears to be approaching to a crisis;—one of the captive brethren has newly broken out of David's dungeon, and a picturesque personage of a nephew, who walks upon the moonlight beach, with a boat on his back, and an oar in his hand, has vowed to drive him from the throne of his fathers. The Saxon princess, too, seems very much in the humour for elopement, and the bishop in no small danger of lapidation. It is rather injudicious in the author, we think, after having compelled his reader to study the complicated politics of this unhappy family, to drop the curtain upon them, at the very time when their story begins to be interesting and easily understood.

There is scarcely any discrimination of character in all this part of the poem: every one we hear of is a warlike chieftain, more or less generous or ferocious; and the incidents, being all confined to high life, have in them so little to characterize a race of Celtic mountaineers, that, were it not for the occasional introduction of harps and bards, and names full of *y*'s and *w*'s, we should be apt to forget that the scene was laid in the recesses of North Wales, and to suspect that the author had versified the history of the Heptarchy, or a few chapters of the Wars of York and Lancaster, as a prelude to his legend of the discovery of America. Madoc himself has the vulgar and inexpiable fault of poetical heroes, that of being too perfect;—he is more pious than the pious Æneas himself, and considerably more correct in his deportment to the ladies. He seems to be quite invulnerable indeed to the shafts of Cupid; and testifies no sort of amorous propensities either towards the ruddy damsels of Wales, or the olive princesses of America. In short, he is as sober, prudent, resolute, able-bodied, and fortunate a person, as any poet could wish to have the management of: he sets about all his undertakings like a man who knows perfectly that he can accomplish them; and never fails to get through them, without much discomposure to himself or the reader. There is a bastard cousin of his, of the name of Cadwallon, of whom we had some hope, at the outset, that he might redeem this monotony of Cimbric valour; but, though he begins with some indications of a peremptory and decided character, he very soon falls into the ranks of his countryman, and sinks into the faithful Achates of his leader. The American personages are somewhat more varied and discriminated, though there is scarcely any attempt at the delineation of individual character—that ideal portrait painting, which gives so strong an impression of reality. The pictures are almost all marked only with the general attri-

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butes of the class, not with the peculiar features of the individual;—there are gloomy bigots, and ferocious warriors, and patriotic sovereigns, and grateful adherents, arrayed skilfully enough in the *costume* of their country, but not introduced as real persons to our imagination.

Of Mr Southey's skill or judgment in the conduct of the story, we are afraid the reader will receive a very unfavourable impression from the perusal of its opening. Madoc landing at Aberfraw in the dark, is met on the beach by Urien, his foster-father; and, after recognizing and kissing him, this is the dialogue that passes between them—

'My sister? quoth the prince . . . Oh, she and I
Have wept together, Madoc, for thy loss, . . .
That long and cruel absence! . . .
And David, and our brethren? cried the prince,
As they moved on . . . But then old Urien's lips
Were slow at answer; and he spake, and paused . . .
More blood, quoth Madoc, yet! hath David's fear
Forced him to still more cruelty? Alas . . .
Woe for the house of Owen!
Evil stars,
Replied the old man, ruled o'er thy brethren's birth.
From Dolwyddelan driven, his peaceful home,
Poor Yorwerth sought the church's sanctuary;
The murderer followed! . . Madoc, need I say
Who sent the sword? . . . Llewelyn, his brave boy,
Where wanders he? in this his rightful realm,
Houseless and hunted! richly would the king
Gift the red hand that rid him of that fear!
Ririd, an outlawed fugitive, as yet
Eludes his brother's fury; Rodri lives,
A prisoner he, . . I know not in what fit
Of natural mercy, from the slaughter spared.' p. 4, 5.

Now, considering, in the *first* place, that the story of King Owen's sons is known, if it be known at all, only to a few Welch antiquaries; and, in the *second* place, that Llewelyn, Ririd and Rodri, have scarcely twenty lines a-piece assigned to them in the subsequent part of the poem, it does appear to us, that nothing could be more injudicious than thus to perplex and terrify the reader with this catalogue of dissonant names and allusions, which he could not possibly understand.

Though this conversation must be extremely distressing to the inexperienced reader, it was probably sufficiently natural between the prince and his foster-father. The same apology, however, we fear, cannot be made for the first dialogue that is recorded be-

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tween him and his royal brother. After the Queen has been presented to her adventurous kinsman, Madoc says,

'Enough of sorrow hath our royal house
Known in the field of battles, . . yet we reaped
The harvest of renown.
Aye, . . many a day,
David replied, together have we led
The onset! . . Dost thou not remember, brother,
How, in that hot and unexpected charge
On Keiriog's bank, we gave the enemy
Their welcoming?
And Berwyn's after-strife!
Quoth Madoc, as the memory kindled him:
The fool that day, who in his masque attire
Sported before King Henry, wished in vain
Fitlier habiliments of javelin proof!' &c.
'That, exclaimed the king,
That was a day indeed, that I may still
Proudly remember, proved as I have been
In conflicts of such perilous assay.
That Saxon combat seemed like woman's war,
When with the traitor Hoel I did wage
The deadly battle; then was I in truth
Put to the proof; no vantage ground was there,
Nor famine, nor disease, nor storms to aid.' p. 13, 14.

Now, this has not only the fault of the preceding extract, in afflicting the reader with prosaic allusions to a variety of events which are altogether unknown and uninteresting; but it is, in substance, we think, an extremely unnatural discourse to pass between two brothers who had just met, after a separation of some years, and the experience of many interesting adventures. The outrage in which it terminates, is by no means so unnatural as the sudden pacification of two such hot-blooded chieftains.

With regard to the main story, Mr Southey's radical blunder consists in ascribing to a Welch chieftain, of the 12th century, the discoveries and exploits of the Spaniards 300 years after. He confesses fairly, that all the scenery and manners, and almost all of the incidents of the second part of his poem, are borrowed from the adventures of Columbus and Cortes; and with such minute fidelity, indeed, are they copied, that, in many instances, the most careless reader must be struck with the improbability of the narrative, and feel, that by making his hero a Welchman, Mr Southey has forfeited his claim to many of those accomplishments and successes which could not have been denied him as a Spaniard.

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The idea of undertaking a voyage of discovery, in the first place, is most unnaturally put into the brain of a young Celtic chieftain, whose whole time had been spent in family feuds and hostility against the Saxons. The accomplishment of such a voyage, without the use of the mariner's compass, is another glaring improbability, which would have been avoided, by following the guidance of authentic history: and the firm persuasion of success and heroic perseverance, which were natural enough in a learned pilot and practised navigator, are transferred, with little judgement, to a fiery warrior, who had never been out of sight of land before in his life. The incongruities thicken, however, when Mr Southey proceeds to make Prince Madoc achieve all the exploits of Cortes in battle against the natives. He *might* have traversed the Atlantic without compass; but we apprehend that he could not possibly have subdued millions of valiant savages without guns or horses. The spearmen of Gwyneth and the bowyers of Dehewbarth, are but poor substitutes for the cavalry and musketeers of Cortes; and no advantage of iron helmets and polished swords can reconcile the imagination to the constant success of a handful of men against myriads of armed antagonists as vigorous and fearless as themselves. The Spaniards themselves were indebted for their success, not so much to the actual effect of their fire-arms and cavalry, as to the superstitious terror and astonishment, which the sight of those formidable engines produced on the minds of the natives. The warriors of Aztlan, however, could feel no awe or amazement at the sight of men, who pushed with spears and warded with bucklers like their own, with whom they had an opportunity, in every contest, to measure their strength and agility, and the satisfaction of finding it equal. By preferring Madoc to Cortes as his hero, Mr Southey, therefore, it appears to us, has not only forfeited that interest which the persuasion of authenticity will always lend even to a poetical narrative, but has increased the marvellous in his hero's performances, to a degree from which the most careless reason must revolt; and converted what might have been admiration, into contemptuous incredulity.

In addition to the gross improbabilities resulting from dressing the Welch adventurer in the victories of the Spaniard, there are several of Mr Southey's fictions, which appear to us to exceed the just limits of 'pleasing wonder.' The conversion of the Hoamen, with all their priests and their chief pontiff to Christianity, by a few imperious averments, unvouched by miracles, or any species of evidence, is among the boldest traits of this sort which occur in the performance, and seems to us to be particularly incongruous to the mild and reasonable character of the warlike a-

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postle, who concludes his address by informing his hearers, that if any of them hesitated to profess his complete conversion, he should instantly be 'cut off from among the people.' The final catastrophe, brought about by the happy occurrence of an earthquake and volcanic eruption at the critical moment of a solemn festival and a projected invasion, appears to us to be equally puerile and extravagant. We applaud Mr Southey, however, for having employed no preternatural agency in the explication of the different parts of his design. We have great doubt, whether, what is called machinery, be not at all times a blemish in a poem which aims at probability; and are decidedly of opinion, that it ought not to be admitted into a work which treats of events within the limits of authentic history.

These are all the observations which we think it necessary to make upon the general plan and conduct of the story; but, in fact, it is not upon this, that the merit or the fortune of a poem will usually depend. If it contain many beautiful and pathetic passages, it cannot fail to please, although they should not be very skilfully connected; and if the materials be ordinary or disagreeable, no artifice of collocation can redeem the compound from censure. In this essential particular, we have much to blame, and much to admire, in the ample volume before us.

We have already remarked, that the poetry of Mr Southey was in many places characterized by an affectation of infantine simplicity and antique homeliness, in which some persons are said to find wonderful refreshment and delight. To such readers many passages in this poem will afford the greatest satisfaction; but as the taste is not yet general, we can only venture to exhibit a few specimens. The following introduction to a narrative will be allowed to be in a very perfect style of school-day innocence.

'There were two brethren once, of kingly line,
The old man replied; they loved each other well,
And when the one was at his dying hour,
It then was comfort to him that he left
So dear a brother, who would duly pay
A father's duties to his orphan boy.
And sure he loved the orphan; and the boy,
With all a child's sincerity, loved him,
And learnt to call him father: so the years
Went on, till, when the orphan gained the age
Of manhood, to the throne his uncle came.
The young man claimed a fair inheritance,
His father's lands; and . . . mark what follows, prince!' p. 25–6.

This brief remonstrance of the prince's mutinous crew, is also very artless and affecting—

'Their lives were dear they bade me know, and they
Many, and *I*, *the obstinate*, but one.'

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The simplicity of the following passage, we doubt not, will be very acceptable to the gentle readers to whom we have ventured to recommend it.

'And now the Porter called Prince Madoc out,
To speak with one, he said, who from the land
Had sought him, and required his private ear.
Madoc in the moonlight met him: in his hand
The stripling held an oar, and on his back,
Like a broad shield, the coracle was hung.
Uncle! he cried, and, with a gush of tears,
Sprung to the glad embrace.
O my brave boy!
Llewelyn! my dear boy! with stifled voice,
And interrupted utterance, Madoc cried,
Llewelyn, come with me, and share my fate!
No! by my God! the high-hearted youth exclaimed,
I am the rightful king of this poor land...
Go thou, and wisely go; but I must stay,
That I may save my people. Tell me, Uncle,
The story of thy fortunes; I can hear it
Here in this lonely isle, and at this hour,
Securely.
Nay, quoth Madoc, tell me first,
Where are thy haunts and coverts, and what hope
Thou hast to bear thee up? Why goest thou not
To Mathraval?' p. 134, 135.

The following table-talk about mead, may appear perhaps in too elevated a style; but we are persuaded that the admirers of the foregoing passages will find it very touching and simple.

'And now Madoc, pouring forth
The ripe metheglin, to Erillyab gave
The horn of silver brim. Taste, Queen and friend,
Said he, what from our father-land we bring,
The old beloved beverage. Sparingly
Drink, for it hath a strength to stir the brain,
And trouble reason, if intemperate lips
Abuse its potency. She took the horn,
And sipt with wary wisdom... Canst thou teach us
The art of this rare beverage? quoth the Queen,
Or is the gift reserved for ye alone,
By the Great Spirit, who hath favoured ye
In all things above us?... The Chief replied,
All that we know of useful and of good
Ye also shall be taught.' p. 215, 216.

We conclude our specimens of this lisping innocence with this pretty good-night of a brother to a sister, which is almost as interesting as the garden adieus of Romeo and Juliet.

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'Not yet at rest, my sister! quoth the Prince,
As at her dwelling door he saw the maid
Sit gazing on that lovely moonlight scene:...
To bed, Goervyl! Dearest, what hast thou
To keep thee wakeful here, at this late hour,
When even I shall bid a truce to thought,
And lay me down in peace?... Good night, Goervyl,
Dear sister mine,..my own dear mother's child!' p. 206.

Akin to this affectation of babyish gentleness, is the frequent introduction of low, antiquated, and vulgar words, upon serious occasions. *Belike*, for instance, is a prodigious favourite with Mr Southey; insomuch that it occurs, we believe, more than fifty times in the course of the poem. Nay, such is his partiality to it, that he even advances it on some occasions, out of its proper rank of an adverb, into the place of an adjective, as '*our food belike to fail.*' In the same taste he says of a speech which Madoc addressed to the king of Aztlan, that, '*he let it work.*' The arms of a deceased chieftain are elegantly called his '*death-doers.*' The spokesman of the priests is termed '*their mouth-piece:*' and another, who had been fasting in a wood, is said to be

'Emaciate like some bare *anatomy.*'

Instead of saying our inferior numbers, Mr Southey chuses to make a warrior express his fear, that the multitude of the savages may

'Dwindle our *all-too-few.*'

In another place, a voice is heard suddenly in the temple,

——'*and crash with that*
The image fell!'

Finally, we are told of a warrior, whose sword,

——'slivering downward,
Left the *cheek-flap* dangling.'

And of another, who

——'donned
A gipion, quilted close of gossampine.'

Besides these impressive combinations of simple terms, there are many single words, which we suspect Mr Southey to have lent, from the storehouse of his own invention, to the exhausted treasury of the English language. It is a common practice with him to compare the adverb as if it were an adjective;—thus we have 'fitlier,' 'fiercelier,' and 'distinctlier;' to which may be add ed, perhaps, though an innovation of a different kind, 'booner,' and 'beautifullest.' In the same taste, we have, 'in very deed,' and 'in very heaven;' and hear of an '*acquainted* sword,' the '*joining*' of a serpent, and the '*frush*' of rocks. The most objectionable of all these, however, in our apprehension, are the methodistical and affected appellations by which the Deity is ge-

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nerally designated. He is called 'The Great For-Ever-One—'The For-Ever-One—The Every-Where—The For-Ever—'The Beloved One;' and a great variety of familiar and mystical names, of a similar import and construction.

The next great characteristic of Mr Southey's poetry, after its infantine simplicity, is the energy, wildness, enthusiasm, and singularity of the conceptions with which the author has laboured to enliven it. In pursuit of this obscure idea of elevation and originality, he has often wandered, it appears to us, into the regions of bombast and obscurity. Is it possible for any thing to be more unnatural and offensive than the following raving of a man describing a storm, which he had weathered at sea some years before?

——'Were the elements
Confounded in perpetual conflict here,
Sea, air, and heaven? Or were we perishing
Where at their source the floods, for ever thus,
Beneath the nearer influence of the Moon
Laboured in these mad workings? Did the waters
Here in their utmost circle meet the void,
The verge and brink of Chaos? or this earth,..
Was it indeed a living thing,.. its breath
The ebb and flow of Ocean? and had we
Reached the storm-rampart of its sanctuary,
The insuperable boundary, raised to guard
Its mysteries from the eye of man profane?' p. 44.

We trace the same impotent attempt at extraordinary elevation and energy, in the prince's account of the first suggestion of his adventurous voyage. He and Cadwallon were sitting idly on the shore one fine evening, looking at the sun as he descended. Suddenly,

'Prince, quoth Cadwallon, thou hast rode the waves
In triumph, when the invaders felt thine arm.
Oh what a nobler conquest might be won
There,.. upon that wide field!.. What meanest thou?
I cried... That yonder waters are not spread
A boundless waste, a bourn impassable,..
That man should rule the elements... Oh that my soul
Could seize the wings of morning! soon would I
Behold that other world, where yonder sun
Speeds now, to dawn in glory!
As he spake,
Conviction came upon my startled mind,
Like lightning on the midnight traveller.
I caught his hand;.. Kinsman, and guide, and friend,
Yea, let us go together! Down we sate,
Full of the vision, on the echoing shore.' p. 33–4.

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There is the same absurdity and failure of effect in the following speech, which seems to have been intended as a model of insane and terrible energy.

'Before this generation, and before
These antient forests, .. yea, before yon lake
Was hollowed out, or one snow-feather fell
On yonder mountain-top, now never bare, ..
Before these things I was; .. where, or from whence,
I know not, .. who can tell? But then I was,
And in the shadow of the Spirit stood;
And I beheld the Spirit, and in him
Saw all things, even as they were to be;
And I held commune with him, not of words,
But thought with thought. Then was it given me
That I should choose my station, when my hour
Of mortal birth was come, .. hunter, or chief,
Or to be mightiest in the work of war,
Or in the shadow of the Spirit live,
And he in me. According to my choice,
For ever overshadowed by his power,
I walk among mankind. At times I feel not
The burthen of his presence; then am I
As other men; but when the season comes,
Or if I seek the visitation, then
He fills me, and my soul is carried on,
And then do I forelive the race of men,
So that the things that will be, are to me
Past.' p. 210, 211.

We add but one other brief instance of this unfortunate passion for emphasis and originality. He is talking of certain ravenous fish, and is pleased to assure us, that 'tho' in blue ocean 'seen,' they nevertheless appeared—

'Blue darkly, deeply beautifully blue!'

We do not know whether it be from any similar persuasion of their magnificence, or from his great partiality to authentic history, that Mr Southey has borrowed from antient chronicles so many silly anecdotes and barbarous names of Welch kings and chieftains. When Madoc is feasting with Rhys, a messenger arrives from the King, who is introduced, and delivers himself as follows.

'Now the messenger
Entered the hall; Goagan of Powys-land,
He of Caer-Einion was it, who was charged
From Gwyneth to Deheubarth; a brave man,
Of copious speech. He told the royal son
Of Gryffidd, the descendant of the line
Of Rhys-ab-Tudyr-mawr, that he came there

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From David, son of Owen, of the stock
Of kingly Cynan. I am sent, said he,
With friendly greeting; and as I receive
Welcome and honour, so, in David's name,
Am I to thank the Lord of Dinevawr.' p. 124.

Now, the whole business of this eloquent and high-born personage, is to ask a horse and a suit of clothes, and ten marks from the Lord Rhys; which having received, Goagan of Powys-land takes his departure, and molests prince Madoc and the reader no more.

Mr Southey goes professedly out of his way, to relate this delectable anecdote; and, in the same spirit, he allows his hero to ride alone by the shore, while he pauses to inform the reader, that

——'many a prince,
Warned by the visitation, sought and gained
A saintly crown, Tyneio, Merini,
Boda and Brenda and Aelgyvarch,
Gwynon and Celynin and Gwynodyl.' p. 129.

There is great choice of passages equally musical and erudite; but we imagine our readers have enough of them.

The last great fault we would enumerate among the peculiarities of Mr Southey's poetry, is the extreme diffuseness and prolixity of his common style of composition. He is always incumbered with the superfluity of his language; he is never succinct for speed, nor divested for great exertion; his drapery is always trailing in great folds upon the ground; and though, in a fine attitude, or when the wind waves it aloft, there is much gracefulness and majesty in the redundancy, yet it more frequently entangles his footsteps, and retards his progress, and often drags behind in unseemly and unprofitable volumes. The very nature of this defect renders it difficult to exemplify it by an extract: but the reader who wishes to understand what we most object to, may turn to the squabble with the Saxon prelate, beginning at p. 153; the conference with the Pabas at p. 85; Cadwallon's whole narrative, p. 194; the lake fight, the whole adventure with the snake god, and a considerable part of the battles and religious ceremonies at Aztlan. We add one passage, which has scarcely any other defect but this excessive wordiness and dilatation.

'Fair blew the winds, and safely did the waves
Bear that beloved charge. It were a tale
Would rouse adventurous courage in a boy,
Making him long to be a mariner,
That he might rove the main, if I should tell
How pleasantly for many a summer day,
Over the sunny sea, with wind at will,

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Prince Madoc sailed; and of those happy isles,
Which had he seen ere that ordained storm
Drove southward his slope course, there he had pitched
His tent, and bless'd his lot that it had fallen
In land so fair; and human blood had reeked
Daily on Aztlan's cursed altars still.
But other doom was his, more arduous toil
Yet to achieve, worse danger to endure,
Worse evil to be quelled, and higher good,
That passes not away, educed from ill;
Whereof all unforeseeing, yet for all
Of ready heart, he over ocean sails,
Wafted by gentle winds o'er gentle waves,
As if the elements combined to serve
The perfect prince, by God and man beloved.
And now how joyfully he views the land,
Skirting, like morning clouds, the dusky sea;
With what a searching eye recals to mind
Foreland, and creek, and cape; how happy now
Up the great river bends at last his way.' p. 187–9.

Before taking our leave of the blemishes of this performance, we must observe, that there are occasional instances of negligence in the structure of the verse, for which the easiness of the measure and Mr Southey's indisputable facility, leave him without apology. Such lines as 'When the bowyers of Deheubarth plied so well,' or 'And caught the hem of her garment, and exclaimed,' are really inexcusable. We cannot help protesting also against the unnecessary profusion of ineffable names with which Mr Southey has defaced his poem. We cannot indeed exactly agree with Boileau, that

—'un seul nom barbare
Rend un poëme entièr ou ridicule ou bizarre.'

But we really compassionate the unlearned reader, who has to encounter such words as Caonocotzin, Tezcalipoca, Coatlantana, Tezozomoc, Yuhidthiton, Nahuaztin, &c. in every page. After all, however, Mr Southey assures us that he has been very merciful and indulgent in this respect, since he had good authority for filling his page with a succession of such immeasurable appellatives, as *Tacotchcalcadlyacapan.*

If this poem be justly chargeable with the faults which we have ventured to ascribe to it, it certainly cannot be ranked among productions of the first-rate excellence: at the same time its beauties are unquestionably great and numerous; and we turn with pleasure to the task of pointing out a few of them to our readers' admiration.

The versification is for the most part extremely rich and mele-

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dious; and although its general character be sweetness and copiousness, there are many passages which may aspire to the praise of magnificence and grandeur. Mr Southey's *forte*, we think, is in the description of external nature: he has observed all its appearances with the keen eye of a poet, and has put into his description so strong and so delicate an expression of associated emotions, as infallibly to awaken in the mind of his readers the sentiment with which the scene had affected his own. There are some fine touches of this sort in Madoc's account of his first voyage; but the narrative is so diffuse and so closely connected, that we could not possibly do it justice in an extract. The following description of an autumnal evening, however, and of the sensations it is calculated to excite in a lonely traveller, will justify in part the opinion we have ventured to express.

—'Eve came on.
The dry leaves rustled to the wind, and fell
And floated on the stream: there was no voice,
Save of the mournful rooks, that over head
Winged their long line; for fragrance of sweet flowers,
Only the odour of the autumnal leaves;..
All sights and sounds of sadness: and the place
To that despondent mood was ministrant;..
Among the hills of Gwyneth, and its wilds
And mountain glens, perforce he cherish'd still
The hope of mountain liberty; they braced
And knit the heart and arm of hardihood;..
But here, in these green meads, by these low slopes
And hanging groves, attempered to the scene,
His spirit yielded.' p. 119.

To this we gladly subjoin the picture of a bright day in the same enchanting season.

'There was not, on that day, a speck to stain
The azure heaven; the blessed sun, alone,
In unapproachable divinity,
Careered, rejoicing in his fields of light,
How beautiful beneath the bright blue sky,
The billows heave! one glowing green expanse,
Save where along the bending line of shore
Such hue is thrown, as when the peacock's neck
Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst,
Embathed in emerald glory. All the flocks
Of ocean are abroad: like floating foam,
The sea-gulls rise and fall upon the waves;
With long protruded neck the cormorants
Wing their far flight aloft, and round and round
The plovers wheel, and give their note of joy,
It was a day that sent into the heart

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A summer feeling: even the insect swarms
From their dark nooks and coverts issued forth,
For one day of existence more, and joy;
The solitary primrose, on the bank,
Seemed now as though it had no cause to mourn
Its bleak autumnal birth; the rocks, and shores,
And everlasting mountains, had put on
The smile of that glad sunshine, .. they partook
The universal blessing.' p. 129, 130.

To those who are acquainted with the character of our mountain landscape, the truth of the following description will give the most exquisite gratification.

—'A little way
He turned aside, by natural impulses
Moved, to behold Cadwallon's lonely hut.
That lonely dwelling stood among the hills,
By a grey mountain-stream; just elevate
Above the winter torrents did it stand,
Upon a craggy bank; an orchard slope
Arose behind, and joyous was the scene,
In early summer, when those antic trees
Shone with their blushing blossoms, and the flax
Twinkled beneath the breeze its liveliest green.
But, save the flax-field and that orchard slope,
All else was desolate, and now all wore
One sober hue; the narrow vale which wound
Among the hills, was grey with rocks, that peered
Above its shallow soil; the mountain side
Was with loose stones bestrewn, which oftentimes
Sliding beneath the foot of straggling goat,
Clattered adown the steep; or huger crags,
Which, when the coming frost should loosen them,
Would thunder down. All things assorted well
With that grey mountain hue; the low stone lines,
Which scarcely seemed to be the work of man,
The dwelling, rudely reared with stones unhewn,
The stubble flax, the crooked apple-trees,
Grey with their fleecy moss and misseltoe,
The white barked birch, now leafless, and the ash,
Whose knotted roots were like the rifted rock,
Where they had forced their way. Adown the vale
Broken by stones, and o'er a stoney bed,
Rolled the loud mountain stream.' p. 139, 140.

The following passage is in a different style of excellence: it is a complete and beautiful picture of the old cathedral service.

'But the place
Was holy; ... the dead air, that underneath

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Those arches never felt the healthy sun,
Nor the free motion of the elements,
Chilly and damp, infused associate awe:
The sacred odours of the incense still
Floated; the daylight and the taper-flames
Commingled, dimming each, and each bedimmed;
And as the slow procession paced along,
Still to their hymn, as if in symphony,
The regular foot-fall sounded; swelling now,
Their voices in one chorus, loud and deep,
Rung o'er the echoing aisle; and when it ceased,
The silence of that huge and sacred pile
Came on the heart. What wonder if the Prince
Yielded his homage now? the influences
Of that sweet autumn day made every sense
Alive to every impulse, . . and he stood
On his forefathers' dust.' p. 132.

It would not be doing justice, either to Mr Southey's talents or his industry, if we were not to exhibit to the reader some of those fine passages which he has formed upon the ancient lays or traditions of the Welch bards. The following description, and song of young Caradoc, at the great bardic festival, where the aspirants claimed admission into that celebrated order, is marked, we think, with all the characters of genuine and fine poetry.

'Inclining on his harp,
He, while his comrades in probation song
Approved their claim, stood hearkening, as it seemed;
And yet like unintelligible sounds
He heard the symphony and voice attuned;
Even in such feelings as, all undefined,
Come with the flow of waters to the soul,
Or with the motions of the moonlight sky.
But when his bidding came, he at the call
Arising from the dreamy mood, advanced,
Threw back his mantle, and began the lay.

Where are the sons of Gavran? where his tribe,
The faithful? Following their beloved chief,
They the green islands of the ocean sought.
Nor human tongue hath told, nor human ear,
Since from the silver shores they went their way,
Hath heard their fortunes. In his crystal ark,
Whither sailed Merlin with his band of bards,
Old Merlin, master of the mystic lore?
Belike his crystal ark, instinct with life,
Obedient to the mighty master, reached
The land of the departed; there, belike,
They in the clime of immortality,

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Themselves immortal, drink the gales of bliss,
That o'er Flathinnis breathe eternal spring,
That blend whatever odours make the gale
Of evening sweet, whatever melody
Charms the wood-traveller. In their high-roofed halls,
There, with the chiefs of other days, feel they
The mingled joy pervade them? . . Or beneath
The mid-sea waters, did that crystal ark
Down to the secret depths of ocean plunge
Its fated crew? Dwell they in coral bowers
With mermaid loves, teaching their paramours
The songs that stir the sea, or make the winds
Hush, and the waves be still? In fields of joy
Have they their home, where central fires maintain
Perpetual summer, where one emerald light
Through the green element for ever flows?' p. 112–13.

The following is an imitation of Prince Hoel's lay of love, which is finely introduced into one of the most affecting passages of the whole poem. It has a true lyric character, we think, and an air of genuine antiquity.

'I have harnessed thee, my steed of shining grey,
And thou shalt bear me to the dear white walls.
I love the white walls by the verdant bank,
That glitter in the sun, where Bashfulness
Watches the silver sea-mew sail along.
I love the glittering dwelling, where we hear
The ever-sounding waves; for there she dwells,
The shapely maid, fair as the ocean spray,
Her cheek as lovely as the apple-flower,
Or evening's summer glow. I pine for her;
In crowded halls my spirit is with her;
Through the long sleepless night I think on her;
And happiness is gone, and health is lost,
And fled the flush of youth, and I am pale
As the pale ocean on a sunless morn.
I pine away for her, yet pity her,
That she should spurn a love so true as mine.' p. 144–5.

The song of the *Hirlas*, or drinking horn, which was presented to the valiant in battle, is rather too long for insertion, and rather dull; but the description of the *voluntary*, which the bard added to it, on the sudden appearance of Madoc, is highly animated.

'Here ceased the song.
Then from the threshold on the rush-strewn floor
Madoc advanced. Cyveilioc's eye was now
To present forms awake; but, even as still
He felt his harp-chords throb with dying sounds,

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The heat and stir and passion had not yet
Subsided in his soul. Again he struck
The loud-toned harp. . . . Pour from the silver vase,
And brim the honourable horn, and bear
The draught of joy to Madoc, . . he who first
Explored the desert ways of ocean, first,
Through the wide waste of sea and sky, held on
Undaunted, till upon another world,
The lord and conqueror of the elements,
He set his foot triumphant! Fill for him
The Hirlas! fill the honourable horn!
This is a happy hour, for Madoc treads
The hall of Mathraval; by every foe
Dreaded, by every friend beloved the best,
Madoc, the Briton Prince, the Ocean Lord,
Who never for injustice reared his arm.
Give him the Hirlas horn! fill, till the draught
Of joy shall quiver o'er the golden brim!
In happy hour the hero hath returned!
In happy hour the friend, the brother treads
Cyveilioc's floor!' p. 102–3.

Our limits will not allow us to make any further extract from the European division of the poem; though, in point of composition, we consider it as preferable to the other. The following passage transports us at once into the divan of the savages. It is not in a very correct taste we think, but is striking, from the novelty of the *costume*, and the brilliancy of the description.

'The Hoamen in their council-hall are met,
To hold the Feast of Souls; seat above seat,
Ranged round the circling theatre they sit.
No light but from the central fire, whose smoke,
Slow passing through the over aperture,
Excludes the day, and fills the conic roof,
And hangs above them like a cloud. Around,
The ghastly bodies of their chiefs are hung,
Shrivelled, and parched by heat; the humbler dead
Lie on the floor, white bones, exposed to view,
On deer, or elk-skin laid, or softer fur,
Or web, the work of many a mournful hour;
The loathlier forms of fresh mortality,
Swathed, and in decent tenderness concealed.
Beside each body pious gifts are laid,
Mantle and belt and plumed coronal,
The bow he used in war, his drinking shell,
His arrows for the chase, the sarbacan,
Through whose long tube the slender shaft, breath-driven,
Might pierce the winged game. Husbands and wives,

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Parents and children, there in death they lie;
The widowed and the parent and the child
Look on silence. Not a sound is heard
But of the crackling brand, or mouldering fire,
Or when, amid yon pendant string of shells,
The slow wind wakes a shrill and feeble sound, . .
A sound of sorrow to the mind attuned
By sights of woe.' p. 228–9.

The next picture is of a more joyous and animated character, though the composition is still more loose and tawdry: it represents the procession which accompanies young Hoel to his destined sacrifice.

'Now from the rush-strewn temple they depart.
They place their smiling victim in a car,
Upon whose sides of pearly shell there played,
Shading and shifting still, the rainbow light.
On virgin shoulders is he borne aloft,
With dance before, and song and music round;
And thus they seek, in festival array,
The water-side. There lies the sacred bark,
All gay with gold, and garlanded with flowers:
The virgins with the joyous boy embark;
Ten boatmen urge them on; the priests behind
Follow, and all the long solemnity.
The lake is overspread with boats; the sun
Shines on the gilded prows, the feathery crowns,
The sparkling waves. Green islets float along,
Where high-born damsels, under jasmin bowers,
Raise the sweet voice, to which the echoing oars,
In modulated motion, rise and fall.
The moving multitude along the shore
Flows like a stream; bright shines the unclouded sky;
Heaven, earth, and waters wear one face of joy.
Young Hoel with delight beholds the pomp;
His heart throbs joyfully; and if he thinks
Upon his mother now, 'tis but to think
How beautiful a tale for her glad ear
He hath on his return. Meantime, the maids
Weave garlands for his head, and pour the song, . .
Oh, happy thou, whom early from the world
The gods require!' &c. p. 294, 295.

We cannot make room for any part of the battles or sacrificial ceremonies, though they abound with striking imagery, and are pictured in strong colours. The following lines, which open one of the sections, would probably appear to greater advantage, if they did not bring to our recollection the more solemn and im-

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pressive narrative of Robertson, from which they are evidently borrowed.

'Merciful God! how horrible is night
Upon the plain of Aztlan! there the shout
Of battle, the barbarian yell, the bray
Of dissonant instruments, the clang of arms,
The shriek of agony, the groan of death,
In one wild uproar and continuous din,
Shake the still air; while, over head, the moon,
Regardless of the stir of this low world,
Holds on her heavenly way. Still, unallayed
By slaughter, raged the battle, unrelaxed
By lengthened toil; anger supplying still
Strength undiminished, for the desperate strife.
And lo! where yonder, on the temple top,
Blazing aloft, the sacrificial fire,
Scene more accurst and hideous than the war,
Displays to all the vale; for whoso'er
That night the Aztecas could bear away,
Hoaman or Briton, thither was he borne;
And, as they stretched him on the stone of blood,
Did the huge trumpet of the God, with voice
Loud as the thunder-peal, and heard as far,
Proclaim the act of death, more visible
Than in broad day-light, by those midnight fires
Distinctlier seen. Sight, that with horror filled
The Cymry, and to mightier efforts roused.' p. 355, 356.

We gratify our readers with this figure of the guardian god of Aztlan.

'On a blue throne, with four huge silver snakes,
As if the keepers of the sanctuary,
Circled, with stretching neck and fangs display'd,
Mexitli sate; another graven snake
Belted with scales of gold his monster bulk.
Around the neck a loathsome collar hung
Of human hearts; the face was masked with gold;
His specular eyes seemed fire; one hand upreared
A club; the other, as in battle, held
The shield; and over all, suspended, hung
The banner of the nation. They beheld
In awe, and knelt before the Terrible God.' p. 277, 278.

The native tradition of his immaculate conception is curious, and very elegant, we think, for so rude a people.

——'Whence art thou,
O Son of Mystery? From whence art thou,
Whose sire thy mother knew not? She at eve
Walked in the temple court, and saw from heaven

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A plume descend, as bright and beautiful,
As if some spirit had embodied there
The rainbow hues, or dipt it in the light
Of setting suns. To her it floated down;
She placed it in her bosom, to bedeck
The altar of the God; she sought it there;
Amazed, she found it not; amazed, she felt
Another life infused. .. From whence art thou,
O Son of Mystery? From whence art thou,
Whose sire thy mother knew not?' p. 385.

The following invocation, after the conquest of Aztlan by the Britons, affords a fair specimen of Mr Southey's powers of sonorous amplification.

'Hark! from the towers of Aztlan how the shouts
Of clamorous joy re-ring! the rocks and hills
Take up the joyful sound, and o'er the lake
Roll their slow echoes. .. Thou art beautiful,
Queen of the Valley! thou art beautiful!
Thy walls, like silver, sparkle to the sun,
Melodious wave thy groves, thy garden-sweets
Enrich the pleasant air, upon the lake
Lie the long shadows of thy towers, and high
In heaven thy temple-pyramids arise,
Upon whose summit now, far visible
Against the clear blue sky, the Cross of Christ
Proclaims, unto the nations round, the news
Of thy redemption. Thou art beautiful,
Aztlan! O City of the Cimbric Prince!
Long mayest thou flourish in thy beauty, long
Prosper beneath the righteous conqueror,
Who conquers to redeem! Long years of peace
And happiness await thy Lord and thee,
Queen of the Valley!' p. 399, 400.

We would willingly give some extracts from the story of Lincoya and Coatel, which contains many interesting passages; but we have already exceeded our limits in the account we have given of this poem; and can only add, that it is well calculated to confirm our admiration of Mr Southey's genius and capacity, and our dislike of those heresies by which so much of their merit is obscured.

The book, we ought to add, is very beautifully printed by Ballantyne; and is, indeed, in external appearance, one of the most elegant volumes that has lately issued from the British press.

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ART. II. *A Tour in America in* 1798, 1799, *and* 1800: *Exhibiting Sketches of Society and Manners, and a particular Account of the American System of Agriculture, with its recent Improvements.* By Richard Parkinson, late of Orangehill, near Baltimore. 2 vol. 8vo. pp. 735. London. Harding. 1805.

THE professed object of this work is to undeceive those who have been taught to consider the continent of America, either as a place of refuge from poverty in their own country, or as a profitable scene of speculation. The author belonged to the latter class; and his narrative is chiefly made up of details respecting his various disappointments, and the similar fates of others in his own situation. As a composition, his production is worth little. It has no pretensions to method or arrangement, although it is divided into a multitude of sections; and the style is as coarse and vulgar as might be expected from a mere practical farmer—talking without any ceremony, and for the most part in ill humour, upon every thing that befel him, or came in his way during his last lease. The weather, the land, roads, markets, landlord, parson, justices, servants, and neighbours—all come in for a share of his abuse: and so cautiously is every topic of a consolatory nature avoided, that we are left to conjecture how, in the midst of all sorts of calamity and vexation, he could either have paid his rent, or preserved his reason. Such a person has only one mode of discussing whatever questions you propose to him—the method of assertion and instance. He suddenly comes down with a broad, positive, blundering affirmation, and backs it with 'the very thing that happened to himself,' or the story of his neighbour such a one; which, being *facts*, must be decisive of the matter. There is, indeed, always abundance of inconsistency in the statements of these lovers of plain fact; and it requires but a little attention to their stories, to refute them upon their own ground. But until this is done, or some other kind of remedy administered, they are absolute masters of the argument; and when they embody their conversations for public use, it is wonderful how implicitly they are followed by the multitude, always abhorrent of just theory or general principle, prone to the observation of insulated occurrences, and unwilling, through timidity, to depart from particular examples, although often beguiled by indolence into the most dangerous applications of them.

Upon the practical part of the discussions which run through Mr Parkinson's book, we are not much inclined to dispute. We should lament to see the land of the United States cleared and cultivated by British capital or industry, while our own wastes, both in Europe and America, are left under heath and

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forest. But we cannot bring ourselves to apprehend any such serious emigration or transference of wealth, while there remains at home, or in the colonies, employment both for men and stock—that is to say, while it continues the interest of the country to retain its population and wealth: and our fears upon this head have never been less considerable than during the perusal of Mr Parkinson's book—written to prove that there is no land in America worth cultivating, and no enjoyment of life to be procured. But, upon the speculative view of the subject, we must venture to oppose our author with all his instances and anecdotes. It has hitherto been supposed, that the cause of the rapid increase of America in wealth and population, is the abundance of good land. Mr Parkinson maintains, that, after travelling repeatedly over the most favoured parts of the continent, and partly viewing, partly trying the soil, as an experienced farmer, he has been unable to find any which would be deemed worth the trouble of touching in England;—that every appearance of poverty is to be met with in all parts of the country;—that the labour required to preserve a wretched existence in America, would procure the comforts of life any where else;—that the nature of the climate and soil offers unsurmountable obstacles to the profitable employment of capital in agricultural speculations;—and, in short, that we have hitherto been still more deceived in our ideas of America, than in the earliest descriptions of China. It is for the purpose of opening men's eyes upon this subject, by a narrative of his own adventures and observations, that Mr Parkinson has compiled these volumes; and we must frankly acknowledge, that, after carefully perusing them, our opinions remain altogether the same as before. Through the whole recital, we can trace the effects of disappointment, rendered inevitable by previous unreasonable expectations; of the strongest national prejudice—sometimes rising into perfect animosity—fostered, we suspect, by a willingness to court the prevailing partialities of Englishmen, and diversified by an occasional appeal to the feelings which find favour within the circle of courts. A very cursory survey of the work will suffice to show how much our author's opinions have been tinged by these accidental peculiarities, and to evince that his statements do not warrant the conclusions in support of which they are brought forward.

Mr Parkinson was a thorough bred Lincolnshire farmer—accustomed from his infancy to the management of the finest cattle in the world—and, in general, to the practice of agriculture peculiar to the more refined stages of the art, and the wealthiest period of society. But he had 'the honour of being acquainted

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with Sir John Sinclair,' to whom General Washington had sent over proposals for letting his land to British farmers; he never doubted that an introduction from Sir John to the General and his rich soil, was equivalent to a 'real treasure;' and, '*with all these encouragements,*' he 'speculated to make a rapid fortune.' He pitched on a farm of twelve hundred acres, at twenty-two shillings an acre of rent; carried out his work on farming to sell there; bought Phenomenon and Cardinal Puff, two famous race horses, besides various other blood horses, and sundry pigs and cows; and having chartered a ship, and put all this live stock, together with his family on board, he thought he had 'a most favourable prospect;'—so little desponding was Mr Parkinson's temper while planning his adventure, and so entirely did he reserve for the season of action those doubts and discontents which should have searched the scheme in its formation.

His disasters and crosses (we suspect he never thought of the difference) began in port. The ship was improperly laden, and had to wait a fortnight for ballast. This delay injured the horses, and consumed the stores. One of the servants was dismissed for sickness—the other was pressed. Our author, and his son of twelve years old, had to wait upon the whole live stock;—they had a bad passage of twelve weeks,—lost eleven out of sixteen horses,—and arrived at Norfolk in the middle of November. In the frame of mind which these incidents were calculated to create, he entered upon his examination of the promised land; and as the first of his discoveries forms the groundwork of all his disappointments, we shall extract his account of the manner in which the melancholy truth burst upon him, that North America is not yet the proper country for rearing prize cattle.

'After dinner was over, I began to inquire for some hay for my horses and cattle; but was told there was no such thing. I was astonished to find in so large a town, where a great number of horses, mules, and cows, were kept, no hay; and in the month of November too. The people seemed as much surprised at my asking for hay, as I was at there being none: and well they might; for when I walked out into the ground, I saw no such thing as grass growing, nor any sort of green herb. This to me, as an Englishman, was a very unusual spectacle—to see land without something upon it; and not a little mortifying, to one who had been tempted to believe it to be (as they term it) the best land in the world. I knew that if all their land was like that, a man could not live in plenty and splendour from the produce of such crops as it would bring.

'It was natural for me now to inquire, what they kept their cows and horses on during the winter. They told me—their horses on blades, and their cows on slops. I neither knew what *blades* nor *slops* were. The people seemed to laugh at me for my inquiry,—as by this

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time they had learnt that I was the English farmer who had come over with a quantity of horses, bulls, cows, hogs, and dogs, and taken a farm of General Washington at Mount-Vernon. I have reason to say, indeed, I was not a fit man to farm in their country, (which I heard said repeatedly, both at that time and afterwards, during my stay in America—This I knew to be true)—nor is any Englishman:—it does not suit very well to take any thing from rich land to poor.

'Now to return to the slops and the blades.—The latter proved to be blades and tops of Indian corn; and the slops were the same that are put into the swill-tub in England, and given to hogs; composed of broth, dish-washings, cabbage-leaves, potatoe-parings, &c. The cows even eat the dung of a hosse, as naturally as an English cow does hay; and are all in the streets, robbing every man's cart of these *blades* as they come to be sold, or picking up any thing else they can find. It appeared to me, that a man's having land in or about that town, was of no advantage to him in keeping cows, as it growed no grass; the street was the cheapest place to keep them in, and the best.' Vol. I. p. 38—40.

It may be proper to add, however, that our author, in the sequel, found the trade of a cowfeeder a singularly profitable one; and that his horses approved exceedingly of those *blades* 'which it was the practice to sell by the pound, in the same manner as tea in England.' Now, we are far from presuming to enter the lists with Mr Parkinson upon questions of agriculture; but we may be permitted, with much humility, to doubt if there is any better proof of the cow than her milk,—or, if the rider is so good a judge of fodder as his horse.

From Norfolk Mr Parkinson proceeded to Mount-Vernon, a voyage generally of eleven hours, but which his usual bad luck protracted to nine days; and, on viewing the farm, he declared he would not accept the fee-simple of it for one year's rent. He was very kindly received at the General's, but found every thing so bad, that his conversation seems to have been one continued grumble. There was no grass; the clover was miserable; the oats had never more than four grains on a stalk; the longest straw was twelve inches; the cattle were poor; nor was his eye refreshed by the sight of a single dunghill. It was some consolation, however, to meet with a steward, who 'found fault with every thing, *just like a foreigner*;' and, among other things, with his master, of whom he gave our author so unfavourable an account, that he thought the steward had some fears of being supplanted by him. Our author now made a tour of about five months, through the different parts of the country; was every where well received, and constantly pressed to settle as a farmer, by the great landed proprietors. His answer seems to have been pretty uniform—that he would not take a present of their land.

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It is very clear, from his own statements, that his opinion of the soil was mingled with his disgust at the manners and customs of the country; and that the want of those comforts to which he had been habituated in England, was the chief cause of his discontent with the farms of America. In the whole of his numerous details and anecdotes, we can discover nothing asserted of that country, which might not have been predicted from a little consideration of its peculiar circumstances; and no inconvenience imputed, which is not susceptible of an effectual remedy, either at the present moment, or in the rapid progress of its improvement. Our readers will immediately perceive, that each particular in the following enumeration of the grievances which form the theme of these volumes, is the necessary consequence of the recent settlement of America, its scanty population, and limited capital.

The difficulty of procuring servants or labourers of any kind, is the complaint which most frequently recurs in Mr Parkinson's narrative. Their wages are extremely high; they come and go according to their fancy; their insolence is unbounded; and a farmer, in the best circumstances, must lay his account with frequently devoting both himself and his family to the meanest occupations in agriculture. The laziness and insolence of servants, is uniformly ascribed by our author to what he is always railing at under the name of American liberty and equality. It is, no doubt, a most unpleasant part of that comfortless kind of society which is the lot of the more recent settlements in the New World. But it may be almost altogether ascribed to the monopoly price of labour in every young community, unless in so far as it is occasionally heightened by the accidental circumstance of negro slaves forming a part of the population in some of the states.

'None but those who have been in America would suppose but there are people to be had, for either love or money, to do the dirty work; but I have been obliged to clean my own boots and shoes when I have had four servants in the house; and myself, wife, and family, have risen in a morning to milk the cows, when our servants were in bed. I should term such, very bad management in England; but the idea of liberty and equality here, destroys all the rights of the master, and every man does as he likes.

'If a white servant is sent on an errand to a neighbour's house, he will go in with his hat on, and perhaps sit down with as much freedom as though he was in his own or master's house. It is very common, if you step out of your house into the garden, to find a man of any description (black or white) when you come in, to have lighted his pipe, and sitting down in a chair, smoking, without apology, with as much composure as though he was a lodger in the house: and any man that

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obstructs these liberties is looked upon as a bad subject, an enemy to the rights of man, and an infringer of the rights which they and their fathers have fought for.' Introd. p. 30, 31, 32.

'Now, with regard to the liberty and equality expected by some who emigrate from these kingdoms to America, they will find that not very pleasant. There is no Englishman who does not think himself above the negro; but when he comes there, he will have to eat, drink, and sleep with the negro slaves. Hence it is that stories are told of the servants in America wanting to eat and drink in the dining-room with their masters. As the master cannot keep three tables, the white servant thinks himself (from the boast of the American liberty and equality) more on an *equality* with the master than with the negro; and as the negro is under no greater subordination than to acknowledge the man he works for as master, the white man (if he be not a slave) to cause a distinction, will not call him *Master*: therefore, among the white men in America, they are all *Mr* and *Sir*; so that, in conversation, you cannot discover which is the master, or which is the man. It is the same with the white women; they are all *Madam* and *Miss*. If you call at the door of any man, and ask the servant if his master is at home, he will say, "Master! I have no master; do you want Mr Such-a-one?" that is, the man he serves:—and if you want a man that is a white servant, the master calls him in the same manner.

'Now, this sits so uneasy on an English servant, that, by being called *Mr* and *Sir*, he soon becomes the greatest puppy imaginable, and much unpleasanter even than the negro. Then, as all men imitate their betters in pride and consequence, when the negroes meet together, they are all *Mr* and *Madam* among themselves.' Ibid. p. 18—20.

Now, a person who was resolved to argue with Mr Parkinson upon his favourite ground of comparing America with England, might be permitted to suggest, as an offset against these undoubted evils of a scanty population, the poor-rates which an excessive population have entailed on the English cultivator. But, at any rate, it must be allowed, that as the numbers increase in America, the evil complained of will wear out; that while the government remains sufficiently strong to secure the rights of property, and the monopoly of the labouring classes continues to decrease; these, like all other dealers in articles of growing supply, will become more and more courteous to their employers.

A farmer who repairs to America, says our author, will find his occupation there quite a new trade. He will have to chop up trees, and cultivate the land by the hoe and pickaxe, instead of the plough and harrows. The implements of husbandry are so expensive, that he will have to make them himself, and will therefore make them badly.—There is no doubt, that if a person will have cheap land, he must go to some distance from great towns; and, to get the cheapest, he must take it uncleared. But

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was not this a very obvious consideration for Mr Parkinson before he left England? We dare to say Sir John Sinclair could have told it him.

In like manner does he complain of the want of corn-merchants, and the distance from market towns—evils which are common to America with every extensive country, ill peopled and deficient in capital.

'It may be worthy of remark, that the grain raised in those parts of America passes through a number of hands before it comes to the consumer, which must lessen the grower's gains. He first sends it one or two hundred miles, and from that to eight hundred miles, to market, and commissions a man to sell it: then the miller gets hold of it: there is a cask to put the flour in, which is nearly a waste: there is an inspector to examine the flour: then there is frequently another commission to buy the flour to ship it: then there is the ship's freight to pay, and another commission, warehouse room in England, &c. All these certainly are great disadvantages: they shackle the commercial interests of those parts called the Eastern shore, and lessen the profits of the land's produce.' Vol. I. p. 224, 225.

He complains also, that most of the common trades are unprofitable in America. A miller's used to be reckoned a good one; but our author asserts, that two millers will not say so. A brewer's business he thinks among the best; but tells a story of an attempt made by one to impose upon him: And in Baltimore, where he wished to settle, there were too few inhabitants to render a brewery worth while; nevertheless, he made money by teaching some people who had established one. The leather made in America is bad, though tanning is reckoned profitable; but people make rich by importing leather from England: And our author asserts, that more is saved by retailing English hats at 500 *per cent.* advance, than by making them in the country. It was surely Mr Parkinson's own fault, if he expected to find flourishing manufactures in America, or indeed to see any thing made there, which was sufficiently valuable, in proportion to its bulk, to bear the expense of a voyage from Europe.

In various instances, our author betrays his disgust at the inelegant manner of living, common among the cultivators resident upon the remoter settlements; nor is he satisfied even with the style of the best societies. He seems to be offended with the practice of having early suppers of tea and beef steaks: in short, he is resolved to be contented with nothing that is not English. No one certainly ever thought of recommending America as the land of elegance and refinement; but we are much deceived by the tone of the volumes before us, if the author has any right to complain of New York, or even Baltimore, in this point of view; and we are very sure that he saw no living, in the woods themselves,

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less choice than his own Lincolnshire regimen thirty years ago, according to the description he has given of it.

'I was accustomed to eat what may be termed black bread, for which the small wheat called hinder-ends, or light wheat taken out of the best sent to market, is used and kept for family use; which, being ground, was afterwards passed through a wide sieve, with the small bran searced out of the best wheat flour, and put amongst the bread meal; altogether making a sort of coarse or black bread; and the fine flour used for puddings, pies, &c. Yeast not being then in general use, a piece of dough was kept out of the last baking, and salted; which, before the time of using it for the next batch, becoming sour, this sort of bread acquired the same quality.'

'Very fat bacon was the chief of our diet, garden stuff not being in such general use at this time, excepting the large Windsor beans in summer, and potatoes occasionally in the winter, with peas-puddings. I know no greater dainty to me than these beans and fat bacon, or peas-pudding to the offal of pig's flesh in the winter, or some of the black bread and fat bacon.' Vol. II. p. 721—723.

The climate of America is the object of frequent animadversion from Mr Parkinson. He seems never to have recovered from the fright which a thunder-storm gave him soon after his arrival.

'A small cloud appears first, and very quickly gathers and blackens the sky. The wind begins to blow, with thunder and lightning, so tremendous, that a stranger might suppose it would destroy every thing upon the earth. The thunder-bolts will split the trees in the woods in such a manner as was very surprising to me when I first saw it; and made me believe the country was ordained by the Almighty a proper place for convicts, as it would make them repent of their former sins.'

This idea, suggested by the storm, is not lost sight of in the sequel. Sly hints are thrown out, from time to time, respecting the share which 'twelve honest men' had in peopling the country; and our author sums up his opinion of the whole continent, by stating, that 'it appears to him to be a most proper place for the use to which it was first appropriated, namely, the reception of convicts.' p. 489.

The extravagance of his assertion regarding the quality of the land in America, may be estimated by the following specimens. 'The lands of America are so barren, that it costs more to raise a crop and carry it to market, than will afford the usual comforts of life.' (p. 80.) He used to think Baltimore a most industrious and lively place; but he cannot conceive how it should be so, or whence the riches of a nation can come, 'if the produce costs more in raising and sending to market than it is worth.' (*ibid.*) We profess ourselves much in the same difficulty. He knew a gentleman at Baltimore who acknowledged, that, by cultivating

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part of two estates, the one fourteen miles, the other only a mile and a half from that city, he lost one thousand pounds a year. This ingenious person was from Ireland. (p. 26.) Our author lost above four pounds per acre on his barley crop, upon his best land. It is true, he had not manured it; and when he did, he gained greatly. (p. 193.) A seller of potatoes in Philadelphia market made him believe, that they sold for less than it cost to get them out of the ground. This very credible informer was a Scotchman. (p. 195.) It would be endless to relate the stories with which these volumes abound, of persons ruined by American speculations; driven mad by their disappointments; and, what is still more singular, remaining in the country as cultivators, while their capital is yearly absorbed, and the land barely yields, to their utmost exertions, enough to pay the land-taxes.

But if these statements should be thought to require any detailed refutation, we can be at no loss to find it in the other parts of the work. One very great subject of complaint with Mr Parkinson is, the constant practice of making free with growing crops, and especially fruit, which prevails among the people of the United States. A waggoner, in passing by your field, thinks nothing of giving his horses a good feed of corn or hay, and taking as much maize as he can eat at a meal himself. (p. 32.) If a person has an orchard at all near the road, every one who travels that way helps himself to as much fruit as he pleases; and no proprietor ever thinks of checking this practice. Our author was, however, resolved to set another example, and applied to a justice of peace, who received him very civilly; told him, the laws were the same upon such trespasses as in England; but advised him not to think of 'bringing offenders to justice for so small crimes;' and added, 'that as it was customary in that country for people to take a little fruit, they were sure not to be punished, if they did not behave ill in any other respect.'—'In short (says Mr Parkinson), I began to understand, that if they only filled their pockets and handkerchiefs, I was not to mind it.' His only resource was the assistance of an oak sapling, by the copious use of which, accompanied with the frequent firing of muskets, he at last succeeded in explaining his views of property to the vicinage. The natives for a long time did not at all comprehend the meaning of his '*insults*,' as they termed it; and could not imagine how any one should be so stingy, as to prevent them from '*taking a few peaches and apples in a friendly way.*' (See p. 612 to p. 620.) All this we cannot help considering as rather a proof of abundance, than of the bad police to which the author ascribes it.

Again, Mr Parkinson's turnip crop yielded him three hundred and sixty bushels an acre, which brought in from three acres

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one hundred and sixty-two pounds. (p. 169.) He had as many bushels of potatoes in an acre. (p. 190.) He does not deny that the Indian corn is a most profitable crop; and that a dairy-farm yields very great returns. (*passim.*) Even from breeding, which he is most inclined to undervalue, he shows that large gains may be obtained. 'The American hogs pay most for food, he says, of any he ever saw (p. 291); and from one sow, he had, in eleven months, above one hundred and twenty-five pounds. (p. 292.) The sheep, too, thrive extremely well, in spite of all his invectives against American stock-farming. Their wool is in general soft and fine; and they might clip for as good clothing-wool as in any part of the world, were the proper attention bestowed on the breeding. (p. 293. & 295.) The rapid increase of population in America is a more general fact, perfectly subversive of all our author's declamations against the qualities of the soil; and his only answer to the obvious refutation which he receives from the great exportation of wheat, is nothing more than an explanation of it. He says, nearly all the wheat grown there is exported, and its place supplied by Indian corn, to which the natives give the preference. (p. 721.)

In truth, it requires no great discernment to perceive that what Mr Parkinson means by good land, is land which can support the fat cattle known in the breeding districts of England; and that he has confounded the qualities of the soil with the stages of cultivation and the progress of society. One passage has found its way into these volumes, which throws some light upon the cause of the poverty that forms the theme of all his complaints. We see that he evidently chose the parts of the country where he was sure of meeting with appearances of want and comfortless living. 'I was very much attached,' says he, 'to Baltimore, finding that New York and Philadelphia were much cheaper supplied with the land's produce than that city;—they having great plenty of hay, more clover than could be sold, excellent beef, good veal (the mutton but middling), pork very fine, turkeys very fine, and all sorts of poultry; vegetables in great plenty. I returned, therefore, from New York,' &c. (p. 85.) And again, 'In my journey between New York and Philadelphia, along that road, the farm-houses seemed to be as thickly planted as in most parts of England, and had a greater show of produce than I ever saw any where else in America; but from the best information I could get, land was very dear.' (*ibid.*) Now, where such improvements can proceed, it is manifest that there is no curse upon the soil; that a little time only is required for spreading the same wealthy aspect over the less cultivated districts; and that our author may possibly live to see, in the neigh-

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bourhood of New York, even an imitation of Mr Bakewell, whom he considers as the greatest man that ever lived. *

In the course of Mr Parkinson's narrative, we have met with a great deal of low scurrility, sometimes approaching to the nature of libels against individuals; and have noticed a few specimens of the propensity too common among travellers, to repeat in print what was committed to the confidential intercourse of private society. We shall only cite some of the most exceptionable passages. When General Washington gave him permission to dedicate his book on farming to him, he desired that this might not be mentioned in the dedication, because he had refused a similar request to many of his own countrymen. Our author only half complies with this condition, when he prints it in the body of the present work, (p. 64.) In p. 445, he relates some comments of his particular friend Mr Bordley, an American magistrate and judge, highly disrespectful both to congress and his country in general. And, in p. 505, he tells the whole story of the impositions which his host Mr Bell practised in his trade. The invective against Mr Cooper, in p. 647 and 648, is almost actionable; he accuses him of '*falsities*' and '*dishonesty*,' and describes him as a person whom 'no man of respectability will speak to.' The cause of our author's rage at this gentleman is, that he praised the land in America. The following passage is *unique*, even in Mr Parkinson's writings. 'I am persuaded that there are thousands of Americans who, for want of education and attending divine worship, think that man a fool who pays any attention to those duties, believing that cunning is the most necessary qualification for mankind to possess. From their unfortunate independency being obtained by avarice, it strengthens their mind much in the practice; the reader may conceive this to be more likely, when it is known that their chief teachers are Tom Paine, Dr Priestley, and others of the same description. Mr Jefferson, the president, is by many gentlemen in America believed to be an atheist; though, from my own knowlege, in being in his company, I have no reason to say so. There are in his writings some allusions to it; and I saw a paragraph in the newspaper, of his having given Tom Paine a pressing invitation to return to America. If so, I should think the report to be true.' p. 477.

Upon the whole, we are not of the number of Mr Parkinson's admirers. With the exception of two long stories, describing the cruelties of the Indians, which he has incorporated with his narrative, in order to illustrate the disadvantages of the back settle-

* 'There is no record of such a man existing upon earth in any age whatever.' p. 575.

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ments, and which are in fact copied from former publications, we have found scarcely any thing that deserves the name of amusement in these two volumes of travels. The author may be an exceedingly skilful farmer; but we doubt, if agriculturists will derive any information from his details, unless his experiment on the use of plaster of Paris, in promoting the growth of turnips, and rendering them a safe fodder for milch cows, should be found sufficiently accurate. After the abstract and specimens which we have given of his general reasonings, we believe little needs be said upon the merits of his production as a portion of theory. And his practical inferences against emigration, apply not to the case of those who are the most prone to seek new fortunes in distant climes—the destitute classes of the community, who follow the chance of high wages and cheap lands; but to the situation of capitalists, who, we much fear, will not be deterred from engaging in American speculations to the very limited extent in which they have already indulged, by the numerous proofs adduced in Mr Parkinson's statements, that a man may obtain large returns upon a trifling stock, if he can only submit to a temporary privation of the comforts and luxuries, which are beyond the reach of new communities.

Before concluding, we shall extract the only anecdotes of General Washington which the author has recorded. It may amuse our readers, to observe the confidence with which he deduces that illustrious person's greatness from the most trivial of all the good qualities ever attributed to his character.

'I think a large number of negroes to require as severe discipline as a company of soldiers; and that may be one and the great cause why General Washington managed his negroes better than any other man, he being brought up to the army, and by nature industrious beyond any description, and in regularity the same. There are several anecdotes related of him, for being methodical. I was told by General Stone, that he was travelling with his family in his carriage across the country; and, arriving at a ferry belonging to General Washington, he offered the ferryman a moidore. The man said, "I cannot take it." The General asked, "Why, John?" He replied, "I am only a servant to General Washington; and I have no weights to weigh it with: and the General will weigh it; and if it should not be weight, he will not only make me the loser, but he will be angry with me."—"Well, John, you must take it; and I will lose three pence in its value:" the ferryman did so; and he carried it to General Washington on the Saturday night following. The General weighed it; and it was not weight: it wanted three half-pence: General Washington carefully lapped up the three half-pence in a piece of paper, and directed it to General Stone, which he received from the ferryman on his return. General Stone told me another of his regularities; that, during the time

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he was engaged in the army in the American war, and from home, he had a plaſterer from Baltimore to plaſter a room for him; and the room was meaſured, and the plaſterer's demand paid by the ſteward. When the General returned home, he meaſured the room, and found the work to come to leſs by fifteen ſhillings than the man had received. Some time after, the plaſterer died; and the widow married another man, who advertiſed in the newſpapers to receive all and pay all due to or by her former huſband. The General, ſeeing the paper, made a demand of the fifteen ſhillings, and received them.—Another time, a man came to Mount-Vernon to pay rent; and he had not the exact balance due to the General: when the money was counted, the General ſaid, "There wants four-pence." The man offered him a dollar, and deſired him to put it to the next year's account. No; he muſt get the change, and leave the money on the table until he had got it. The man rode to Alexandria, which is nine miles from Mount-Vernon; and then the General ſettled the account.—It was always his cuſtom, when he travelled, to pay as much for his ſervant's breakfaſt, dinner, or ſupper, as for his own. I was told this by the keeper of a tavern where the General breakfaſted; and he made the bill three ſhillings and nine-pence for the maſter's breakfaſt, and three ſhillings the ſervant's. The General ſent for the tavern-keeper into the room, and deſired he would make the ſame charge for his ſervants as for himſelf, for he doubted not that they had eaten as much. This ſhows he was as correct in paying as in receiving.—It is ſaid that he never had any thing bought for his uſe that was by weight, but he weighed it; or any thing by tale, but he had it counted: and if he did not find the due weight or number, he ſent the articles back again to be regulated.—There is a ſtriking inſtance related of his condeſcendency. He ſent to a ſhoemaker in Alexandria to come to meaſure him for a pair of ſhoes: the ſhoemaker anſwered by the ſervant, that it was not his cuſtom to go to any one's houſe to take meaſure for ſhoes. The General being told that, mounted his horſe, and went to the ſhoemaker to be meaſured.

'It may be worthy the reader's notice, to obſerve what regularity does; ſince there cannot be any other particular reaſon given for General Waſhington's ſuperior powers, than his correctneſs, that made him able to govern that wild country: for it was the opinion of many of his moſt intimate friends, that his intellects were not brighter than thoſe of many other men. To me he appeared a mild friendly man; in company rather reſerved; in private, ſpeaking with candour. His behaviour to me was ſuch, that I ſhall ever revere his name. Before he died, General Waſhington himſelf, with his own hands, cloſed his eyes and mouth.

'Genenal Waſhington lived a great man, and died the ſame. He rode into his plantation in the fore part of the day, came home, and died about eleven o'clock at night of a putrid ſore throat, an inflammatory complaint frequent in America. I conceive it to be occaſioned by a poiſonous inſect received in with the breath. I am of opinion that the General never knowingly did any thing wrong, but did to all men as he

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would they should do to him. Therefore, it is not to be supposed that he would injure the negro. Cowards only act cruelly to those beneath them. There was an instance of his giving encouragement to duelling, which much surprised military men. Two officers had fought a duel; and, according to the laws and regulations of the army, one of them was broken: but in four days afterwards, the General promoted him to a much higher rank. The officers I heard speak of it, said it was done with an intention of making the inferior officers obey their superiors. There is a remark frequently made, of the General's exposing his old white horse to sale, which he rode during the war; which shows that he treated every creature according to its nature—a horse as a horse, a negro as a negro.' Vol. II. p. 436—442.

ART. III. *Medical Reports on the Effects of Water, Cold and Warm, as a Remedy in Fever and other Diseases, whether applied to the Surface of the Body, or used internally.* In Two Volumes. By James Currie, M. D. F. R. S. Fell. Roy. Coll. Ph. Edin. 1804.

THE first volume of this excellent work was published in 1797. In the present (being the third) edition, it is accompanied by a sequel, containing testimonials from practitioners in different parts of the world, as to the utility of the practice which it recommends. As the treatment of fever by cold affusion, upon scientific and accurate principles, may be considered as being yet in its infancy, we shall take the present opportunity of analyzing the whole work.

When the bold practice detailed in these volumes was first offered to the public, it excited no small degree of interest and surprise. Such, however, was the modesty with which the gift was presented, and the ability with which its extensive advantages were pointed out, that it was generally received with gratitude; and if not improved with alacrity, at least treated with mute and indolent acquiescence. By some indeed among those, who are more engaged in the practice than the study of their profession, it was reprobated for its novelty and its rashness. But as no protests of this nature were entered at the bar of the public, and as the prejudices in question are gradually dying away, we do not think it necessary to say any thing in answer to such an imputation. There is another class of detractors, however, who require a more laborious confutation; we mean those who, having admitted the utility, have objected to the novelty of Dr Currie's practice. Few discoveries in science or literature have at any time been offered to the world, without being either opposed

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or neglected: and when a public benefactor ceases to be calumniated as a rash and dangerous innovator, he commonly begins to be traduced as a mere copyist and plagiary. From the first of these forms of persecution, the work before us suffered but slightly. Dr Currie's Reports obtained an early introduction to the notice and favour of the public; and the practice which it recommends being founded upon the firm basis of experiment, little room was left for doubt or cavil as to its advantages. It then became a matter of surprise, that a treatment so conformable to the simple dictates of our sensations, should not have been coeval with the earliest periods of human history. Hence, it was judged probable, that the practice of cold affusion could not be new. Critical inquiries into the works of the antients were instituted to ascertain this knotty point; and as water, in some form or other, has been employed for various purposes, both before and after the era of Hippocrates, the sublime discovery was made, that the Prince of physicians *might, for any thing we know to the contrary,* have advised its external application in ardent fevers, with proper attention to the circumstances detailed in the Medical Reports. This discovery being made, the next in the order of events to be expected was, that the practice of cold affusion in typhus, upon the principles in question, should be ascribed to Hippocrates, and his successors of the faculty of physic, for many centuries after his time. We have heard this opinion asserted by some practitioners, whose character stands high in the estimation of the public. It has been retailed by those whom we could not suppose capable of ascertaining the fact for themselves. The conductors of periodical publications have allowed the same idea to pass through their hands to the public without confutation, or even the ceremony of a remark.

That some of the properties of water were known in the days of Hippocrates, we are very ready to acknowledge; but it does not therefore follow, that he was acquainted with all its uses. Because he was an attentive observer, and an acute investigator, it does not necessarily follow, that he detected all the affections of life and motion. Fevers, it is true, depopulated the finest cities of Greece in the time of that hoary practitioner; but the inference, that the cold affusion was therefore used, does not appear self-evident to our weak apprehensions. It cannot be an object with us to deprive the Coan sage of a single laurel, to which his abilities, patriotism and industry so eminently entitled him. Never shall we raise a sacrilegious hand to shake the crown which the Athenian people placed upon his venerable head. We admire his writings as much as those can do who ascribe to him the honour of the practice of the cold affusion in fever; but still we

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are bound, from impartial conviction that he was not entitled to it, to refuse him the honour of that discovery. That he was partial to the use of water in various diseases, we readily admit. But his ideas on the subject were confused, his practice undecided, and sometimes dangerous, and his theories false. The greatest part, perhaps, of the rough materials are to be found in the writings of Hippocrates, and other antient works: but the beautiful fabric which we now contemplate, with those materials polished and adjusted to their respective situations in the edifice, was first imperfectly designed by the late venerable President of the Edinburgh College of Physicians, and executed and finished by the author of the present publication. The model is copied from nature, and the style and execution exclusively British. The fact, we conceive, very certainly is, that the principles of treatment which are presented in the work before us, never were systematically or practically adopted by the antients. In confirmation of this opinion, as well as to settle a question in the history of medicine, which cannot be devoid of interest to the medical philosopher, we must solicit the attention of our readers to a short sketch of references to such passages in the antients as seem to bear upon the subject in dispute. If it shall appear that Hippocrates and his successors were in the habits of prescribing the use of warm water in circumstances where Dr Currie would either condemn it *in toto*, or else consider it much less efficacious than cold water, it is fair to infer a clear and decided difference, not only in their systems of treatment, but likewise in their theories of animal heat, and its influence upon the phenomena of health and disease.

Of the Greek and Roman writers upon the institutes and practice of physic, Hippocrates is incomparably the most valuable. His practice, upon the whole, is a model of simplicity, and, in most diseases not febrile, scarcely improved upon to this day. He advised the copious use of cold water and other diluent and acidulous potations even in fever; and there are even a few instances of visceral phlegmonic inflammations, where he advises pledgets of linen, dipped in cold water, to be applied to the hottest parts. His general practice, however, was to prescribe hot fomentations in those cases, * as well as in most affections consequent upon in-

* The edition of Hippocrates from which we quote, is that which was published at Geneva in the year 1567 by Foesius. In headache, attended with fever, pains of the ears, &c. vol. I. § v. lib. 2. *de Affection.* Ἢν ἐς τὴν κεφαλὴν ὀδύναι ἐμπέσωσι, &c. . . . . Ἢν ἐς τὰ ὦτα ὀδυναι ἐμπέσωσι, λουειν ξυνεφιζει πολλῷ καὶ θερμῷ, &c. In incipient inflammatory affections of the lungs, where he advises warm water to be

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flammatory diseases. * Diseases of debility are treated in the same way,† as also apoplexy and other nervous disorders, bilious intermittents,‡ &c. Indeed, it would be difficult to mention a single morbid affection, in which the πολλῷ θερμῷ λουειν is not in some stage of the complaint either directly prescribed, or its propriety upon the principles of Hippocratic practice, easily inferred from analogous passages. Such was the attachment of Hippocrates to the application of heat in various disorders, that he did not confine himself to humid and wet fomentations, but preferred, in certain circumstances, the more durable stimulus of heated salt, with millet seed and other rubifacients. It is not improbable that this practice was frequently attended with considerable benefit. If hot enough to act as rubifacients, there is no doubt but the consequences would be favourable, such as remission of pain, &c. Such was the effect which the old Coan doctor appears, in ge-

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drank, as well as to be applied externally by ablution, *de Affect. Intern.* τῇ δὲ ὑστεραίῃ λουσαι αὐλον πολλῷ και θερμῷ πλὴν τῆς κεφαλῆς. &c. In inflammatory affections of the liver during the remission of pain (why during the remission of the pain?) *Tract. de Affect. Intern.* p. 547. ἐκότων δὲ ἀὶῆ ὁ ποιος λουειν αὐλον πολλῷ και θερμω, &c. The warm bath in another variety of the disease, lib. 2. *de Morbis*..... Μίλα ἦν κάτω καθαρσιν λουσας αὐλον πολλῷ θερμῷ, πισον του καρπου, &c. In inflammation of the kidneys, p. 544. *non secus ac aliùs in locis.*

* In morbo coxendico, and lumbar abscess. Ἰσχιας δ' ..... τοῦδε συμφερει ὅταν ἡ οδυνη ἴχη, μαλασσειν καθ' οσοῖον ἀν τυγχανῃ, των σκελεων ἐπεζοισα ἡ οδυνη, εν λικμοισι και χλιασμασι και πυρίωσι. *Lib. de Affect.* p. 524. In jaundice, χρη δὲ θερμόλικμων και πινειν, &c. Lib. 3. *de Morbis, eisdem pluribus in locis. N. B.* In one of those instances, pledgets of linen are advised to be applied to the hottest part. The bath, meaning the tepid or warm bath, is recommended to be delayed for some days. In another species of the same disease, warm bathing and warm affusion are recommended after proper evacuations—και πολλα μαλιστα ωσι, &c.

† In tabes dorsalis. After describing the disease in its various stages, he proceeds to lay down the indications of it, beginning with ὁκοιον οὐτως ἴχη ην ἐξ ἀρχῆς μὴ λαχνιοιση πυρισασα αυτον ὅλον, φαρμακον δουναι πινειν ἄνω.

‡ Bilious fever, lib. 2. *De Morb.* p. 473. τῦλον θερμω λουειν, και διδοναι πινειν· διουρητικα ..... σιτιοισι δὲ ὡς μαλθακοῖσιοισι χρησθαι ..... ὁκοιον ἡλιος ἴχη λουειν ἑκαστης ἡμέρης. και πινειν διδοναι, μελικρητον ὑδαρες πολλον. και φορεειν την χυλον της πτισανης ψυχρον δις της ἡμέρης. &c. *Lib. de Morb.* lib. 2. p. 473. Quartan fevers—Warm bath during the apyrexia, p. 474, where, after the sweating stage, water is advised to be drank copiously. Τεταρταῖος πυρέτος οταν ἴχη, &c. The treatment of tertians is conducted upon the same principles. In phrenitis, or acute fever, accompanied by a great determination to the head, *Tract. de Morb.* lib. 2. p. 467, if the cold system does not succeed, the hot is advised to be substituted.

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neral, to have expected from it; for, upon its failure to abate or remove the pain, he frequently had recourse to the actual cautery. We have likewise no doubt, that, in the more general affusion of tepid water, singular benefit was not unfrequently obtained from it; but the beneficial effects arose, not from any additional heat that was imparted from the water to the patient, agreeably to Hippocrates's supposition, but from the abstraction of that element during the process of evaporation. As soon as the warm water was applied to the surface of the patient, it was exposed to the cold atmosphere, and reduced to the same temperature with it. Let us attend to what Dr Currie says upon this subject.

'At first, I imagined that the tepid affusion might be beneficial in cases where the heat of the body is below the degree necessary to render the cold affusion safe. I employed it, therefore, in those cases of fever where the heat of the body did not exceed the temperature of health. A little experience, however, convinced me that this practice required strict attention; for I found, that, in many cases, at least, the heat of the living body is lowered as speedily by the affusion of tepid water, as by the affusion of water that is cold:—if I mistake not, in some cases, the heat is lowered more speedily by the tepid water. To those who reason respecting the heating and cooling of the living body in the same manner as respecting inanimate matter, this observation will appear paradoxical. I assert it, however, from actual observation;-and a little reflection will explain the phenomenon. The evaporation from the surface is more copious from the tepid affusion; and on this the cooling of the body very much depends. But this is not all. The tepid affusion is little, if at all stimulating; and does not, like the cold affusion, rouse the system to those actions by which heat is evolved, and the effect of external cold is resisted. Where the object is to diminish heat, that may be obtained with greater certainty by the repeated use of the tepid affusion, suffering the surface of the body to be exposed in the interval to the external air; and if the beams of the sun are excluded, and a stream of wind blows over it, the heat may thus be reduced where cold water cannot be procured; even in the warmest regions of the earth—on the plains of Bengal, or the sands of Arabia.' Vol. I. p. 69, 70.

Hence, it appears clearly, that the affusion of tepid water, comprehending, under that term, from 87 to 97 degrees of Fahrenheit's scale, actually diminishes the heat of the human body, and does it even more speedily than water when applied perfectly cold, in the same circumstances. This is a fact which certainly never was observed by Hippocrates; and the good effects which he expected from warm bathing and ablutions, he at least principally ascribed to the additional heat which he supposed them to communicate. Hippocrates, indeed, appears to us to have very imperfectly understood the laws and modifications of animal heat. In the cold paroxysms of intermittent and

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other fevers, he supposed that a dangerous redundance of heat was accumulated in the centre and visceral regions, in proportion as the extremities became cold; and that the oppression at the præcordia, nausea, vomiting, topical pains, anxieties, and other corresponding symptoms, were properly to be ascribed to that redundance;—adding, that, in this situation of things, it is of essential importance to prevent the destructive 'flame' from raging amongst the vitals, and especially from ascending to the head.* The indications of this theory, conformably to the doctrine of contraries, which he professes with certain limitations to believe, would have been, to diminish the heat of the stomach, thorax, and other central viscera, by cold drinks and cold applications, and to increase the temperature of the extremities by hot pediluvium, heated bricks, sinapisms, &c. The reverse, however, of this practice is, in many instances, clearly recommended; and, as it may serve to show how little his proceedings were influenced by general principles, and how little reason there is for ascribing to him the systematic practice of cold affusion, it may not be improper to take a brief and general view of his treatment in the maladies in question.

In ardent fever † his treatment is simple. The fever not remitting either day or night;—the chest of the patient preternaturally hot, with cold extremities, and a cold abdomen, rough tongue, &c.;—an injection, with mild broths,—cold drinks,—no medicines;—affusion of water, either warm or cold, not mentioned. In fevers from bile, ‡ cold drinks *ad libitum*,—emetics according to circumstances,—proper attention to the state of the bowels;—no advice for the external application of water. In synochous fevers, § medicines according to the symptoms indicative of debility,—the heat to be allayed by cooling medicated draughts,—upon which, if sickness supervenes, other medicated draughts are prescribed;—neither cold ablution nor affusion mentioned. In the mild fever sometimes attending menstruation, ‖ much *warm* ablution is recommended;—the same in the λυπιρίη, which is described in the second tract concerning diseases. In the bilious fevers described in the same tract, a similar treatment is recommended, with the addition of *warm*

* Hippocrat. de Ration. Vict. in Morb. Acut. Πόσιν δὲ ψυχρὸν πολλὸν, &c. p. 398. *cum sequentibus.*

† Lib. 2. de Morbis.

‡ De Dieta in Morbis Acutis.

§ De Locis in Homin.

‖ Lib. de Superfœtatione, p. 260. *et sequent.*

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bathing. In fevers accompanied by jaundice, * *warm* ablutions; and, in another variety of the disease, the *warm* bath. In fevers with cephalalgia, † sponging the head with *warm* water. In quartan fevers, ‡ *warm* bath during the remission. In the malignant fever, designated απυρετος αφονωδης, ‖ he forbids the use of the bath, until the remission of the pain and the fever; but, upon the remission of these symptoms, copious ablutions are advised. We cannot refer to a single instance, where *cold* affusion, applied generally, or the *cold* bath, are recommended in circumstances which Dr Currie and his disciples would deem safe.

But there are other considerations by which we are induced to believe that Hippocrates was not acquainted with the principles of the present treatment of typhus fever. Of the fourteen cases, so well described in his first tract, on epidemic diseases, it does not appear that the fever in any instance was removed before the fifth day; and of so early a crisis there is only one instance, the case of Μετων. In this case, affusion is expressly said to have been used, though, previous to it, a copious epistaxis is said to have taken place from the left nostril. After the affusion, the recollection returned, and the head became composed. Whether the recovery of the patient is to be ascribed to the epistaxis or to the affusion, we will not venture to say: whether the cold or the warm affusion was employed, we are not informed. The analogy of Hippocrates's practice in other instances would lead us to suppose that it was the latter. If otherwise, it must have been a singular case, as it has no support from similar histories in the Hippocratic practice. § No other favourable crisis took place until the eleventh day: one on the fourteenth, one on the seventeenth, and the remaining two on the twentieth. The others died. From these histories we may fairly infer, that cold affusion was not employed at all; or, at least, that it was only employed in one instance, which was by six days the earliest favourable crisis; or, lastly, that it was not employed early enough in the disease, agreeably to the

* Tract. de Affect. intern.

† Lib. 2. de Morb.

‡ Lib. 2. de Morb.

‖ Lib. 2. de Morb. p. 484. *et sequent.*—λουτρω δ' εϛ' ἂν οδυνή ἔχη και ο πυρετος μη χρησθω. επην δε παυσηται λευσθω πολλῶ.

§ The 42nd Aphorism, Lib. vii. vol. 2. Ἢν πυρετος μη απο χολῆς ἔχη. υδατος πολλῦ και θερμυ καταχεομενυ κατα της κεφαλῆς, λυσις τυ πῦρετῦ γινεται—all the circumstances of caution which Hippocrates, as a matter of general practice, seems to think necessary to attend to. Why the affusion (expressly the warm affusion) is to be avoided in bilious fevers, we are not informed.

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principles which we suppose to have been first acted upon by Dr Currie. It might be objected, that the fever was of so virulent a nature, that it was not to be conquered even by the system of treatment by cold affusion. In reply to such an objection, it may be observed, that fevers of the most malignant character in this country (as shall appear in the sequel) are in general, and *almost universally*, readily subdued by Dr Currie's practice; that when they are allowed to run their course, they are fatal in about the same proportion in this country, as those which form the histories of Hippocrates; that five, out of the fourteen cases, recovered on or after the eleventh day, by a natural crisis, which proves that their character was not that of extreme and fatal malignity; and that they were such, had they been taken in time, as might have been readily subdued by the cold affusion. The clear inference then is, that the affusion was not used at all, or that it was improperly employed. In either case it is proved, that Hippocrates was not acquainted with the principles of the present practice in typhus fever. From the twelve cases recorded in the second tract on the same subject, * similar inferences are deducible; as also from the sixteen cases of the third book.

Again, that Hippocrates, in his treatment of febrile deseases, was not governed by any decided principles respecting the use of water externally, appears from the very loose manner of recommending it. He frequently prescribes ablution and bathing, without even mentioning the temperature to be observed, as if either cold, or hot, or indifferent, were equally suitable. We are not sufficiently acquainted with the construction of the Grecian baths, to give much assistance to our reader on this part of the subject. In his treatise on diet in acute diseases, he gives some general directions respecting the construction of a bath; from which, could we draw a general inference, it would appear that few, if any, of the baths of Greece contained any *aqua frigidissima*. On the other hand, supposing they were not without their *frigidarium*, like those of Rome, and that when bathing was recommended, it was meant that the patient should go through the usual processes of sweating, warm-bath, inunction, tepid and cold baths, &c. it is evident that, in most cases of fevers, especially after the least remission of the preternatural excitement of the system, such a practice must have been highly inconvenient, and extremely dangerous. But the fact is, that the bath was not generally advised in diseases, and least of all in febrile diseases. The directions of Hippocrates, with respect to the use of water externally, are often not only loose and inaccurate, but apparently capricious, or

* Epidemic fevers.

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founded upon false theories. In his treatise on diet in acute maladies, he supposes * that bathing is not at all adapted to those cases of fever, where the bowels are more or less constipated than naturally. Such was frequently his indecision on this interesting subject, that when warm fomentations and ablutions appeared evidently injurious, he hesitated not to recommend the same applications *cold.* † We do not blame him for thus changing his mode of treatment; but we infer from it, with some confidence, that he was not governed by those principles which would have led him to adopt the proper treatment in the first instance. In fever, with diarrhæa, and the feet excessively parched and hot, he advises cold water to be drank very sparingly. When, however, cold drinks would appear to be of less questionable utility, he recommends the copious use of them. But, what is of most importance in the present dispute—he records not a single instance of the immediate and very remarkable solution of fever in consequence of the treatment in question. It is surely not too much from these *data* to infer, that the father of the faculty of physic was really ignorant of the extensive and astonishing power of cold water in subduing febrile diseases.

Galen's ‡ opinions on this subject, as well as almost on every other, are enveloped in so much false theory, that his writings are incomparably less estimable than those of Hippocrates. The former delighted in reasoning, the latter in facts. The doctrine of *concoction* runs through every page of this voluminous writer. This supposed concoction was promoted by appropriate pharmaceutic preparations. But in fevers with much heat, water in any form is very sparingly allowed.

His cautions, in other respects, are so numerous and so frivolous, that we shall dismiss him with merely observing, that both his theories and treatment of fever are always complicated, seldom effectual, and sometimes dangerous. Paul Ægineta § was contemporary with Galen, and, like him, he was carried away with the false philosophy of his time. He hesitated to gratify the thirst of his patients with liberal potations of aqueous and acidulous drinks, preferring rather to compound the matter with them, by giving, for that purpose, some cold green vegetables, such as lettuce, &c. and prescribing cold fomentations to the head, and general inunction, with expressed oils:—curious

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* *Vid.* Hipp. p. 395.

† Hipp. de vict. in morb. acut.

‡ See directions for the construction of baths. Galen, Method. Medend. Lib. x. cap. 10.

§ Paul Ægineta, de febr. apud Fernel.

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substitutes for that pearly blessing which nature intended to slake the thirst both of man and beast! We find little on the subject of cold bathing, or cold affusion—and that little dictated by no clear views of physiology. Trallian * orders copious ablutions in the hottest stage of fever, 'in a large bath-room, and containing a large quantity of tepid water;' he then advises 'the whole body to be covered with the water.' In the absence of tumours, inflammations, and œdematous swellings, the free use of cold drinks is likewise recommended, provided the patient be *accustomed* to such a beverage during health. It would appear, from the directions given by this author with respect to the mode of conducting the various processes, that bathing was advanced in his time to a considerable pitch of luxury. The treatment of fever by Ætius † was more objectionable than that of Trallian, in proportion as it was more founded upon speculative physiology. After having advised a free access of air to the body of the patient, with oleaginous and aqueous fomentations to the chest and stomach, he prescribes cooling drinks. The warm bath, however, is not allowed until the appearance of *symptoms of concoction* in the urine; and then it was directed to be 'simple, without any admixture of nitre or other stimulating substances.' Specific directions are given for bathing in hectics.

The practice of the Arabian physicians bears a considerable resemblance to that of the Greeks. Avicenna ‡ allowed water to be drank in ardent fevers, *if the patient refused other beverage.* His treatment, in other respects is very complex; but bathing is only advised in intermittents, and that during the apyrexia. Rasis, § in clear and precise terms, advises both the warm bath and warm affusion in fevers distinguished by alternate heat and cold, with cold drinks, sometimes simple, sometimes medicated. The same practice is approved of by Averrois, who appears to be a disciple of Galen. He was partial to general and frequent

* Trallian περὶ λουτρου, et aliis in locis. Edit. Lutet. fol. 1548. The first process was to go into a vapour bath, and there to remain until a copious perspiration was excited. After the ceremony of inunction, which was performed by the attendants, 'the bather was laid in the warm waters.' From thence he was removed to the coldest baths, (which probably were not below the temperature of 87° of Fahrenheit's thermometer), where he was advised to remain some time. Upon coming out he was immediately covered with proper clothes, and recommended to drink the waters. A copious perspiration was expected to succeed.

† Ætius, de feb. apud Fernelium.

‡ Avicenna, apud eundem.

§ Rasis.

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embrocation. Isaac, * the adopted son of Salomon, king of Arabia, advises bathing in fevers, as well as pediluvium in a tepid bath; but not till after the *remission* of the most troublesome symptoms. Many of his directions for bathing are loose and antiphysiological. Serapion † does not so much as mention the external application of water, excepting, in one instance, to prohibit the use of it in tertian fevers. His prohibitions are founded upon the doctrines of the humoral pathology. Halyabatis ‡ advises bathing in quotidians, but upon false principles, and at improper times. In the hot stage of tertian intermittents, he recommends draughts of cold water *ad libitum*, 'if *the stomach or liver be already not too much debilitated.*' The bath is advised to be delayed until the period of convalescence.

'The Romans, under their emperors,' says Dr Currie, p. 87. vol. 1. 'carried the system of bathing to a height of luxury and expense, which it never reached in Greece or Asia, as the ruins of their magnificent Balnea prove to this day; and the affusion of warm water was one of the methods by which they diversified this favourite gratification.'

§ It is not very certain whether cold baths were first introduced by Antonius Musa, or by Asclepiades. In some instances, which however was not commonly the case, their *frigidaria* received not the least warmth from the fire. A description of such a bath is left us by the younger Pliny, Ep. vi. lib. 5. That such was not the usual structure of the Roman baths, may be inferred from the directions given for building baths by Vitruvius. ‖ Horace attributed the recovery of his sight to the cold bath at Clusium and Gabii, after the use of the hot baths of Baiæ. ¶ It is said, that the Virgo of Agrippa was intensely cold.—But, to return to the practice of the Romans as to the use of water in fevers. Cornelius Celsus, who was at the head of his profession,

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* Isaac, de feb. acut. apud Fernelium.

† Serapion, de feb. cap. xiii. apud eundem.

‡ Halyabatis, cap. ii.—v. *ad finem.*

§ The baths of Dioclesian had seats to accommodate three thousand people, who might all bathe at the same time without being seen by each other. Salmon's Modern History, Vol. X. p. 89.

‖ Vitruvius, lib. v. cap. 10. Supra hypocaustum tria ahena sunt componenda unum caldarium, alterum tepidarium tertium frigidarium et ita collocata uti ex tepidario in caldarium quantum aquæ calidæ exisset, influeret de frigidario in tepidarium eadem ratione.

¶ Horat. epist. xv. lib. 1.

'——Nam mihi Baias
Musa supervacuas Antonius et tamen illis
Me facit invisum gelida cum perluor unda
Per medium frigus.'——

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has a chapter * expressly entitled, 'Quando potiones febricitantibus dari expediat.' It is somewhat unaccountable, that he advises the patient to suppress his thirst till the second day of the fever, when, if indicated by other circumstances, he was allowed freely to indulge. In his treatment of ardent fever, cap. vii. he says, 'Sed in ipsis accessionibus oleo et aqua refrigerandus est..... Possunt etiam super stomachum imponi, solia vitis in aqua frigida tincta..... Si quis autem in hujusmodi febre leniter *tussit*, is neque vehementi siti conflictari, neque bibere aquam frigidam debet; sed eo modo curandus est, quo in febribus cæteris præcipitur.' Lib. 3. cap. 9. speaking of the practice of exciting copious perspiration in fever, he says, 'Neque Hercule ista curatio nova est, qua nunc quidam traditos sibi ægros, qui sub cautioribus medicis, trahebantur, interdum contrariis remediis sanant. Siquidem apud antiquos quoque ante Herophilum et Erasistratum, maximeque post Hippocratem fuit Petron quidam, qui febricitantem hominem ubi acceperat, multis vestimentis operiebat, ut simul calorem ingentem sitimque excitaret. Deinde, ubi paulum remitti cœperat febris aquam frigidam potui dabat; ac, si moverat sudorem explicuisse se ægrum judicabat: si non,' &c. This elegant author advises bathing in intermittent fevers a short time *before* the accession of the cold fit, and, at the same time, to swallow garlic with pepper and warm water. We have known the common people adopt a similar practice in this country. Speaking of quartan intermittents, he says, if the fever continue beyond fourteen days, the bathing must be omitted altogether. 'Neque ante febrem neque post eam utandum erit.' From what he says in the 17th chapter of his second book, it would appear that he sometimes succeeded in removing fever by the use of the bath. 'At balnei duplex usus est. Nam modo, discussis febribus, initium cibi plenioris, vinique firmioris, valetudini facit; modo febrem ipsam tollit.' We do not find that the younger Pliny, or Gordonius, adopted the practice of bathing in febrile diseases. Garipontus says, † 'Cum balneis lavamus ephemero, nullus horror vel frigus corporis in solio, vel in ipso balnei ære sentitur, ut in aliis febribus fieri solet.' It appears from this passage, that it was not unusual to bathe patients in fever during the presence of rigor. Contrast this practice with that of Dr Currie. Idem de cardiacis . . . 'Post hæc foveamus totum corpus et stomachum spongiis frigida intinctis, aut lacte aut aceto..... utantur post *tertium* diem lavacro. De tertianæ curatione.‡ 'Curabis vero lavacro frequenti et temperato

* C. Celsus, lib. iii. cap. 6.
† Garipont. cap. xiv.
‡ Idem, cap. vi.

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cum olei abundantia et aquis dulcibus non falsis, et ideo, nec nitro nec sapone, cum lavant, utantur.' De typicis febribus * in the cure of quartans. 'Quibus jejunus piper cum calida dabis, abstinendi sunt a balneis.' De tremore in febr. acut. † 'Balneo non utendum illis qui fluxu sanguinis laborant atque deficiunt, aliis vero non incongruum est.' Constantinus Africanus de feb. quart. ‡ 'Balneatur aqua tepida febri cessante, et aqua ubi cocta sint, chamæmela et melilota viola et similia.' De synocha febr. § 'Deinde superlatus dextrum impone epithema de succo solatri, farina hordei prius assati, &c..... Mane et sero fomentabis pedes et crura in aqua calida in qua cocta sunt, &c. Cap. viii. a vino omnino abstineant, mulsa tamen mellis attici detur.'

From the above extracts, which the intelligent reader will perceive that we have quoted without regard to the opinion which we have advanced, and wish to support in this article, it cannot but appear that the ancients, from the time of Hippocrates down to the decline of the Roman empire, were not acquainted with the uses of water to the extent, or upon the principles unfolded to us in Dr Currie's Reports. For, 1. Cold affusion was not at all employed by the ancients in febrile diseases; and if ever cool or subtepid water was applied in that way, it could only have been as a part of the process of bathing: but the fatigue occasioned, and the time occupied by that complicated process, must, in most cases, have been highly detrimental and dangerous. 2. The coldest baths of the Greeks were probably not under the temperature of 80° of Fahrenheit, as it is certain that their coldest waters were within the influence of the fire underneath the calidarium; or, if otherwise in some instances, these were exceptions to the general customs of the country. The Arabians ordered the water of the cold bath to be softened when it was to be used after the hot. ‖ The practice of cold bathing at Rome was not common until the time of Asclepiades; and it does not even appear, that bathing in water of any temperature was recommended in febrile diseases until that period; as, previous to it, the warlike Romans cured themselves by sweating, ¶ in the same rude

* Cap. vi. et sequent.
† Cap. xvii. apud Fernelium.
‡ Constantin. African. cap. v.
§ Idem de synoch. feb. cap. vii. apud eundem.
‖ Avicenna, Lib. I. Canon. Fen. 3. Doct. 2. cap. vi.
¶ Plin. Hist. Lib. xxvi. cap. 3. 'Asclepiadem adjuvêre multa, quorum cura nimis anxia et rudis ut obruendi ægros veste, sudoresque omni modo ciendi, nunc corpora ad ignes torrendi, solesve assiduè quærendi

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manner as the native Americans are said to do at this day. 3. When topical refrigerants were recommended by the ancients, they were only applied in the form of fomentations to a small proportion of the surface. Their utility must therefore have been limited; more calculated to relieve the anxieties of the passing moment, than to produce a solution of the disease. 4. We have seen that several of the ancients, and many more might be enumerated, were doubtful as to the propriety of indulging their patients in fever with copious draughts of unadulterated water, or other cooling and simple diluents. Their objections to such an indulgence were, for the most part, excessively frivolous. Their favourite systems of pathology were, in too many instances, allowed to prevail against the voice of nature and the intreaties of the patient. 5. Bathing was in general delayed, until symptoms of concoction had appeared in one or more of the secretions, or until a natural crisis had established the commencement of convalescence. In all instances, therefore, it was employed too late in the disease to be of any essential service, and in others it must have been attended with imminent danger. 6. Though the temperature of the patient was not a matter of indifference with Hippocrates and some of his most judicious successors, yet it cannot be disputed that many, and perhaps the majority of the ancient physicians, were not aware of its importance. Bathing was not unfrequently advised in fevers with alternate cold and heat, *i. e.* in fevers of an irregular type, or in regular fevers before the hot stage was fully formed. In either case, it must have been attended with great risk. 7. Had the ancients been acquainted with the treatment of fever by cold affusion upon decided principles, such principles would have been clearly and fully explained in their writings. Or, on the other hand, had the practice been established by usage and experience, their works would have been less charged with the complicated farrago of pharmaceutic medicine. Their *febrifugum magnum* would be the leading feature in their medical histories; and their finest cities and countries would have been less depopulated by the ravages of pestilential disorders.

To bring down the above sketch of the employment of water in fevers, we shall transcribe a part of Dr Currie's chapter on the internal use of water in diseases of that class.

'Before I conclude the account of my experiments of the use of cold water in fever, it will be necessary for me to say something of its effects, when swallowed, on the stomach, and, through it, on the system at large. Among the ancients, the internal use of cold water,

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quærendi in urbe nimbora: imo vero toti Italiæ imperatrici, tum primum pensilium balnearum usu ad infinitum blandiente.'

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in ardent fevers, is recommended by Hippocrates, Galen, Celsus, and most of the celebrated physicians whose works have come down to us. (The reader has seen with what restrictions and exceptions.) Among the moderns, that extraordinary man Cardanus wrote a dissertation in its favour; and, to pass over a multitude of inferior names, Hoffman, though with some restrictions, recommends it, not in fever only, but in various other diseases. In our own country, it was proposed as an almost universal remedy by Smith; and a treatise has been written on it, under the title of Febrifugum Magnum, by Dr Hancock. In Spain and in Italy, the use of cold water in fevers obtained, in the beginning of this (now the last) century, a greater and more general reputation, than in any of the other countries in Europe; and, at one time, seems to have superseded all other diet as well as medicine. This treatment was celebrated under the title Diæta Aquea; and an account of it may be found in the 36th volume of the Philosophical Transactions, by Dr Cyrillus, a professor at Naples, to which the reader is referred. Besides the internal use of cold water, he mentions the advantage of laying powdered ice or snow on the bodies of the sick.

'Nevertheless, the propriety of giving cold water in fevers has been disputed by men of high character, and particularly by the celebrated Boerhaave. His doctrine, that a lentor in the blood is the cause of fever, led him to insist on the use of warm drink, and the danger of cold; and his commentator Van Swieten, though he allows cold drink in some instances, yet, in general, argues against it. These learned theorists prevailed, in their day, over the voice of nature, and the precepts of Hippocrates and Hoffman. In the writings of Pringle, Cleghorn, and Lind, we find little or nothing on the subject, though they wrote expressly on fevers. Dr Cullen mentions cold drink, but gives no opinion on the propriety of its being used, and certainly did not recommend it in practice. He was even doubtful of the extent to which cold air might be admitted. On the whole, it may be asserted, that the use of cold drink in fever is contrary to modern practice; and that, where it is occasionally given, it is administered with caution, and rather permitted than enjoined.'

The first notice of the practice of affusion with cold water, in fever, that we are acquainted with, is that which was published by Dr Wright, President of the Edinburgh College of Physicians, in the London Medical Journal for the year 1786. Soon after, as appears from Dr Currie's preface, the practice was adopted by the physicians of the Liverpool Infirmary. Accounts of its success were communicated by Dr Brandreth of that place, to be inserted in Dr Duncan's Medical Commentaries for 1791, which accordingly appeared in that work,—and by Dr Currie in the Philosophical Transactions of the succeeding year. The treatment of fever by ablution was at this time 'become general in

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Liverpool, and common in the county of Lancaster.' Since that time, and especially since the publication of Dr Currie's work in 1797, we have heard of its adoption and utility in various parts of the world. Its advantages are established in the volumes before us, upon the firm basis of experiments numerously and variously repeated.

We shall now proceed to give a general outline of the treatment in question. The most important circumstances to be attended to in the application of this powerful remedy, are comprised by the author under three general rules. 1. It may be used at any time when there is no sense of chilliness present; 2. when the heat of the surface is steadily above what is natural; and, 3. when there is no general or profuse sensible perspiration. When employed during the cold paroyxsm of fever, when the heat of the system is below the standard temperature of health, alarming consequences have been observed to succeed; and though the heat in the centre of the body, as indicated by the thermometer, be greater than natural, still if there be present any considerable sense of chilliness, the cold affusion is unsafe; and, again, when the body is under profuse sensible perspiration, it is necessary to abstain from the use of this powerful remedy. Perspiration is in itself a cooling process; and if it has already continued so long as to have cooled the system below, or even as low as its natural standard in health, a further reduction of the temperature, by the application of water to the surface, is attended with the utmost danger. These general positions are established by a great number of cases. With the requisite attention to those rules (which are detailed at great length in the work itself), fevers are not unfrequently removed upon the first application of the remedy. The earlier in the disease it is employed, provided the hot stage be fully formed, a solution of the fever may be expected with greater confidence. Many cases of this description are quoted in the first volume by the author, as well as in the second by his correspondents, in which the disease was suddenly cut off on the first and second day. Instances of a complete solution on the third day are likewise numerous. Those on the fourth and fifth are not so common. In the subsequent stages, though the fever is not suddenly cut off, yet, 'where the heat continues preternaturally great, and the skin dry,' the cold affusion 'is of great and manifest advantage, almost immediately relieving the distressing symptoms, particularly restlessness and delirium, and conducting the disease to a safe and speedier issue.' When the strength of the patient is considerably exhausted,—with clammy sweats and cold extremities, the cold affusion is neither so effectual nor so safe. In cases where every attention is paid to the circumstances above enumerated, it frequently happens, that a very considerable shock is experienced upon the first

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application; but, after one trial, there is seldom any difficulty in persuading even those to have it repeated, who were at first startled at the proposal, and averse to the experiment. 'The effects are in general highly grateful to their sensations.' After the affusion, the patient is directed to be rubbed dry with a towel, and immediately put to bed. A sound and refreshing sleep in most instances succeeds, attended by a copious and salubrious diaphoresis. When the patient awakes, he is free from fever. After some general remarks upon the nosology of febrile diseases, (p. 44. et seq. vol. I.) the author describes a variety of fever, in which the treatment by cold affusion does not succeed. Whether, agreeably to the opinion of Dr Currie, it be a species of fever that has not hitherto been recognized by nosologists, we shall leave to the determination of our readers. It is described as follows.

'The fever in question does not seem to originate in contagion, or to propagate itself by contagion. I have not been able, in a single instance, to trace it to that source; nor have I ever found it to be communicated from the patient to any of his attendants. The cases which I have seen, have occurred chiefly in the winter season, in persons in the flower or vigour of life, possessed of considerable sensibility of mind, and in the habits of more than ordinary mental exertion. After some days of indistinct catarrhal complaints, the fever comes on (in general after some accidental exposure to cold) with a very violent and long continued attack of chills and rigor; and to this, as is usual, succeeds a state of heat and reaction. The patient complains of intense headach, and of oppression at the præcordia, with occasional, but not severe cough, and with some increase in the frequency of respiration. His pulse is not remarkable as to frequency or strength; his sleep is not particularly disturbed; and for some days, the complaint goes on as if produced by catarrhal fever. From the first, however, there appears a great quickness and impatience about the patient: He talks more rapidly than usual; apprehends you quickly, and answers you instantly. He cannot, however, command his attention long, and is fatigued with the effort. His heat, which was at first moderate, becomes very great on the seventh and eighth day, reaching 107 or 108° of Fahrenheit: he becomes delirious, and talks incessantly. Throughout the fever, his senses of hearing and taste are uniformly acute; and this is true also of his sense of feeling. Great as his heat is, he is much alive to the impressions of cold on the surface of the body, and shrinks from them. At times he appears surprisingly calm and natural; gets out of bed and dresses himself, insisting that he is well. Often he starts up suddenly in bed, and opens his curtains, seeming to look round the room for some person he supposes present; and sometimes he rings the bell violently, if within his reach, without apparent object. Indistinct conceptions rise and vanish in his mind, and the impressions of sense are confounded with the ideas of (the) imagination. As the fever advances, the respiration becomes more hurried and laborious, the pulse more frequent and

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feeble; and, towards the latter end of the disease, but not before, sweat breaks out, at first partial, and at length general and profuse, which, however, though they reduce the heat, do not otherwise relieve him. The pulse sinks; the body is covered with petechiæ; wine, bark, opium and blisters afford no relief. The patient dies on the 12th or 13th day of fever; and, after death, the body runs rapidly into putrefaction.'

The author then proceeds to state, that, after he had tried other remedies, he had recourse to the cold affusion; and as the heat of the patient was as high as 107° Fahrenheit, he felt considerable confidence as to the issue. His hopes were however disappointed. The usual happy consequences did not succeed; the remedy was not repeated; vinegar and water was applied with a sponge without benefit. The patient died.

The rules by which the application of water to the surface of the body is governed, are individually applicable to the administration of cold water internally in similar circumstances. In the cold stage of fever, cold drinks are to be religiously avoided, however urgent the thirst; warm liquids are rather allowed as innocuous substitutes, than recommended as beneficial during the urgency of that symptom. In the hot paroxysm, copious draughts of cold water are succeeded by the happiest effects. Dr Hancock, * in his Febrifugum Magnum, mentions some instances in which cold water thus received into the stomach was shortly succeeded by a complete solution of the disease. Dr Currie, however, was not acquainted with the precautions detailed in these volumes. This remedy, in his hands, was therefore as dangerous in some instances, as it was powerful in others. When the heat of the body is sinking rapidly by the process of respiration, cold, in all the forms of applying it, is to be cautiously avoided. The fatal effects which in too many instances have been produced by drinking cold water, have been generally ascribed to the sudden transition from intense heat to intense cold. This popular notion is examined and controverted; and the more philosophical theory, that death is occasioned in those cases by a fatal abstraction of heat, is substituted in its stead. (*Vid.* vol. I. chap. xiii.) In cases where the cold affusion, from any circumstances, is not admissible nor necessary, affusion with warm water is singularly beneficial: The feverish affections of children—all feverish affections where the 'morbid actions are weakly associated'—febrile affections of the lungs—hectic fevers, are proper cases for this treatment. The tepid affusion has likewise been tried in regular fevers; but though, upon the whole, it is found of considerable service, its effects are neither so complete nor permanent as those of cold

* Dr Hancock, Feb. Mag. p. 21. et seq. See likewise Dr Currie's Note *ad loc.*

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affusion. Dr Currie has likewise tried the effects of cool water (meaning by that term to indicate the temperatures 87—75 Fahrenheit inclusive). It operates in the same way, but less powerfully. It is to be applied suddenly or otherwise according to the effects to be answered by it. Some important notes are added, p. 297, in the present edition, upon the extension of cold affusion to symptomatic and inflammatory fevers, which we hope will serve to moderate the mania for incautious experiment, which at present we have reason to suppose too generally prevails upon that subject. The singular success experienced by the author in typhus fever, encouraged him to make trial of the same remedy in other febrile disorders. Dr Sydenham had already introduced the practice that is now in general use in small-pox, of freely admitting cold air into the apartments of the sick. The advantages of this practice justified the bolder method of abating the morbid heat by cold affusion. The result fully met the expectations of the author. The time of employing it is at the commencement of the eruptive fever, observing the usual precautions with respect to the patient's heat, and his sensations of heat.

After giving a short sketch of the history of Scarlatina, in Chap. 22, Dr Currie details the results of his practice in that disease. The usual heat of the body in that disorder, is from 105 to 110; and, in some malignant cases, 112. As soon as the heat is thus morbidly accumulated, the cold affusion is to be employed without loss of time, copiously and vigorously: the usual cooling effects are experienced, but they are not so permanent as in typhus. 'The affusion' is therefore 'to be repeated again and again,' as the returning heat may render it necessary. 'It is sometimes necessary to use it ten or twelve times in twenty-four hours.' A complete solution of the fever is however at length effected. Little or no ulceration of the throat succeeds; while the numerous and dangerous sequelæ of that symptom are happily anticipated and prevented. In cases where the cold affusion is not admissible, from the timidity of parents, or the prejudices of the medical attendant in consultation, the tepid affusion may be substituted with decided advantage. Interesting communications were made upon this subject to the author, by several of his respectable correspondents. Those from Dr Gregory of Edinburgh, are inserted in the second volume. His trials of the treatment in question (which were made upon his own children and relations), were conducted upon the principles of Dr Currie. They completely succeeded. The account of them is given in his own peculiar and interesting manner. The cold affusion has been tried (not from design) in cynanche tonsillaris, and measles. The character of each disease thus

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treated, was that of singular mildness. During the prevalence of influenza, in the spring of 1803, Dr Currie was deterred, in the first instance, from employing the cold affusion, on account of the cough, and other pulmonary symptoms, which attended that unwelcome visitant. In his own case, however, he determined to try the effects of a tepid, approaching to a cool 85 Fahrenheit shower bath. 'The effects were in a high degree grateful, soothing, and invigorating. He repeated this experiment every three or four hours, according to circumstances; he suffered nothing from pulmonary affections; the debility soon went off; and he recovered more speedily than any of his patients. Chap. 13. contains interesting experiments and observations upon the use of the cold bath in convulsive diseases. Of idiopathic tetanus, two cases only are recorded. The first is as melancholy a relation as any that has ever appeared on the page of medical history. In both, the cold bath produced a speedy solution of the spasms, and a complete cure of the disease. 'My experience' says Dr Currie 'of the effects of the cold bath in this disease, when originating in wounds, is neither satisfactory nor so complete.' Bark, wine, and spirits, are more to be depended upon. The cold bath was frequently tried in the Chorea Sti Viti, but not with the least advantage. We have ourselves had occasion to be acquainted with the trial of this remedy, in many instances, since the publication of the first volume of Dr Currie's work, and we can fully confirm the author's experience. 'In the hysteric paroxysm,' says Dr Currie, 'the cold bath is an infallible remedy. No danger is to be apprehended from the surprise, or even terror, excited by the suddenness of the shock. Fear itself will frequently prevent a fit of hysteria.' An interesting case of insanity is described in Chap. 14. After the warm bath, with a variety of other medicines, had been tried in vain, the patient was thrown headlong into the cold bath, in the midst of his fury. He came out calm and collected, and remained so for four and twenty hours. Upon the return of a paroxysm, the same discipline was repeated. In a short time, (being an infirmary patient), he was discharged cured. The principal circumstance to be attended to in the employment of the cold bath, as a remedy in convulsive diseases, is to use it during a paroxysm. For the discovery of this important rule, our author appears to be indebted to a source of many other discoveries—chance. 'The cold bath may often be applied with advantage, and always with safety, in convulsive diseases, and in insanity.'

The use of water in diseases is now, in our opinion, for the first time, established upon fixed and scientific principles. The whole of the doctrine may be comprised under a few general heads.

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I. In typhus, if properly employed, the cold affusion is almost an infallible remedy. It must not be employed in the cold stage of fever. 2. As soon as the hot paroxysm is fully formed, it is to be used immediately, and repeated *pro re nata.* 3. In the sweating stage, and especially if that process has continued any time, it is to be cautiously avoided.

II. In typhus, the warm affusion is useful, but its advantages are less decided and permanent. The same precautions are to be attended to.

III. Intermittent fevers, with few anomalies, are to be treated after the same manner. 2. The practice of cold affusion, in these, of eminent utility.

IV. Tepid and cool water bear a ratio, as to their efficacy in febrile disorders, to their respective distances on the thermometric scale, from the degree of cold. 2. A complete solution of fever is seldom effected without a stimulus on the sensations.

V. Ablution of water of various temperatures, useful in febrile diseases, with proper attention to Dr Currie's directions.

VI. Affusion of water of various temperatures useful in eruptive fevers, and especially in that malignant disorder, the scarlatina: the colder the better.

VII. Warm affusion proper where the stimulus upon the sensations is to be avoided.

VIII. The influenza of 1803 was relieved by the cool affusion, in Dr Currie's own case.

IX. Cold water *internally*, useful and proper, whenever it can be applied with safety to the surface of the body.

X. The cold bath has been attended with considerable advantages in convulsive diseases, and in insanity. 2. During the presence of convulsive actions, or paroxysm, the proper time of employing it.

XI. The use of cold water in inflammatory diseases doubtful. 2. Experiments of that kind wanting, but to be made with great caution.

The second volume embraces a wide range of the author's correspondence. The communications contained in these letters are all of them more or less calculated to establish the author's practice. But as they are offered to the public rather with a view to confirm the fact of its success, than to elucidate the principles upon which it was adopted, we must be excused from the task of making any analysis of their contents. Dr Currie's own miscellaneous pieces must also be passed over in silence; for though they are all excellent essays on the topics of which they treat, they are by no means necessary to the explication of his leading doctrine; and this article has been already extended to too great a length.

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Since the preceding pages were prepared for the press, we have been called upon to sympathize with all the friends of literature, medicine, and philanthropy, for the untimely death of the amiable and ingenious author upon whose work they are employed. Society, we think, has not recently sustained a more deplorable loss; and it is painful to reflect, that he was snatched away at a period when his matured talents and unabated activity held forth a reasonable hope of deriving from his future labours, as important benefits as had already resulted from the past.

ART. IV. *An Experimental Inquiry into the Nature and Propagation of Heat.* By JOHN LESLIE. 8vo. pp. 577. London. Mawman. 1804.

This work comes before us with no ordinary claims to our attention and respect. It contains an exposition of the views to which the author was led by a long course of induction upon the fundamental doctrine of chemical science; and the success of his researches has obtained a most honourable attestation, in the award of the Rumford medal by the Royal Society, for the experiments, of which the history is here recorded. If the decision of that Illustrious Body required any confirmation, a sufficient interval has elapsed, to afford the scientific world an opportunity of reviewing the sentence: and the general voice seems to have pronounced, that the facts brought to light by the labours of this ingenious person, are equally unexpected and important; opening the fairest prospects of more valuable acquisitions than the theory of heat has made since the capital discovery of Dr Black.

The materials, however, with which Mr Leslie's experiments have furnished him, are far more precious than the workmanship he has bestowed in preparing them for the eye of the public. They come before us in a style much too gaudy for the dignity of the occasion; they are disposed with very little skill; and are mingled with a good deal of loose, drossy matter, obtained from a very different source. His language is defective in simplicity and clearness: it unites the two great faults of misplaced ornament and unnecessary abstraction. His arrangement is singularly confused: the speculations that compose his work are put together without any plan, or succeed each other according to some arbitrary series, of which we have been wholly unable to discover the law. A subject strikes him; he pursues it, together with several other topics that cross him on his way. He then

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takes up another thread; and, in following it out, is reminded of something which he had before broke off abruptly, or omitted in its right place. Frequently he pauses, and seems to make the likeness of a division; but he does not even indicate, by a title, the contents of what he calls a chapter. He is prone not only to run from one part of his subject to another, but to leave his subject altogether, and take a new one; in the course of which, some third topic frequently draws him off: so that many of his notes are, in truth, digressions from his own episodes. If his sections have no titles, it is scarcely to be expected that we should find the ordinary aids of index and table of contents. Hence, to examine any one branch of the Inquiry, it is necessary that we should have all the rest present to our mind; and a reference from one part to another, for the purpose of comparison, must be preceded, either by the toil of abridging and classifying the various discussions, or by such a minute and severe study of the whole work, as may give the reader an equal command of its contents with the author himself. Having suffered exceedingly from the defect just now stated, we trust Mr Leslie will not impute it to captiousness or disrespect, if we add, that the rigorous examination of his work has proved the most painful task to which the appearance of any scientific performance has subjected us since the commencement of our labours.

Our author's chief merit, we think, is the contrivance of simple, conclusive, and elegant experiments, for ascertaining relations of no great generality; and the application of close argument, frequently of an ingenious calculus, to the comparison of his results. He is often happy in the explanation of phenomena, by a reference to obvious, but unnoticed principles; and his practical views are sometimes ingenious and important. Even the parts of his book which we admire least—his general dissertations upon matters not immediately connected with the doctrine of heat—and the too refined and often hasty theoretical inferences from his experimental discoveries, are marked by the subtlety and vigour that distinguish the most legitimate efforts of his understanding; and, with all the faults of his style, and the abundance of crude, diffuse writing, scattered over his speculations, it would be difficult to find a single page which does not betray some marks of a fertile genius and varied information.

In conducting our examination of this work, we shall be more anxious to lay before our readers an abstract of the solid improvements which chemical science has received from it, than to analyze and discuss all the general speculations in which the author fancifully and fondly indulges. Of these it may for the most part be enough to give a specimen. The abundance and novelty of

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the experiments claim our full attention; and while we endeavour to exhibit a sketch of the anomalous facts which they present as the groundwork of future, perhaps not very remote changes in physics, we shall freely point out the imperfections of the general law under which the author has reduced them—its want of support on one side, and its repugnance to the phenomena on the other.

The *differential thermometer* was invented by Mr Leslie for the measurement of minute variations of temperature. It is an instrument of the greatest delicacy, and has evidently been the main cause of the success with which his inquiries have been attended. Tubes, each terminating in a small bulb of the same dimensions, are joined by the blow-pipe, and bent in the form of an U, a small portion of dark-coloured liquor having previously been introduced into one of the balls. After many trials, the fluid best adapted to the purpose is found to be a solution of carmine in concentrated sulphuric acid. By managing the included air with the heat of the hand, this red liquor is made to stand at the point required of the opposite tube. This is the zero of a scale fastened to that tube, and divided into equal parts above and below nothing. The instrument is then fixed upright on a stand. It is manifest, that when the liquor is at rest, or points at zero, the column is pressed opposite ways by two portions of air, equal in elasticity, and containing equal quantities of caloric. Whatever heat, then, may be applied to the whole instrument, provided both bulbs receive it in the same degree, the liquor must remain at rest. But if the one ball receives the slightest excess of temperature, the air which it contains will be proportionally expanded, and will push the liquid against the air in the other bulb with a force, as the difference between the temperatures of those two portions of air: the equilibrium, in short, will be destroyed, and the fluid will rise in the opposite tube. The degrees of the scale through which it passes will mark the successive augmentations in the temperature of the ball which is exposed to the greatest heat. This instrument, therefore, is truly a balance of extreme delicacy, for comparing the temperatures with which its two scales may be loaded.

If a heated body, or a body hotter than the surroundsng atmosphere, is placed in front of a concave speculum, a thermometer in the focus is raised proportionally to the excess of the temperature of the body above that of the atmosphere; and a cold body in the same circumstances sinks the thermometer. This communication of caloric has been long known under the name of the radiation of heat; and it appears to us that Mr Leslie's discoveries have entirely resulted from the happy application of his new

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instrument to the observation and measurement of that process. He used a variety of reflectors, carefully constructed of block-tin, and chiefly of the elliptical form. Sometimes he found the parabolic curvature convenient, especially when the reflection was made at considerable distances. The heat was given out from cubical boxes of plain and polished tin, with an orifice at the top, through which water of various temperatures was introduced, and a common mercurial thermometer occasionally placed in that fluid, to note the progress of its cooling. When the radiation of cold was to be tried, the canisters were filled with ice or snow. The differential thermometer being placed so that the ball containing the red liquor was in the focus of the speculum, and the canister being filled with boiling water, the red liquor rose to a certain height, and then began to fall in proportion as the water cooled. A similar effect, though in the contrary direction, was produced by a canister filled with ice; and, in every case, the motion of the red liquor, above or below the point of equilibrium, was exactly proportional to the difference between the temperatures of the canister and the surrounding air. Such is the very simple aparatus with which the greater part of our author's operations were performed; and such the general fundamental experiment—the application of his differential thermometer to the measurement of radiant heat, whereof the others were only particular varieties and modifications.

If different substances are applied to the canister while giving out heat, the degree of its emission suffers very singular changes. Coat one side of the canister with lamp-black, another with writing paper, a third with crown glass, and leave the fourth bare, or cover it with tin-foil: the differential thermometer will rise to 100, 98, 90, and 12 respectively, when these four sides are exposed to the speculum in succession. The metal surface, then, gives out heat about eight times less copiously than the other three substances. By coating the focal ball of the differential thermometer with tin-foil, it is found to receive about five times less heat from any side of the canister, than when it is exposed bare in the focus; and by coating the surface of a concave glass-mirror, first with black pigment, then with tin-foil, and lastly exposing it bare to the heating body, it is found that the glass reflects very little heat, the pigment none at all, and the tin foil, ten times more than the glass. The metallic surface, then, has about five times less power of absorbing heat, eight times less power of emitting it, and ten times greater power of reflecting it, than the glass.

Between the canister and the reflector place a frame, over which are stretched, successively, tin-foil, glass, and paper. The communication of heat or cold is altogether stopped by the first; at least

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so little passes, that the differential thermometer is not sensibly affected, while the glass only stops four-fifths, and the paper not so much. The metallic screen, too, produces this effect, however near the canister it may be placed, provided the separation is only sensible. The other two substances interrupt the communication more and more, the nearer they are placed to the canister, but always permit a large portion of the heat or cold to pass. Instead of one screen, or a screen composed only of one substance, let a combination of these be interposed. A very remarkable illustration of the general fact is obtained. The combinations used by Mr Leslie were, plates of glass, coated with tin-foil on one side, and plates of tin, coated in like manner with lamp-black. These he either placed in contact, so that their similar sides touched; or at a distance from each other, with their similar sides facing. He denominates the combination of glass and tin-foil the *experimentum crucis.* We conceive that of the tin-foil and lamp-black better entitled to this appellation.

'Cause two sheets of tin, about ten inches square, to be hammered quite flat and smooth, and paint one side of each with a thin coat of lamp-black. Arrange the apparatus as usual, and having joined together the tin-plates with their clear surfaces touching, fix them to the vertical frame: the liquor of the differential thermometer will rise 23 degrees. Invert the position of the plates, so that the blackened sides come into contact, it will now sink down to zero. Remove either of the plates, and the liquor will again mount near 4 degrees.

'It is truly pleasing to witness the varied spectacle, where the changes succeed each other as if performed by the fancied operation of magic. But those transitions, and even the measures of the diversified effects, are the necessary results of the principles already established. Compare the case where both the external surfaces of the screen are metallic with that in which they are covered with pigment. On the one side it receives five times less heat, and this heat is propagated with eight times less energy from the other. By the joint influence of those circumstances, therefore, its effect is 40 times less; which corresponds to about half a degree, a quantity scarcely distinguishable. When the screen consists only of a single plate blackened on the one side, the diminished effect is a mean between the receptive and the projecting powers, or $6\frac{1}{2}$ times smaller than where both surfaces are painted. This enfeebled impression is consequently equal to about 4 degrees.' p. 36, 37.

Now, although the event of this experiment certainly has a general correspondence with the difference between pigment and tin, in their receptive and propelling powers, it presents at the same time certain anomalies, which we had no reason to expect from the law previously established, and of which no notice whatever has been taken by Mr Leslie, either in this stage of his In-

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quiry, or in those parts where a similar discrepancy again occurs. These we shall use the freedom of pointing out in this place.

First, the mean between the projecting and receptive powers, by the assumption of which our author makes the experiment agree with his former positions, is altogether unintelligible. When the screen is painted on both sides, it receives five times more, and emits eight times more, or produces a total transmission of forty times more, than when it is metallic on both sides; and we will permit Mr Leslie to calculate this at half a degree, or an insensible quantity, and thus to reconcile the estimate with the fact of the communication being wholly stopt. But when the screen is painted on one side, and metallic on the other, its total power of transmission is not by theory a medium between the powers of its two different sides. Its total power of transmission, compared to the power of a screen, metallic on both sides, is as the absorbing power of the painted side, when that is next the canister, or as the projecting power of the painted side, when the other is next the canister. The painted side receives five times more than if it were metallic; the metallic side projects as great a proportion of what is received, as if the other side were metallic also. The assumption of a medium is perfectly gratuitous, or rather it is repugnant to the doctrine suggested by the leading experiment.

But, *secondly*, a more important oversight has been committed by our author in assuming, that the effect of a screen painted on one side, and metallic on the other, should be the same, whichever side is exposed to the canister. If paint absorbs five times, and projects eight times more than tin, it must vary the effect, in the proportion of five to eight, when the screen is exposed with a different front. Let the painted side face the canister, it absorbs five times more than a screen wholly metallic; but it projects exactly as great a proportion of the quantity absorbed. Its total transmission, then, is five times greater than that of the metal screen. Let the painted side now be turned towards the reflector, and the metallic side exposed to the canister. Both screens absorb the same quantity of heat; but the painted side of the one projects eight times more of that quantity, than the metallic side of the other; and the total transmission of the former, is eight times greater than the total transmission of the other. The change in the position of the screen, then, has augmented its superiority of transmitting power, in the proportion of five to eight. But how does this agree with the experiment? 'Remove either of the plates,' says Mr Leslie, 'and the liquor will mount four degrees;'—the effect, therefore, is the same, whichever side be exposed to the canister. He varies the experiment in a very satisfactory manner, by placing two plates, metallic

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on one side, and painted on the other, at some distance asunder. He finds that, when their metallic sides face each other, the communication is stopt as much as when their painted sides face or touch each other; and this is, indeed, quite consistent with the former experiments, as he had interpreted them; for, in both cases, the absorbent and the projecting powers of the metal are exerted in succession, and the effect must be diminished forty times. But suppose the screens were placed one behind the other, facing the same way; according to the general proposition, that the projective is to the absorbent power as eight to five, a very material difference should be produced upon the total transmission of the two screens, by reversing their position. When the painted sides face the canister, sixty-four times less heat should be transmitted, than a screen, black on both sides, transmits; when the metallic sides face the canister, only twenty-five times less heat should be transmitted than a black screen transmits. Mr Leslie does not appear to have tried this experiment; but, according to the result of the one above quoted, where the single screen was exposed to the canister in different ways, with the same effect, there can be little doubt that the event would present a still more flat contradiction to the theory; for the estimated difference is much greater; and there is no reason to suppose that any would be perceived.

But whatever discrepancies this course of experiments may involve, one important conclusion is clearly deducible from it. We learn that heat and cold are propagated from one body to another, at a distance, in a manner entirely unlike the process by which they are conducted by the contiguous particles of the same body; and that this communication is affected by the nature, both of the substance which projects, and of the substance which receives. Mr Leslie goes a step further, and thinks that he has discovered, in the atmosphere, the medium of this communication. 'What,' he asks, 'is this calorific and frigorific fluid, after which we are inquiring? It is incapable of permeating solid substances; it cannot pass through tin, nor glass, nor paper; it is not light; it has no relation to ether; it bears no analogy to the fluids, real or imaginary, of magnetism and electricity. But, why have recourse to *invisible* agents? *Quod petis, hic est.* It is merely the ambient AIR.' p. 32.

The canister propagates a pulsation, he maintains, through the air, to the screen; which, receiving heat by this pulsation, acts as a second canister, and propagates a new pulsation through the air on the other side. To show that the screen only operates in consequence of its temperature being raised, he substitutes a thin plate of ice, and finds that the thermometer in the focus sinks as

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much when the canister is present as when it is removed. But this is by no means a conclusive experiment; for, in the whole of the book, we meet with no attempts to prove what the absorbent and projective powers of water are. It may be, that this fluid is incapable of absorbing and projecting more heat than tin, and that, consequently, a plate of ice, interposed between the canister and reflector, prevents the passage of heat,—not because it cannot be heated above a certain point, but because its absorbent and projective powers do not enable it to transmit. Now it is rather singular that our author should rest satisfied with so inconclusive a proof, when an experiment, altogether unexceptionable, presents itself. If a screen of paper or glass, cooled down to nearly the freezing point, is placed in the usual position, and its effect on the differential thermometer noted, then we may easily estimate how much of the heat it transmits, by repeating the experiment without the canister; because the transmitting power of the screen, at the ordinary temperature, has been previously ascertained. But still less conclusive is Mr Leslie's experiment to show that air is necessary in the process. He immerses his apparatus in a tub of water, and finds that no transmission of heat takes place. This is absolutely the only proof which he offers, during the first branch of his experiments, to show that air is the prime agent in the operation; yet, without attempting the very obvious trial of performing the experiment in a *vacuum*, he goes on to make his theory, which he never examines by any further test, during the whole of his speculations, until, in the conclusion of the Inquiry, and under a different head, he thinks proper to relate some facts, which are, indeed, sufficiently decisive, though altogether against him. But before examining his theory at large, we think it expedient to pursue the analysis of his experiments, as they are all intimately connected with each other, and bear upon the questions by which his hypothesis must be tried.

The induction of facts which we are about to enter upon, leads to some very curious information respecting the laws of the projection of heat, and affords a most favourable idea of our author's skill as an experimental inquirer. So far we may assert he is possessed of the genuine spirit of philosophy, that he never sets any value upon insulated facts, and is always on the alert to seize those points of view in which phenomena may be compared, estimating the importance of his observations solely by their subserviency to general reasoning. His attention is directed to four principal circumstances in the projection or radiation of heat; its connexion with the spaces through which it is propagated; the direction in which it moves; the projecting power

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of the heated body, in relation to its position; and the connexion which subsists between this action and the nature of the projecting surface. Upon each of these material points the experiments of Mr Leslie have furnished us with very satisfactory results.

1. The canister being placed successively at different distances from the reflector, the effects of its removal, upon the differential thermometer in the focus, were noted; and an allowance was made for the changes in the focal length. It was found, in general, that the total corrected effects were inversely as the distances of the canister. This obstruction evidently cannot arise from the loss of heat in the atmosphere; for that cause would produce a diminution in a much more rapid series. To prove that the irregularity of the reflecting surface has no share in the phenomenon, our author shows that a concave glass speculum reflects the heat of a charcoal fire, with an energy inversely as its distance. The diminution, then, can only be owing to an imperfect reflexion; and this was well demonstrated, by increasing the size of the canister, in such a proportion to its increased distance from the reflector, that it always subtended an equal angle there. Making the same correction as before, for the variation of focal length, the total effect of the removal upon the differential thermometer was found to be nothing more than might fairly be ascribed to the inaccuracy unavoidable in such delicate experiments. Hence the capital inference is drawn, that the impulses, by which heat and cold are propagated between distant objects, do not suffer any sensible diminution of strength, from the length of their progress through the atmosphere.

2. A very remarkable aberration is observed to take place in the reflection of heat. When the flame of a taper is withdrawn above two inches from the axis of the reflector, its image vanishes entirely from the focal ball of the differential thermometer. But the heated canister may be removed seven inches from the axis, before its impression on the instrument ceases to be distinguishable. Mr Leslie gives us no computation of the extent of this penumbra of heat, (if the expression may be used); he only explains the law, by which the lateral motion of the heated body, from the reflector's axis, diminishes the total effect of the reflection upon the thermometer. The distance of the canister being proportional to the series 1, 2, 3—7, the rise of the thermometer is as the powers of $\frac{1}{6}$, whose exponents are the triangular numbers, 1, 3, &c. He also finds, by experiment, what he pretends is also a deduction from the aberration just now described, that the maximum of the effect produced by reflection is not in the focus, but nearer the speculum. His expe-

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riment is quite conclusive. The thermometer being at 58° in the optical focus, it rose to 80° half an inch nearer the reflector; and, half an inch beyond the focus, fell to 25°. This, however, could never have been learnt, *a priori*, from the geometrical considerations given in page 62. These can prove nothing, but that the heat is more diffused over equal spaces beyond the focus, than between the focus and reflector. It would still be true that the maximum is in the focus, did not the experiment most unexpectedly show, that the heat is reflected according to another law, and that the rays of heat and of light have different foci, as well as aberrations.

3. If the side of the canister is turned gradually round, while its axis remains fixed in the axis of the reflector, the thermometer is less and less affected, as the radiating surface is more inclined from the perpendicular. Nothing can be simpler than the method adopted by our author for ascertaining the law of this diminution. He placed a sliding screen between the canister and reflector, and adjusted the slit so, that the radiating surface, at every part of its motion round its axis, subtended the same angle at the reflector. There was scarcely any effect produced upon the thermometer by the revolution of the canister. In like manner a cylindrical canister produces the same rise in the thermometer with a cubical one of an equal base and altitude; and from these, and other experiments founded upon the same principle, we may conclude that the total action of a heated surface is equal to that of its orthographic projection, or proportional to the sine of its inclination.

4. Our author having ascertained, towards the beginning of his Inquiry, that bodies differ very widely in their power of projecting, absorbing, and reflecting heat, instituted a set of experiments for the purpose of ascertaining the limits of this variation. He has left these experiments unfinished, after indicating the method of conducting them, and giving several specimens of their results. The *chemical qualities* of the heating surface have a considerable influence upon its projecting power;—the effect of tin being 12, iron or steel operates as 15, mercury above 20. All oxydes acquire a greater action as they recede from the metallic state. Lead being as 19; when tarnished by exposure to the air, it becomes as 45, while minium is as 80. Sealing-wax and rosin are nearly equal to paper, and ice is as 85. The *polish* of the radiating surface diminishes its action, where that is not naturally great. The roughening of glass does not heighten its projecting power; but that of tin is doubled, by covering it with furrows. This singular effect cannot be owing to the greater surface which the roughened metal exposes; for the increase of surface is pre-

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cisely counterbalanced by the increase of obliquity, according to the law formerly established; and, moreover, it is found that the addition of cross furrows, by striating the surface in the other direction, nearly destroys the effect of the first operation. The *thickness* of the radiating surface greatly affects its powers of action. A thin film of isinglass produces a radiation as 26; a thick one as 42: but when the thickness exceeds the thousandth part of an inch, any subsequent increase does not augment its action. Mr Leslie thinks that the difference in projective power, which is observable in several of the cases above noticed, may be resolved into the variations of the bodies with respect to hardness and softness. He reasons this matter with his wonted ingenuity, and shows, that the addition of moisture, and still more the addition of a mucilaginous substance, considerably augments the action of a surface painted black. The quality of *colour*, is the last to which our attention is directed; and Mr Leslie seems disposed to doubt whether it exerts any influence at all in modifying the projective and absorbent powers of bodies; a point which he conceives is incapable of strict solution, because a change of colour must always be attended with an alteration in the structure of the substance; and, rigorously speaking, this is no doubt true. But there is one mode of inducing a change of colour, by means of a change in the body's structure, which is known, and for which allowance may be made by our author's experiments; —we allude to the scoriæ on the surface of metals, from slight oxydation. If the oxydation is found always to augment the metal's action, as different metals assume different hues in the beginning of the process, a comparison of several, in this respect, will enable us to estimate how far colour operates. Perhaps even the change induced upon the substance of vegetable tinctures, by weak, acidulous, and alkaline solutions, is so little proportionate to the alterations which their colours undergo in the mixture, that an approximation might be obtained from experiments with paper dyed in this manner.

Our author repeated several branches of this inquiry, to ascertain the various *reflecting* powers of different surfaces. Those which absorbed and projected heat most copiously, were, in general, found to reflect least, though by no means in a reciprocal proportion. Glass reflecting as 10, tin-foil reflected as 85, lead as 60, steel as 70: tin-foil shining with mercury as 50, and brass as 100. A tin reflector had its power reduced to one tenth, by being striated in one direction, although this operation did not at all change the limits of its focus. A coat of tallow reduced the powers of the reflector to one twelfth; a coat of olive oil to two fifths; a coat of isinglass to three tenths, but, as it dried and be-

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came thinner, only to seven tenths: a thin iridescent coating reduced the reflection only to four fifths. The general rule then holds good, that the reflecting powers of bodies bear some inverse ratio to their absorbent and projective powers; although so many circumstances unite in modifying the proportion, that we are unable, as yet, to express it by one universal law.

Such are the very important and luminous doctrines, with regard to the agency of radiant heat, which Mr Leslie's experimental inquiry has unfolded. We are perfectly sensible of the great and various excellence which this branch of his work displays. Of his manner of investigating, as well as the nature of the truths which he has brought to light, we have endeavoured to give our readers some idea. But they must consult the original, in order to be fully aware of Mr Leslie's merit; of the simplicity and shortness of his paths to discovery; of his constant acuteness and vigilance upon the pursuit; of his philosophical eagerness to combine, in proportion as he has observed. Our eulogium would have been more unmingled, and our satisfaction much greater, if, in the remaining part of his undertaking, he had maintained the same balance among the powers of his mind, which happily distinguished the first branch of his labours; if he had continued to exhibit the same mixture of moderation and ingenuity in building his superstructure, which enabled him so well to lay the foundation. But, after the minutest attention which we have been able to bestow, we are disposed to wish that he had omitted the greater part of the speculations introduced immediately after the solid and judicious investigation which we have now analyzed, and had passed on towards the course of experiments with which his work concludes.

'We have thus deduced (says the author, in the beginning of his eighth chapter) a train of phenomena, which must be deemed equally novel and striking. Our next business is to discover what principle will connect together those curious facts. But, before we attempt that investigation, it will be expedient to ascend a little higher, and inquire into the constitution of the external world.'

Now, the whole general inquiry which follows, has no more connexion with the subject of this work, than with any one branch of physical science; and a good portion of it bears as much relation to the properties of mind as to those of matter. Mr Leslie descants, first, upon the changes to which the universe is subject; then passes to the law of gravitation, and observes that it may be resolved into some principle still more general, applicable to the minuter distances at which the particles of bodies act on each other. This leads him to a hasty and imperfect review

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of some of the leading points in Boscovich's theory; and he takes occasion to lay down a principle respecting impulse, which he conceives will explain a variety of phenomena in natural philosophy,—that the communication of motion is not strictly instantaneous, but requires some finite portion of time. In following out the illustration of this proposition, he explains the theory of mechanical tools. He then enlarges upon the propagation of motion through fluids by pulses or vibrations, and offers a variety of remarks and calculations, which lead to no conclusions that are not sufficiently familiar, nor unfold any principles of the least use in prosecuting his theory of aërial pulsations. In fact, his speculations on this topic, admitting them to possess general importance, belong as much to the sciences of acoustics and hydrostatics as to the doctrine of heat. At the conclusion of the chapter, he draws an inference against the old axiom of the schools, *that nothing acts where it is not.* From hence, after a little general and loose remark upon the nature of axioms, he is induced to touch upon the mode of explanation by means of invisible media; and concludes with a sentence, in which the word *causation* happens to occur; but which is as applicable to any one subject of human contemplation as to the preceding remarks, wide and desultory though they be. 'Science,' says he, 'has experienced much obstruction from the mysterious notions long entertained concerning causation.' And this gives rise to a note of seven closely printed pages, upon the doctrine, long since universally admitted by philosophers, that our idea of physical causes is borrowed entirely from an observation of the succession of events. In illustration of the subject, Mr Leslie adduces a great variety of etymological discussions; and these lead him to collateral remarks, sometimes upon matters of science, sometimes upon matters of taste. He even quits the subject of causation altogether, and descants upon the origin of language, in so far as the terms expressing abstract ideas are concerned. The whole *excursus* is very amusing, strongly savouring of our author's usual acuteness, and affording much better proofs of his ingenuity than of his good taste. This is that famous note, which a faction of the Edinburgh clergy, with a rare mixture of malignity and ignorance, made the pretext for persecuting Mr Leslie, and reviving in the Scottish church those fatal discords by which the profligacy of some, and the fanaticism of others, have, in less enlightened ages, too often disgraced the religion of peace.

But it is not only the eighth chapter, with its six notes, that contains matter entirely foreign to the particular purpose of the work before us. Our author's dissertation upon heat, in the three chapters which follow, is quite general, and has very little rela-

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tion to his theory, if we except that small portion of the discussion which he devotes to the connexion between light and heat. He begins with the distinction between the sensation of heat and its external cause; argues against the doctrine, that heat consists in motion; endeavours to prove, what he calls the *important conclusion*, that heat is an elastic fluid, extremely subtle and active; runs over a great number of the facts best known respecting its propagation, without adding any new explanation of them; and indulges in a number of long hypothetical calculations upon the weight of light, and its emission from the solar substance,—whereof we shall probably be thought to give a specimen that may supersede the necessity of any further analysis or criticism, if we state his most definite and notable result. He computes that the earth receives annually from the sun a quantity of light, equal in weight to a sphere of water 139 feet in diameter. The only part of this long speculation which bears any immediate reference to Mr Leslie's experimental investigations, is his argument to prove the identity of light and heat;—a proposition by no means novel; not placed in any original point of view, nor supported by any new proofs, but asserted with greater positiveness than heretofore; and though left fully exposed to all the objections so often urged against it, yet assumed as a kind of discovery, and made the corner stone of an elaborate theory, in the concluding part of his work. We reserve our further remarks upon this point until we come to that division of the subject. In the mean time, we shall proceed to his theory of the radiation of heat.

Assuming that the communication of heat or cold between distinct bodies through the air was proved, by the experiments formerly analyzed, to be effected by means of certain energies excited in that medium, our author inquires how this operation is conducted. There are only two modes, he affirms, in which the discharge can take place,—by means of streams of air projected horizontally,—or by means of an impulse shooting along through the mass of that fluid. He shows, by a variety of arguments, which our readers may perhaps think unnecessary, and by two very conclusive experiments, that the first of these suppositions is out of the question. 'We are therefore,' says he, 'compelled to embrace the only alternative, and to refer the diffusion of heat through the atmosphere to the vehicle of certain oscillations or vibratory impressions excited in that elastic and active medium.' He then discusses, at great length, the general subject of undulations produced in elastic fluids; and the following passages contain his idea of the manner in which those undulations carry off heat or cold from one body to another.

'When heat penetrates, by its own activity, through a solid or inert

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mass, it successively dilates the several portions of matter which it encounters in its march. In the production of such multiplied displacements, it consumes its expansive energy; and its progress, therefore, is extremely slow. But if those intestine motions are generated by some extraneous cause, the heat, then suffering no impediment to its flight, will passively follow the tide of expansion. And such is the character of atmospheric pulses. The particles of air in immediate proximity to a hot surface, becoming suddenly heated, acquire a corresponding expansion, that propagates itself in an extended chain of undulation; and the minute portion of heat which generated the initial wave, thenceforth accompanies its rapid diffusive sweep. After a momentary pause, a fresh portion of heat is again imparted to the contiguous medium, and the same act is continually repeated at certain regular intervals. The mass of air, without sensibly changing its place, suffers only a slight fluctuation as it successively feels the partial swell; but the heat attached to this state of dilatation is actually transported, and with the swiftness of sound. Nor is the motion of the aërial pulses in any measureable degree retarded by the adhesion of the matter of heat, which is of such extreme tenuity, that, if not detained and cramped by the *inertia* of other bodies, the smallest possible force is sufficient to impel it with a celerity not much inferior to that of light.

'The same principle will likewise explain the dispersion of cold. For the atmospheric particles that come in contact with a cold surface, must suffer a sudden contraction, which will shoot its vibratory influence through the general mass; and the cold wave thus excited will, in its spreading, tremulous flight, still retain the same distinctive character. Each of the minute parcels of air, as they successively feel a contractile disposition, will suffer a corresponding depression of temperature, or will permit a certain part of their heat to escape. The heat so liberated, is again instantly absorbed by the portion of air next behind, which, having contracted, is now recovering its tone. Though the motion of the aërial pulses, therefore, is the same as in the former case, yet the direction of the subtle element of heat is exactly reversed. Heat is, with the rapidity of sound, conveyed from all quarters to the cold surface, as to a common centre.' p. 241—243.

'Those waves, therefore, spread without interruption or modification of any kind from the state of the intervening fluid. But when, in their progress, they strike against a firm obstacle, they undergo a very material change. This obstacle produces an effect contrary, yet analogous, to that of the exciting surface; for, absorbing more or less the heat of the impinging wave, it diminishes proportionally the measure of intensity or rarefaction; and the wave, so enfeebled, next suffers reflection. If the reflecting surface is an exact plane, the hot pulses will preserve the same mutual divergency; but if it has a suitable concavity, they will tend to some focus, and consequently will again converge and unite their accumulated power. In thus concentrating themselves, their heat of dilatation, collected into

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a narrow space, must have its tensity, or its temperature, in a corresponding degree augmented. But the reflection of those pulses is not performed with geometrical accuracy; it is affected by a certain small aberration, arising, as was shown, from the limited velocity of sound. And such result accords perfectly with observation. I need scarcely remark, that the same mode of argument will conversely apply to the partial absorption. and the subsequent reflection, of cold pulses.' p. 245, 246.

But how are the very different effects of different bodies in projecting and absorbing heat to be explained? Mr Leslie maintains, that the difference is entirely owing to their various degrees of contact with the surrounding air. Glass, he thinks, has a much closer contact with the atmosphere than metals; and a rough surface takes a firmer hold of the air than a smooth one. Therefore, the pulsations will be much stronger when given to the air by surfaces which touch it more closely; and, in like manner, the air will communicate its heat more easily to the same bodies, by coming nearer them in its progress. We see, then, that, according to this theory, a heated body first creates a pulsation in the surrounding atmosphere, in proportion to its proximity,—and next discharges the heat along with the pulsation; or the heat first makes a wave, and then is carried off by it. But there are two other modes in which heat is discharged from a body; these are perfectly distinct from pulsation, and follow different laws.

The first mode is peculiar to fluids. When a body is surrounded by a medium, whether liquid or aëriform, of a different temperature, the contiguous particles draw off, or give out a portion of heat, according as they are colder or hotter than the body. A motion in the particles of the fluid is thus produced. New ones, in succession, apply themselves to the surface of the body, and either carry off a part of its heat, or leave a portion of their own, until the equilibrium is restored. A variety of familiar examples prove the existence of this kind of communication. No fact is more frequently noticed than the refrigeration of bodies by currents of cold air. But it deserves to be ascertained how far this process is affected by the nature of the body exposed to the fluid, and what relation subsists between the difference of their temperatures, and the communication of heat from the one to the other. These points Mr Leslie investigated by judicious experiments. The progress of hot water in cooling from 35° to 25° was carefully observed, first, when the fluid was contained in a hollow globe of polished tin, and then when the same globe was coated with lamp-black. The pigment nearly doubled the velocity of refrigeration. But the different powers of the two surfaces in cooling by pulsation, are discovered from

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the former experiments;—hence, it is found, that some other influence must be exerted, which does not operate so differently in the two cases; for, instead of cooling eight times slower than the painted globe, the polished one only cools twice as slow. The same experiment being repeated in a current of air, the rates of cooling approached still nearer to equality. In a gentle gale, the times were 44 minutes and 35 minutes respectively; in a strong breeze, 23′ and 20¼′; and, in a violent wind, 9½′ and 9′. We may therefore conclude, that the communication of heat which is produced by its absorption and retreat in the moving fluid that surrounds, does not depend at all on the qualities of the body exposed to the fluid. When the experiment just now described is repeated with water at a temperature considerably higher, and in a calm atmosphere, the difference between the rates of cooling is much less than before. The clear ball took 15½ minutes to cool from 92° to 82°; the painted ball 10¼ minutes: and it is easily inferred from these experiments, that, at low temperatures, the effect of motion in the surrounding medium, is less than the effect of its pulsations, but at high temperatures greater. When similar experiments are made upon the cooling of bodies immersed in water, the results confirm the former conclusions. The clear and painted balls lost their heat precisely with the same degree of celerity; for here there was no pulsatory discharge at all; and the rate of cooling diminished, as the difference between the temperature of the balls and that of the surrounding water decreased. It was found, too, that hot water carries off the heat of the body immersed in it, much more rapidly than cold. Mr Leslie further endeavoured to ascertain the proportion between the passage of heat and the velocity of the current which plays upon the body. He gave the ball a calculable motion through the air, either by whirling it at the end of a long cord, or walking swiftly with it round a given circle. From the medium of a number of trials, he infers that the influence of the current is nearly as its velocity; and hence he deduces a very simple method of measuring the rate at which the wind or a stream of water moves. By a very elaborate process of reasoning, which our limits prevent us from analyzing, he is led to the following explanation of the manner in which the process of refrigeration is accelerated by the motion of the surrounding air and water.

'The whole turns on two capital points: 1. The several filaments of the current are gently diverted, and made to ply along the surface of the body with undiminished celerity, till they finally launch off and resume their flight from the farther side: and, 2. Each portion of fluid that grazes against the obstacle, whatever might be its original force of

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impulsion, only sweeps a certain limited space, and then mingles in the general mass; during which contact, it must likewise abstract its share of heat, and, if it should come to touch again, it has in the interval dispersed its charge, and is fitted, therefore, to repeat the same impression. Hence the frequency of contact, and consequently the refrigerating power of the stream, is proportional to its appulsive velocity. If we conceive the surface of the body to be divided by a multitude of circumscribing lines, extremely near each other, yet equidistant; the total quantity of contact will be as the sum of these lines: but the whole extent of surface itself is obviously equal to the rectangle of that aggregate line, and the common breadth of such elementary zones. Thus, the influence of a current of fluid in cooling a body of any shape, however irregular, if not terminated by numerous and abrupt asperities, is proportional merely to the surface. The combined refrigerating action is, consequently, in the compound ratio of the surface and the velocity of impulse; and this theoretical deduction was found to be perfectly confirmed by observation.' p. 309—11.

There is yet a mode of conveying heat, distinct both from the pulsations peculiar to elastic media, and the motions common both to aqueous and aëriform fluids. By a computation of the share which each of the circumstances formerly described has in the communication of heat, our author finds that there is still a deficiency of action, and that about $\frac{1}{110}$th part of the heat given out in a second, by a body cooling from 8° down to 1°, remains unaccounted for. This he ascribes to the conducting power which air has in common with all bodies, though entirely at rest. The property is susceptible of a much more unequivocal exemplification, we apprehend, than our author has given in any of his experiments. The motions which produce the regressive discharge of heat, as he terms it, may easily be prevented. In experiments with suspended balls, indeed, a current will always be occasioned, whether the body is colder or hotter than the surrounding fluid. But if a heated flat surface be exposed to a column of air confined in a tube, and turned downwards, so that the surface shall give out its heat to the fluid below, no current whatever can be produced: the particles of air, as they are heated, will float on the top, and remain next the surface, which will thus send off its heat only by pulsation, and the conducting power of the air. But in whatever way the existence of this power may be ascertained, or its action measured, we have sufficient ground for admitting it; and may conclude, in general, that heat is carried from a body in three ways; by means of the pulsations which, according to Mr Leslie, it excites in elastic fluids; by means of the motions, however excited, in fluids both aqueous and aëriform; by means of the attraction which all bodies, liquid, gaseous and solid, have for it, though their par-

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ticles are at rest. Having now given a statement of this theory, we are to examine how far it is consistent with, or warranted by the facts adduced in its support. In the course of our analysis, it may be remarked, that we have given an account of all Mr Leslie's experimental discoveries, as well as of those speculations which we feel ourselves obliged to oppose. We have only passed over the matter not immediately relating to the doctrine of heat, and some of the more diffusive corollaries which he has deduced from his general positions; our object being, to exhibit a concise and connected view of his theory of the propagation of heat, in whatever parts of his work it may be found.

In the *first* place, we apprehend there is a great and radical confusion of ideas in the leading proposition of Mr Leslie, that heat causes a vibration or pulse in the surrounding air, and is then carried along with that vibration. If the two fluids, the heat and the gas, are elastic, as he uniformly describes them, the one by impinging on the other must be made to resile, according to the common laws of motion, with a velocity equal to that which it has excited. The heat cannot therefore be accelerated in its passage through the air, by any concussion which it has given to that medium. If the affinity of the air for heat prevents the latter from resiling at the first stroke, it remains to settle the account between the mechanical repulsion and elective attraction of the two bodies, which our author has nowhere attempted to do. But even though some such rough, vague assumption were permitted, no reason could be assigned for the pulsation carrying on the heat, and then giving it up to some other body. The elective attraction, which was so strong as to overcome the resiliency of the heat at first, must be sufficiently powerful to conteract its motion in the direction of pulsation, and to retain it in the air. For if it required this affinity to prevent the heat from resiling, the motion of the heat can be no other than the motion of the air; the inertia of both must be the same; and they must stop or be reflected together. Nor can any affinity of the heat, for a body situated at the farther extremity of the vibration, be admitted to explain its quitting the air: the affinity of the heat for the air formerly overcame its affinity for the body at the first extremity, as well as its own reaction after the impulse.

Secondly, The vibration excited by the heat itself in a quiescent medium, can never increase its own tendency to fly off from the body; for surely no one ever imagined, that the velocity of any moving body could be augmented, by being communicated to another body. It remains, therefore, to show by what possibility heat should move with greater celerity, after expending part of

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its force in moving the surrounding air. Nor can we conceive in what Mr Leslie supposes the original impulse given by the heat to consist. If it is merely a consequence of the heat's elasticity, the pressure of the surrounding medium must repress, instead of promoting it. If the pressure of the air is requisite to draw off the heat, how does the latter give its impulsive shock? If the heat can strike the air at all, it must have that impulsive tendency, whether the air is present or not; and must fly off more easily through a vacuum, than along a wave, which it has itself expended part of its motion in exciting.

But, *thirdly*, what is the real meaning of a vibration propagated through an elastic medium? and how can it possibly assist the motion of any extraneous body whatever? Our author has rejected the idea of currents;—his pulsations are mere impulses sent through the particles of the gaseous fluid. Now, we can annex no meaning to such pulsations, but that of particles tending to move, and prevented from moving by those before them; which are in like manner stopped; and so on, until the tendency reaches some particles not opposed by any obstacle. But it is obvious, that this vibratory state, into which the particles of the medium are thrown, can never affect in the smallest degree the motion of any body placed at the beginning of the line. If the particles move along in a stream, we can imagine the heat being carried with them; but if they remain at rest, and if only an impulse is propagated through them, which makes the last particle alone move, it is impossible to conceive how the heat can be carried along by this means from the first to the last. It must, if it moves through them, move by some force of its own, not by any tendency to move, which it has impressed upon them: and this puts an end to the use of the vibration. We cannot help thinking, that the very ingenious and learned author of the theory under consideration has been misled by the analogy of sound. Indeed, his language all along conveys the idea, that there is something in sound, separate from the motion of the air. He talks as if sound had a real existence, and was a substance which, like heat or light, moved through the atmosphere. Now, it is obvious, that when we speak of sound being propagated through the surrounding medium, we only mean to describe certain vibrations which are excited by the percussion of that medium, and communicated from it to the ear; in other words, we only mean to say that the air is struck, and strikes the organ of hearing. Nothing whatever is conveyed by the vibration. To say that the impulse is carried, means only that the particles of the air are successively impelled; and to say that the impulse carries any thing along with it, is an unintelligible proposition, arising from the in-

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accurate language used in describing the communication of motion.

Fourthly, Our author all along asserts, that his theory of pulsations rests upon a strict induction; and describes the doctrine of radiation as deduced from an imperfect knowledge of facts, and refuted by his experiments. We can by no means assent to these propositions. Mr Leslie's experiments prove that a communication of heat takes place between bodies at a distance, according to laws different from those which regulate the discharge by contact. We can find nothing more proved by his whole induction. It is true, that water being interposed between the hot and cold body, prevented the communication. But this does not prove that the presence of air was essential to the passage of the heat: it only demonstrates that the contact of water interrupted the passage; and so did any solid substance interposed, and filling up the space between the two bodies. In these cases no heat was communicated, according to the laws by which it is transferred through a gaseous medium. But in order to prove that this medium was essential in the process, it must first be shown that the removal or extreme rarefaction of it prevents the passage of heat. The experiments of Mr Leslie, formerly analyzed, afford no evidence of this; but the cooling of a thermometer in vacuo, as quickly as in the air, has been long known; and forms indeed the subject of a famous query in Sir Isaac Newton's Optics. Now, the presence of the air must certainly assist the discharge of heat, by means of what Mr Leslie terms *regression*, or by the successive flight of the heated particles; and it must likewise aid the process by means of what he calls *abduction*, or the attraction of heat from one particle to another without motion, if there be any truth in his experiments upon these points. The removal of the air, therefore, or its great rarefaction, should retard the progress of cooling very considerably, in so far as regression and abduction are concerned. But the total effect of the exhaustion upon the process is scarcely perceivable: wherefore it is manifest, that the rarefaction of the air has greatly increased the only other discharge,—that which Mr Leslie denominates *pulsatory*. Although, however, we meet with no experiments upon the pulsatory discharge through a vacuum, in the first branch of the Inquiry, our author, after his theory is laid down, and under a different head, introduces some which are extremely decisive against him. In the receiver of an air-pump he placed a canister filled with heated oil, and below it, at some distance, a reflector, with a differential thermometer in the focus. The liquor stood at 100° in the air; but upon rarefying the air 64 times, it rose to 132°. Now, says Mr Leslie, this is only an ap-

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parent increase of pulsation; for the rarefaction of the air retarded the cooling of the thermometer's bulb, in the proportion, he calculates, of 1 to .6157. Consequently the total rise should have been $162\frac{1}{2}°$, had the pulsatory discharge been the same; and as it is only 132°, he infers that the pulsation is reduced in the proportion of $162\frac{1}{2}$ to 132. But in a question which goes to the foundations of his theory, Mr Leslie ought not to have rested satisfied with an equivocal experiment, when he could so easily put the matter beyond doubt by a simple variation of it. The cooling of the thermometer introduces other actions besides pulsation, which renders the result unsatisfactory. By observing the refrigeration of a clear and blackened canister, first in the filled and then in the exhausted receiver, it was easy to perceive whether the difference of their discharges was increased or diminished by the rarefaction; and this difference is proportional, not to the total loss of heat, or to the regressive and abductive process, but only to the pulsatory action. But, taking Mr Leslie's experiment as it is, we conceive no doubt can be entertained that it is repugnant to his theory. A rarefaction of 64 times, only diminishes the pulsatory action as 162 to 132, even admitting his calculation of the abductive power; and, according to his table in p. 486, a rarefaction of above a thousand times should only bring down the pulsatory energy of glass from 57 to 40 in common air, and from 57 to 45 in hydrogenous gas. Can it be imagined, that the action of the aëriform fluid is the cause of this communication of heat, when so very trifling a change is produced by diminishing its density a thousand times? Besides, there are two circumstances wholly omitted in the calculation, which more than account for this trifling change, even were we to allow its reality. The thermometer being placed not more than seven inches from the canister, must have been affected by its direct heat conducted through the air; and the bulb, in giving out the reflected heat, was subject to the change that took place in the pulsatory as well as in the abductive process from the rarefaction.—The incongruity of this experiment with his theory, appears indeed to have struck Mr Leslie himself. He alludes to it in the last page of the Inquiry; admits the difficulty of the case; and breaks off in the middle of a paragraph, after attempting an explanation, the most lame and gratuitous that we ever remember to have seen introduced, for the purpose of reconciling a fact with an hypothesis. 'The centres of pulsatory action,' says he, 'are in every case so widely scattered, that they suffer but little derangement from the progress of rarefaction. The intervals of separation continue nearly the same; only the interjacent and inefficient particles are gradually removed.'

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Lastly, We can discover no advantages which the theory of pulsation has over that of radiation, in explaining the different projective, absorbent, and reflective powers of different bodies. Nothing can be more gratuitous than the assumption, that the bodies which absorb and project most strongly have a closer contact with the atmosphere. The reasons urged by our author, to prove that glass touches air more nearly than metals, are quite inconclusive, besides being peculiar to glass, and leaving the stronger case of lamp-black unexplained.—Thus, a glass bottle, when cracked, coheres more strongly than a metal one. This only shows that the sides of the fracture are smoother; or, at any rate, that the attraction of glass for glass is stronger than that of metal for metal. Again, a cold glass precipitates moisture from the air. But so does a cold metal; and, admitting that the former did so in a greater degree, this would only prove its affinity for moisture, or its power of conducting heat to be greater.—Then we cannot imagine by what mistake Mr Leslie has allowed himself to consider the roughening or striating of a surface as a means of increasing its contact with the air. We shall not here retort upon him his own assumption of the distance between the centres of vibratory action, although it would apply with rather more consistency in the present case, than in the explanation of the experiment on rarefied air. We shall rest satisfied with observing, that the limits of contact between the surface and the air, must remain precisely the same, whatever be the projections of the surface. When it is striated, Mr Leslie talks of parts protruding themselves into the air. Nothing can be more loose and inaccurate. Some parts are indented or removed; and the line which bounds the body, is a waving, instead of a straight one. But the air cannot surely be more remote from the side or bottom of the cavities than the convexities. All the difficulties, therefore, which our author's important discovery throws in the way of the theory of radiation, apply equally to his own hypothesis of pulsation. Neither the one nor the other throw any light upon the curious facts which his experiments have disclosed: But the doctrine of radiant heat is preferable to that of pulsation, because it assumes nothing; is not contradictory to the phenomena, although it fails to arrange them; and only announces a fact, of which no doubt can exist, that heat, when it is not interrupted, passes between distinct bodies, and is capable of transmission, absorption, and reflection.—The discoveries of Mr Leslie, then, are extremely valuable, in our opinion, not because they have led him to any just theory upon the propagation of heat, but because they

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have enlarged our knowledge of the facts upon which a true system may hereafter be founded.

Nor are these the only services which his labours have rendered to physical science. The experiments upon the connexion between heat and light, are equally elegant and original; and we proceed briefly to exhibit a view of them, together with the general remarks which they have suggested.

We stated, in a former part of our analysis, that Mr Leslie laid down the identity of light and heat as quite indisputable, though without adducing any new proofs of it. Light, he observes, is extremely subtle, powerfully elastic, or self-repellent, and endued with a strong attraction for other bodies. When these are exposed to its action, they become heated in exact proportion to the quantities they have absorbed. Therefore, he concludes, heat is only light in a state of combination. But there are two facts repugnant to this proposition;—the reduction of metallic oxydes, and the extrication of oxygenous gas from plants, by the influence of light. These difficulties our author does not think very formidable. Heat reduces oxydes to a certain degree; and he ascribes the superior efficacy of light, in this process, to some impulsions which it gives to the particles of the absorbing body, and which he compares to the explosion of fulminating mercury or silver by a slight blow. The effects of light on plants he attributes to a stimulus, necessary perhaps to their health. Now, all this is very loose and unsatisfactory. If the combination of light with bodies transforms it into heat, the combination of heat with bodies should produce the very same compound: yet we find that a wide difference is perceivable; and that all the heat of a blacksmith's forge will not extricate as much oxygenous gas as the application of a portion of light too weak to produce any heat whatever by absorption. The supposition of light acting by impulse, is perfectly gratuitous. We are not at liberty to assume the sensible momentum of light for a particular purpose; and all the agitation in the world will never decompound oxydes and acids, which yield their oxygen at the slightest application of light. The explosion of fulminating powders is not a mere reduction; and it is effected by heat exactly as much as by impulse—probably by the latter only in so far as it produces heat. The assumption, that light acts as a stimulus on plants, is equally gratuitous;—nay, it proceeds on a supposition that they are living creatures; than which, nothing can be more unphilosophical. Our author, then, has not proved that light is combined heat. Indeed, the tenor of his discoveries respecting the motion of heat, places the specific diversity of the two substances in a much stronger point of view than before. But his experiments on the connexion between them are ex-

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tremely valuable, provided we keep in mind the deficiency of the hypothesis by which they are combined.

The differential thermometer, formerly described, measures, with great nicety, the minute variations in the temperature of two portions of air. Both its bulbs are, however, equally affected by light; but if one of them be rendered less transparent than the other—if it be covered with a black coating, for example; it will be heated in proportion to the light which it absorbs; and the expansion of the internal air will cause the liquor in the opposite tube to rise. This variety of the differential thermometer constitutes Mr Leslie's celebrated *photometer*—'an instrument,' he observes, 'which, by successive improvements has at length acquired that simplicity, if not elegance of form, which seem to mark the limit of perfection.' p. 404. It is, in fact, the differential thermometer, with one ball enamelled black;—it is fixed in a stand, and covered with a glass case, to prevent the disturbing effects of the agitations in the air;—and its two tubes are, for the sake of greater convenience, made of different lengths; so that the one bulb is above the other, and a narrower case is sufficient to enclose the whole. But, in nice experiments, where it is not required to be very portable, the bulbs are bent outwards on the same line, and covered with a sphere of very clear glass fixed to the extremity of a cylinder. The coloured liquor found to answer best, after various trials, was sulphuric acid tinged with carmine. The instrument, thus constructed, evidently measures the heat caused by the incident light. A part is stopped in passing through the glass-case, and a part reflected by the black bulb; but these combined deficiencies, our author does not estimate at more than a tenth of the whole incident light; and, at any rate, as they must be the same in all experiments, they do not affect the relative measures. The sensibility of the photometer is capable of being considerably increased by enclosing its black bulb in a series of concentric glass spheres, or segments of spheres, joined together: for these permit the light to pass without much obstruction; but they greatly impede the subsequent dispersion of the heat. And the other bulb remaining at the temperature of the external air, a greater difference is thus produced between the heats of the two bulbs, when the same quantity of light is thrown upon them. The inferior segments, by which the dark bulb is surrounded, may be of thin metal, painted black; and this still further increases the difference. With three glass spheres, whose diameters are 4, $5\frac{1}{7}$ and $7\frac{1}{7}$ inches, the sensibility of the photometer is augmented nearly four times. When the under surface is metallic, the increase of sensibility is nearly five times. The heat of parallel rays may be measured with still greater nicety by means

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of a reflector, in the focus of which the black bulb is fixed, with a concave plate of glass incasing it, and joined to the rim of the reflector. With a reflector of three feet diameter and ten inches deep, enclosing a black ball three quarters of an inch diameter, an augmentation of 2204 times would be procured, which our author thinks sufficient to exhibit a rise of one degree in the light of the moon.

It is easy to perceive that this very elegant form of experiment is applicable to the investigation of many points exceedingly interesting to the physical inquirer. Our author has rather sketched an outline of such inquiries, than pursued them at any great length. The sensibility of the photometer, he found, even in its ordinary construction, detected the calorific effects of light, where, for want of accurate instruments, it had formerly been supposed imperceptible. The light of the sky during summer may amount, in this climate, to 30 or 40 degrees; during winter, to 10 or 15. It is smallest when the clouds are black, and when there are no clouds at all;—greatest when they are white and fleecy. On drawing the instrument away from the window, it falls rapidly, as the visual angle of the window decreases. It stands at about two degrees in the light which is pleasant to read by. Placed, in a winter day, successively over ploughed land, brown grass, smooth sand, and snow, it stood at 24°, 30°, 33°, and 44° respectively. The photometer measures transparency with great accuracy. Of 100 parts of incident light, cambric transmits 80, and, if wetted, 93; vellum paper 49, if oiled 80; thin post 62, if oiled 86. It likewise measures the strength of artificial lights. A wax candle burned twice as bright as a tallow candle; and the light of both decreased in the inverse duplicate ratio of their distance from the instrument. The calorific effect of the light from a dull red coal fire, is one third greater than that of a bright wax candle; that of the sun is 12,000 times greater. No effect whatever is produced by the light of the moon; but by trying at what distance from the candle a small printed book could be read, which was barely legible in the moonshine, our author computed that the light of that planet is 150,000 times weaker than the sun's light at equal altitudes. The calorific effects of the different homogeneous rays, are easily compared, by exposing the photometer to the prismatic spectrum. It is found to be affected by the rays nearly in the duplicate ratio of their distance from the most refrangible, when the separation is made by a prism of flint glass. And in noticing these chromatic experiments, our author takes occasion to urge his objections to Dr Herschel's theory of dark rays, which he conceives to be only the faint light proceeding from the clouds in the neighbourhood

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of the sun. The Inquiry concludes with a course of experiments on the conducting powers of different gases, and of the same gas in different degrees of condensation, as ascertained by help of the photometer. Carbonic acid gas carries off heat from glass an eighth part slower; from metals, a fourth part slower than common air. Azotic and oxygenous gas do not differ sensibly from common air in this respect. Hydrogenous gas doubles the expenditure of heat from glass, and quadruples its discharge from metals. We have already had occasion to consider the effects of rarefaction on the conducting powers of the medium.

We perfectly agree with Mr Leslie in thinking the photometer an instrument of singular elegance and utility. But we must be permitted to express a doubt with respect both to its theory and application.

In the *first* place, we cannot consider the mensuration of light, or illumination, as the primary office of this ingenious machine. The identity of light and heat, Mr Leslie has not only failed to demonstrate, but has himself contributed, by his discoveries, to disprove. That light possesses a heating power, no one can deny; and the degrees in which this power is exercised by different lights, are most admirably measured by the photometer. It is an exquisite thermometer; but it utterly fails as an engine for comparing the quantities or intensities of light. Indeed, what can more distinctly prove this, than some of Mr Leslie's own experiments with the instrument? The dull red light from a coal fire affected it more than the bright flame of a wax candle: and though the dim and scattered illumination of the sky raised it many degrees, the light of the moon, however concentrated, had not the smallest effect upon it. To say that the photometer is a better test of illumination than the organ of sight, and that the clouds in reality give more light than the moon, though our senses decide otherwise, is not answering the question, but begging it. A thousand facts concur to prove, that illumination exists separate from heat, and that bodies give out light so as to affect our organs of vision most sensibly, without exciting any heat whatever. It is but an imperfect photometer which can only calculate the intensity of light by means of the single, separable, and unessential quality which that body occasionally possesses of heating the bodies it unites with. The photometer of Bouguer is, indeed, liable to the objection our author urges against it; little assistance is gained from its operations in abridging the repetition of experiments, or giving an invariable standard of measurement. But it is at least so far a photometer, that it measures the illuminating, not the heating power of light.

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Secondly, Our author apparently has not considered a circumstance which must limit the accuracy of the instrument, at least for large ranges of action. When the rarefaction of the air in the black bulb is considerable, it will no longer expand in proportion to its acquisitions of temperature; and the air in the opposite tube will be more and more compressed. Both these effects must operate in preventing the motion of the red liquor from observing the proportion of the heat acquired; and an equal addition of temperature, after a rise of twenty or thirty degrees, will evidently not repeat that rise through the next interval.

We have now brought to a close our examination of this important treatise. Nothing remains but to express once more our deep sense of the services which it has already rendered to science, and our sanguine hopes of still greater benefits from a diligent pursuit of the views which it discloses. We trust that the author will be stimulated to new exertions, by the high rewards which have already crowned his labours; and shall scarcely be more gratified by any novelty in the literary world, than by the appearance of a second part of the 'Experimental Inquiry.' Before concluding, we must be indulged with a remark upon the style of writing into which Mr Leslie has fallen,—the only part of his performance where we find nothing to admire. A few specimens have already been given; but every page presents abundance of faults equally glaring, both in point of accuracy and taste. He is perpetually introducing theoretical terms which he has never defined; and even coining phrases, the meaning of which the reader must guess from the context. The language is figurative upon matters of pure science; and not only the tone, but frequently the very imagery of poetry is blended with abstract demonstration. The effect is extremely unpleasant to the scientific reader.—In a dry argument upon the attrition of bodies by a system of inclined planes, we are told that 'the labours of Sisyphus are realized in the phenomena of friction.' p. 302. A rule-of-three proportion is to be stated between certain points, and a mass of air in which they are placed; but our author thinks it better to stop the calculus, in order to call these points '*rari nantes in gurgite vasto;*' which portion of song he judiciously interposes between the first and second members of the ratio. p. 258. Discoursing of photometry, he exclaims, 'What a prodigious difference between the fierce rays of a meridian sun, and the feeble beams of the silver moon—between the offensive glare of noon-tide day, and the faint glimmer of expiring twilight!' p. 220. Of light, which is introduced as an object of mathematical discussion, we are informed,

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that 'it is the emblem and perpetual fountain of almost every joy and comfort that sweetens this feverish state of existence;'—'the Proteus of the material world, unceasingly varying its force, and changing its fugacious forms;' with a whole page in the like strain. p. 439. Even in demonstrating the properties of lines from a diagram, our author must be figurative. In p. 194. & 195. he talks of B C *sympathizing* with C D; the rectangles B Q and C L *melting* into the single rectangle B S; the *composite units of the chain*, &c. All this, it must be confessed, is but sorry poetry; and it certainly does not appear to greater advantage when surrounded by the dry materials of a purely scientific inquiry. Nor will any conquests which Mr Leslie's discoveries are fated to gain over the prejudices of the world, be much more arduous than their victory over the prepossessions so constantly excited by the language in which he has delivered them.

ART. V. *Hints towards forming the Character of a Young Princess.* In Two Volumes. London. Cadell & Davies. 1805.

IF we had been asked in what respect the education of the young Princess, alluded to in the foregoing title, should differ from that of other young ladies of high rank, we should have answered, just in as much as her situation in life may probably require the possession of knowledge and attainments, not usually deemed necessary to other accomplished females. A Princess, who may be destined to fill the throne where an Elizabeth reigned with so much glory, may be expected to bring a mind there, imbued with something more than the refinements of elegance, and characterized by bolder energies than are commonly found in persons of her sex. Good sense, however, will not contend against the dictates of nature and the prevalence of custom, by omitting altogether those accomplishments, and that kind of instruction which are generally supposed to belong in a peculiar degree to female education. The exalted person, of whom we speak, (should she eventually wear the crown), ought not to be so much a woman as to forget that she is a queen, nor so much a queen as to forget that she is a woman.

The author of the work before us has been at great pains to obviate the objections which he seems to fear may be made against it as presumptuous and unbecoming. We confess, we can see nothing unbecoming, or indecorous, in his having discussed a question which is undoubtedly of great national concern. Those persons, who have undertaken the education of the Princess, are

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responsible, not to a few individuals only, but to the community at large. Every subject of the realm has an interest in the formation of that character, upon which the splendour of the crown and the prosperity of the country may in a considerable degree depend.

In a work which professes only to offer hints towards forming the character, we are not, perhaps, entitled to expect that strict observance of method and order, which might be necessary in a detailed plan of education. If the author had undertaken to draw the whole scheme, it would have been incumbent on him to have filled up all the parts, to have marked the various divisions of intellectual labour, and to have assigned to each kind of study its proper place, and its due importance. The object of the work before us, is only to throw light on single spots, and to point them out to the particular attention of those who are presumed to have already considered a general system of education for the young Princess. These hints, however, ought to have been so arranged and distributed, as to fall easily into their proper places, when examined by those who had an extended and regular plan in their minds, and who, by resorting to general principles, could have quickly classed each topic under its peculiar head. We have to regret, that among many excellent observations contained in the volumes before us, there are also many, which not only appear to us to be erroneous, but extraneous and foreign to the subject. Transitions are made abruptly from one subject to another; and the imagination of the reader is frequently embarrassed in endeavouring to discover the associations which have secretly connected the thoughts of the author. Recommendations to instruct a young Princess in the duties of a Sovereign, are made to introduce essays on the laws and governments of Greece and Rome;—suggestions concerning the most proper mode of studying history, are followed by long declamations on the excellence of the Christian religion;—and lest the Right Reverend Preceptor of her Royal Highness should not be aware of it, Hume and Voltaire are carefully pointed out as two wicked infidels, who did not believe in the Holy Scriptures. Disquisitions on subjects of divinity, indeed, are brought in upon almost every topic; and the zeal of the author betrays him sometimes into error, and sometimes into extravagance.

We shall now proceed to a more particular examination of this work; and if we should make objections to various opinions contained in it, we shall still be ready to allow, that it merits the attention, both of the public and of those to whom it is more peculiarly addressed.

After having shown the importance of sowing the seeds of the moral virtues from the first dawn of intelligence, the author turns

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with propriety to the consideration of those exercises, which are best suited to the juvenile mind. 'Infancy,' says Quintilian, 'has its own studies.' That period is past with the young Princess; and the time is now come, to adorn her mind with what is elegant, and to store it with what is useful. The spring of life is already advancing. We watch it with anxiety, and hail its fair promises with hope. That hint is surely a judicious one, which suggests, that little time ought to be lost in teaching her, who may govern an empire, the trivial accomplishments which can serve at best to amuse the leisure of women of rank. We wish not to hear that she gives to music and to painting the time which she should employ in studying how to reign. But, for the very same reasons, we should not rejoice to be told, that she was profoundly skilled in chemistry, botany, and zoology; that she understood mineralogy, and was already decided in favour of the Wernerian system; that she managed a syllogism with the address of a practised dialectician; or that she defined her words with the accuracy of an expert grammarian. She should indeed be taught, that it is glorious for a sovereign to protect the arts and sciences; but let her not forget the duties of a Queen, in order to emulate Artists, or dispute with Professors.

With respect to the learned languages, we do not quite agree with the author. If Latin is to be taught, why should Greek be dispensed with? It is said that many of our words are derived from the Latin, and that it is necessary to be instructed in that language, in order to be acquainted with etymology. A knowledge of the Greek language must, upon these principles, be equally indispensable, since almost all our terms of science are borrowed from it. Among modern languages, we cannot guess why High Dutch should be preferred to Italian. For our parts, we would rather listen to the nightingale than to the raven; nor can we think it necessary for a Princess of England to convulse her organs of speech for half-a-dozen years together, that she may articulate at last the harsh and guttural dialect of Germany.

Concerning the study of geography, our author offers some very just, along with some very whimsical remarks. The effects of local situation upon the characters, the manners, and the laws of different nations, ought always to be pointed out to young persons. It may not be so easy, however, to make a child understand completely how Judea was the most favourable position for the dissemination of a new religion. We think that the finger of a child would point at least as readily either to Egypt, the native soil of so many ancient deities; or to Arabia, whence Islamism has been spread to the banks of the Ganges upon one side, and to the foot of Mount Atlas on the other.

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Some of the author's observations on the study of history are certainly deserving of attention; and yet, we must confess, we were sometimes startled at his oddities and his prejudices. In the list of those historical writers, whom, in his seventh chapter, he recommends to be read, whose merits he details, and who amount to about twenty in number, Rollin is placed before Thucydides and Xenophon; the life of St Louis by Joinville is mentioned immediately after Cæsar's Commentaries; much is said about Bishop Burnet and Lady Russell, before we hear a word of Livy and Tacitus; and the name of the Historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman empire is omitted, without even a hint at his merits.

A whole chapter is employed in discussing the principles of Mr Hume. Perhaps the author thought that he pointed out, with sufficient clearness, the connexion between this attack on our great Scottish philosopher and his own subject, in the following words. 'He' (Mr Hume) 'ascribes such a slender superiority to one religious system above another, that the young reader, who does not come to the perusal with his principles formed, will be in danger of thinking *that the Reformation was not worth contending for.*'

That must be, indeed, a very young reader, who does not soon see that the Reformation was well worth the struggle which it cost, and who does not admit the advantages which have accrued from it to this kingdom. Many are the baneful institutions which it has tended to remove. Many are the false notions which it has extirpated. How greatly has it helped to diffuse the light of reason, and how much has it contributed towards the restoration of true philosophy! What nests of vice and idleness were destroyed with the monasteries! The Reformation put a stop to the unjust encroachments of the ecclesiastical on the civil power. It banished for ever a thousand superstitions. Through it, Great Britain ceased to be drained of its wealth by foreign priests; and the mendicants, who were fed from the tables of lazy monks and pampered abbots, have been succeeded by useful artisans and industrious labourers. Instead of convents, we now build manufactories; instead of the images of saints, we display the contents of our warehouses; and, instead of crowns of martyrdom, we hear of the laurels won by the brave defenders of their country's glory.

After having discussed the character of Mr Hume, the author turns to that of Queen Elizabeth. This is a topic which certainly belonged to his subject; and he has treated it with considerable ability. In the next chapter there is a long and excellent dissertation on the superintending power of Providence. The author finds this a convenient opportunity for asserting the authenticity of the book of Daniel; and observes, that the prophecies contained in it amount to an irrefragable demonstration that our religion is divine.

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'One of the most ancient,' says he, 'and most learned opposers of Revelation, is said to have denied the possibility of these prophecies having existed before the events. But we know they *did* exist; and no modern infidel *dares* to dispute it.'

The opposer of Revelation, here alluded to, we suppose to be Porphyry: this celebrated philosopher at least certainly pretended that the prophecies ascribed to Daniel were really written after the events, which they affected to predict, had taken place. It is possible that he might have been in some degree induced into this error by the Jews themselves, who then denied that Daniel was a prophet, and who, as we learn from St Jerome, ranked him only among the number of their *hagiographers*. There cannot, however, be a doubt, that the Jews, for a long period, either considered, or pretended to consider Daniel as a prophet. This is evident from Josephus. Their attempt, therefore, to degrade him, when the Christians pointed out certain texts in his writings which foretold the coming and the death of the Messiah, betrayed at once their weakness and their falsehood. It seemed, indeed, to indicate, that this title of Prophet was given or withdrawn as best suited the purposes of priestcraft. It was with more plausibility at least, though with more inexcuseable malignity, that they charged their adversaries with having corrupted the original text, and with having inserted what was favourable to their own creed. Thus the Christians accused the Jews of fraud; the Jews recriminated on the Christians; and a Pagan philosopher, with the prejudice natural to his sect, hastily condemned them both. An antagonist so zealous might easily persuade himself to believe that these prophecies were precise only to a certain period; and that, with respect to futurity, they were sufficiently vague and indistinct. He might have suspected, as Origen indeed seems to have done, that numerous corruptions and interpolations had crept into the Scriptures, and he might have supposed, that the Christians, like the Jews, could occasionally be guilty of pious frauds. In referring the production of these prophecies to the time of Antiochus Epiphanes, he might have made allowance for subsequent emendations, alterations, and interpolations, both of Jews and Christians. He might have known, what has since been openly declared by Theodoret and Procopius, that the Jewish scribes added whatever they thought fit to the writings of their prophets. He might have heard of other forgeries, and of disputes among the forgers. We could more easily excuse the ancient philosopher for not believing that Jaddus interpreted the book of Daniel to Alexander the Great; that that monarch had received a visit in Macedon from the High Priest of Jerusalem, dressed in his pontifical robes; or that he, who

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wanted to arrogate to himself the title of the son of Jupiter, and who required divine honours to be paid to him, confessed, before his whole army, that he had at last found the true God among the Jews whom he had conquered. If the book of Daniel had been presented to Ptolemy Philadelphus by the seventy-two interpreters, it might have appeared strange, that the king of Egypt should have so liberally rewarded the Jews for announcing to him the future misfortunes of his family, and the ruin of his kingdom. Besides, Porphyry might have been convinced, as many persons are at the present day, that the Pentateuch only had been translated into Greek by the order of Ptolemy. These and other considerations might in that day have deceived the philosopher. But we learn with pleasure from the author of the volumes before us, that all these stumbling-blocks have been removed, and that no modern infidel *dares* to deny, that the prophecies of Daniel *did* exist before the events which they foretold.

With respect to the superintending influence of Providence, we confess we are doubtful whether it be advantageous to enter into the subject very minutely with children. It is a topic which requires more reflection than they can give to it; and nothing is more dangerous than the unassisted scepticism of early ignorance. The author of the Hints dwells at great length upon this most important subject, and recurs to it frequently. He talks of 'the providential history' of a country, as if it were a denomination as familiar as military, ecclesiastical, or political. 'The reader,' says he, 'looks to little purpose over the eventful page of history, who does not accustom himself to mark therein the finger of the Almighty governing kings and kingdoms.' The reader, however, who concurs in all this, may still possibly be startled at the perusal of the following sentence. 'We see the violent passions *providentially* let loose, when it was necessary for society to be roused from a pernicious torpor.' Is it Providence, then, that lets loose the guilty passions of the tyrant or the traitor, of the conqueror or the robber? Was it Providence that sent a Catiline, a Nero, or a Robespierre, to scourge mankind out of a lethargy? Was the massacre of the Protestants under Charles the Ninth designed by Heaven to give a fillip to slumbering virtue? After the poet Æschylus had laid the Furies snoring on the stage, in his strange tragedy, it was necessary that he should awaken them, lest the audience should have gone to sleep too; but Æschylus would probably have made a better play, if he had not brought the Furies on the stage at all; and we are not persuaded that the great drama of human life could not be carried on without the assistance of those violent passions

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which sometimes so terribly agitate its scenes; nor, when real furies have disturbed our repose, is it pleasant to be told that they were *providentially* let loose to poke their firebrands in our faces. At all events, the moral government of the Deity, in so far as it may be thought to include the agency of the guilty and detestable passions, is a theme so full of difficulty, that we cannot help considering it as the height of imprudence to think of entering upon it with a child.

In the twelfth chapter, the author discourses, with much judgment, of the distinguishing characters of Christianity; and, in the thirteenth, of the Scripture evidences in favour of Revelation. There is only one passage, of which we think it necessary to take notice. 'In the Old Testament alone, during those ages, was maintained that great truth, of there being *only one living and true God*; which, though now so universally acknowledged, was then unconceived by the politest nations, and most accomplished philosophers.' If the author of the Hints meant to say, as it appears to us he did, that, previous to Christianity, the Jews alone had conceived the truth of there being one only God, we are inclined to think that he is mistaken. The Jews were, indeed, for a long period, the only people of antiquity, possessed of any kind of literature, who entertained no belief in a future state. But the belief in a supreme and sole God certainly was not confined to the little territory of Judea. In the arcane theology of Egypt, the unity of the Deity was acknowledged; nor was he adored as the God of any particular region, but as the eternal and omnipotent Governor of the universe. This appears from the testimony of Pagan authors, as well as from the Trismegistic books, all of which are not to be deemed spurious. 'The Egyptians,' says Jamblichus, in his answers to the questions of Porphyry, 'believe, that before all beings and principles there exists one God,' &c.—Again, 'This God is above the world, immaterial, incorporeal, and supernatural, unbegotten and indivisible, manifested wholly from himself, and in himself,' &c.—Again, 'Infinite nature is governed by the Supreme Unity that is the cause of all things.' Even Jablonski, in these later times, has done justice to the Egyptians on this point. 'Those men,' he observes, 'who were most distinguished for wisdom among the Egyptians, acknowledged God to be a certain unbegotten eternal Spirit, prior to all things which exist; who created, preserves, contains, pervades, and vivifies every thing; who is the Spirit of the universe, but the guardian and benefactor of men.' That the priests and philosophers of Greece were not ignorant of the same truth, is not less evident. We may safely refer to some, at least, of the Orphic Fragments; and in one of them, preserved by Proclus, we find

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it expressly declared, that 'there is one Power, one Deity, the great Governor of all things.' The verses which, according to Bishop Warburton, were sung in the Eleusinian Mysteries, contained the following passage. 'Pursue thy path rightly, and contemplate the King of the World. He is one, and of himself alone; and to that One all things have owed their being. He encompasses them. No mortal hath beheld him: but he sees every thing.' We have ventured slightly to vary from the Bishop's translation of this passage; but, in rendering it more literally from the Greek, we do not find it to be less sublime. Even the tragic poets have contributed to prove, that the unity of the Deity was acknowledged among the more enlightened of the Greeks. Sophocles has said, in some verses which have been often cited by the Fathers from a tragedy now lost,—'there is, in reality, only one God, who made the heavens and the remote earth, the blue waves of the ocean, and the strength of the winds.' With respect to the philosophers of Greece, it would be difficult to deny that some of them, at least, were monotheists. That Pythagoras admitted the unity of the Deity, must be evident to those who have considered his philosophy: and his belief in monotheism is further attested, not only by the Eclectic philosophers, but in distinct terms by Justin and St Cyril. Euclid of Megara, and Socrates, were both monotheists. Plato, we believe, to have been one likewise. His trinity, like that of the Magi and the Egyptians, was not a trinity of beings, but of modes of being in the Divine Nature. The philosophers, as well as the priests, had a *double doctrine*. Plato had his. 'When I speak fairly in my epistles,' said he, 'I commence with *God*—when I do not, my letters begin with *Gods*.' Our limits will not permit us to pursue this subject any farther; but we shall conclude our observations on it with a citation from Origen, which we think is decisive. 'Many of the old philosophers have said, that there is one God who created all things; and in this they agree with the law: but some say, in addition, that God hath made and governs all things by his Word; and that it is the Word of God by which all things are regulated. In this they write consonantly, not only with the law, but with the gospel.'

In the second volume of these Hints, there are several chapters which well deserve attention. There are, however, certain prejudices which appear to have strangely warped the judgment of the writer. In an estimate of things and persons, we should not have been surprised, if the solid virtue of Sully had been preferred to the more brilliant accomplishments of his master; but we did not expect to find the character of Henry the Fourth contrasted with that of his mother.

The twenty-fifth chapter contains an essay on the use which

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ought to be made of books by the young Princess. She is not to burthen her memory with a load of dry matter, nor yet with a mass of poetry. What is she to do then? Why, she is to get by heart one select passage, one weighty sentence, one striking precept, which is to form a *thesis* for interesting conversation. For instance, 'a short specimen of eloquence from South, or of reasoning from Barrow; a detached reflection on the analogy of religion to nature from Butler; a political character from Clarendon; a maxim from the Proverbs,' &c. &c. &c. Is it possible to imagine any thing much more ridiculous than this? Who would wish to see a Queen of England coming into a circle, with 'a moral document from Johnson, or a paragraph on the Wealth of Nations (what could this be?) from Adam Smith, or a rule of conduct from Sir Matthew Hale,' and propounding it as a thesis for interesting conversation to her ladies of the bedchamber? How her Majesty's Maids of Honour would stare, if she required of them to discuss with her 'an opinion from Blackstone on the law of England, or a text from Bishop Hall on devout contemplation!' It is very well for some women to give us a peep at the Blue Stocking,

Nam quæ docta nimis cupit, et facundia videri,
Crure tenus medio tunicas succingere debet:

But, as ridicule is the most formidable enemy to dignity, a Queen ought to conform herself to the manners of the world; and when she unbends from the cares of government, her amusements may be innocent, without being singular; and her conversation may be rational, without being pedantic.

The author has introduced a chapter on the age of Louis the Fourteenth, we should have thought for the express purpose of attacking Voltaire, if he had not told us that it is now scarcely necessary to caution the young reader against the principles of that writer. 'The disgrace of Voltaire,' he adds, 'is become almost as signal as his offences; his crimes seem to have procured for his works their just reprobation.' When we read this sentence, we began to rub our eyes, to doubt whether we were awake, and to wonder if we had really got into the best of all possible worlds. A little book lay near us. We opened it, and had not read a page of *Candide*, before we recollected that we were still in the same world, where, after having toiled through many a heavy volume, we could yet turn with pleasure to the works of Voltaire, and admire his genius and delight in his wit, while we lamented the infatuation of his infidelity.

In his twenty-ninth and thirtieth chapters, the author of the Hints has given a critical dissertation on the writers of the Old and New Testaments. We shall leave it to others to decide, whether the taste of that critic be very good, who prefers the

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harp of the Jews to the lyre of the Greeks, and who plucks the laurel from the brow of Homer, to place it on the head of the good King David. In his admiration of the sacred historians, our author is not less fervent. He tells us, that neither Xenophon, nor Cæsar, can stand a comparison with St Luke. It is a comparison, we own, of which we should not have thought. We know not, however, quite what to think of our author, when he says, that all *other mythologic* histories (page 211) degrade our nature. Is the history of the Jews, then, a *mythologic* history?

The author has frequently recommended, that selections should be made for the young Princess from different books. As he has used this liberty with some writers of high name, he will, perhaps, excuse us, if we suggest the propriety of a similar plan being followed, when his own volumes shall be put into the hands of her Royal Highness. Some of his chapters have undoubted merit; many of his hints may be extremely useful; and, where his understanding is not obscured by particular prejudices, he generally displays a very considerable share of intellect. We sincerely join with him in hoping, that the preceptors of the illustrious young person will not fail to instruct her fully in the duties of a Sovereign, even while she yet stands only on the steps of that throne where she may one day be seated. While she is still a subject, she should be taught how she should act the part of a Queen. 'Those,' said Socrates, 'who have learned to play best on the lyre in private, are they who excel most on it, when they come to exhibit their musical talents in public.'

ART. VI. *Flore du Nord de la France: ou Description des Plantes Indigènes, et de celles cultivées dans les Départemens de la Lys, de l'Escaut, de la Dyle, et des Deux-Nèthes, y compris les Plantes qui naissent dans les pays limitrophes de ces Départemens; Ouvrage de près de trente ans de soins et de recherches, dans lequel les Plantes sont arrangées suivant le système de* Linné, *et décrites par Genres et Espèces, avec des Observations de l'Auteur. On y a joint les lieux positifs où elles naissent, et leurs Propriétés reconnues dans la Médecine, dans les Alimens, et dans les Arts.* Par F. Roucel, Officier de Santé pensionné de la Ville d'Alost, Membre correspondant de la Societé d'Histoire Naturelle, et de celle de Médecine, Chirurgie et Pharmacie de Bruxelles. 2 tom. 8vo. Paris, 1803.

IN every country, an accurate knowledge of its internal resources forms an object of political importance; but the description of its natural productions is connected with the interests of society at large, and eminently calculated to illustrate those indications of intelligence and goodness which may be traced in every

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form of matter, from a particle of earth to the wonderful constitution of an organized and sentient being. Those, therefore, who devote themselves to the investigation of such portions of the material world as lye within their reach, do not only contribute to their own mental gratification, but to the welfare of their country, and of mankind. If they wish, however, to be eminently serviceable to either, they will limit their researches within attainable bounds, and confine their attention to some one definite portion of the multiplied and extensive departments of Nature. In each of these departments, as in mechanical operations, much benefit will be found to result from a judicious subdivision of labour. It is foreign to our present purpose to institute a comparison between organized and inorganized substances, or to assign reasons for the prosecution of one branch of natural history, in preference to another; but we may be permitted to remark, that the nomenclature and classification of the vegetable tribes are now reduced into such a systematic form, that the botanist may register his discoveries with greater facility and precision, than either the mineralogist or the zoologist. This consideration, however, should not induce him to suppose, that, even in a long life of health and leisure, he shall be able, like the wise king of old, to talk of *every* plant, from the hyssop that grows on the wall, to the cedar of Lebanon. An ambitious naturalist may amuse himself with delineating a new system, or roaming over a neglected quarter of the world; but those whose researches are guided by a love of utility, will perceive the propriety of partial and minute investigation; while the accidental circumstance of residence will, in most instances, point to the district which is destined to be surveyed.

In proportion as the influence of these sentiments is diffused, we may hope that the vegetable contents of provinces and countries will be delineated with ability, and that every zealous botanist, who possesses leisure, activity, and talent, will cooperate in the multiplication of national Floras. Several valuable works of this description have already appeared in our own, and in other countries. We have lately adverted, with considerable minuteness, to that of the President of the Linnæan Society. The publication which now solicits our notice, is conducted, in some respects, on a more extensive scale. It has obtained a high character from the tame complaisance of most of the Continental Journals; and we are assured, that it has occupied the author's attention during a period of no less than *thirty* years.

We shall now shortly examine it by those principles on which we conceive that its merit must be ultimately determined.

Whoever professes to detail the botanical history of any portion of soil, should specify with accuracy the physical limits of his range. In every case, this may be done with unerring certainty;

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but M. Roucel has assumed a latitude and vagueness of title, which we must regard as unwarrantable. 'The north of France' implies a wider extent of territory than those departments which he specifies; but even his specification is rendered ambiguous, by the undefined expression, *Pays limitrophes*, which necessarily excludes a line of demarcation. Such a line, however, should have been described, or even traced on a map.

Let us next suppose, that the boundaries of the projected survey have been correctly defined, the objects of examination immediately suggest the embarrassing distinction of *indigenous* and *exotic* plants. Although the term *Flora* be usually restricted to a scientific exhibition of the former, it may, with sufficient propriety, be extended to the latter. In the present publication, accordingly, many of the cultivated species are introduced. These, however, need not detain us long; because their enumeration and history are treated with a degree of negligence which we should scarcely pardon in the most common Gardener's Dictionary. While we regret that they are so awkwardly blended with the aborigines of the country, we have reason to suspect, that their intrusion has often diverted the author's attention from the latter, and thus injured at once the unity and the usefulness of his labours. The horticulturist can derive little benefit or information from meagre descriptions of some of the plants which are most commonly cultivated in gardens, and from the general assertion, '*that various other sorts* are reared by the curious.' The history of these other sorts, and the most approved methods of rearing them, are precisely what is most wanted; and, so long as they are kept out of view, we must regard this part of M. Roucel's plan as very defective, and in a great measure nugatory.

In the further prosecution of these remarks, we wish it to be understood, that we refer to the consideration of the indigenous species only. And here a question of some difficulty immediately presents itself, namely, What is the true import of the epithet *indigenous?* Like the kindred terms, *native*, *spontaneous*, *original*, &c. it conveys only vague and confused notions, referring indiscriminately to a variety of erroneous and inconsistent suppositions. It is frequently employed, for example, to denote, that the individuals of which it is predicated are coeval with the soil; that they are not of foreign extraction; or that they perfect their fruit without the aid of culture. Now, when it occurs unaccompanied by circumstances of modification, to which of these circumstances are we to understand that it refers? or, indeed, do appearances, drawn from the history of nature, warrant the truth of any of the propositions just stated, or sanction the admission of the term upon any general principle?

Before he answer these queries, a cautious observer will at least

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panse; nor will he hastily pronounce, of any vegetable whatever, that it is contemporary with the soil in which it grows. If, in reasoning of past and remote operations, he be allowed to deduce his inferences analogically from processes actually going on, he will rather conclude, that the solid masses of our globe are inadequate to the purposes of vegetable life, until they have undergone a certain degree of decomposition. He will perceive that, with the exception of a few islands, recently formed by the agency of subterranean fires, no given tract of territory can at this day attest the uninterrupted genealogy of its vegetable tribes; and that numberless impressions of prior races are still visible in strata of schistus, coal, and iron-stone. Again, he will hesitate to assign a domestic origin to every species that is now reputed indigenous. It is well known, for example, that Chrysanthemum segetum was first imported into Sweden and Jutland among grain, toward the end of the seventeenth century. Datura stramonium has found its way to Europe from America. Plantago major, on the contrary, at present frequent in several parts of North America, was first introduced by the English into Pensylvania. Chenopodium album, and Tanacetum vulgare, are, in like manner, supposed to have been imported from the old world: and a great variety of similar instances might easily be adduced. Lastly, should we affirm, that the term in question is properly applied to such plants only as reproduce their kinds, independently of stated culture, we must admit as denizens many stragglers from the shrubbery and parterre, and exercise all the rigour of the Alien act on various species which are peculiar to land in a state of tillage. Pteris aquilina will not thrive without a considerable depth of mould; and Avena fatua, which refuses to vegetate in pasture, springs in profusion when the same ground is broken up. Even extensive pastures may have been previously ploughed; nor can we easily determine the point at which cultivation may be said to commence. Should we, for example, bestow that name on the accidental trampling of quadrupeds, or on accidental or designed conflagration; yet Poa trivialis springs from the paths of sheep-walks, and Trifolium repens from the ashes of furze and heath. Erysimum officinale frequently succeeds the burning of charcoal; and according to Hearne, when the underwood and moss about Albany and Moosfort have been set on fire, raspberry bushes and wild roses have shot up in great numbers, on spots where none had been observed before. Senecio jacobæa and Ulex europæus, which are frequently so prevalent in our moor lands and pasture grounds, disappear on the application of the plough. The same observation applies to most of the Filices. Yet remove them into a hot-

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house, or, in other words, treat them with the most refined and indulgent species of culture, and they will quickly expand into beautiful luxuriance, and assume the habits of evergreens.

It follows, if we mistake not, from these premises, that if we would aim at correct and definite phraseology, we must restrict the term *indigenous* to such plants as are capable of perpetuating their kinds without the intentional interference of man. The exotic, if deprived of his attentions, languishes and expires; whereas the indigenous plant, whatever country may have been its cradle, arrives at maturity, and, independently of the studied care of a human cultivator, deposits in the earth the fertile germ of renewed existence.

Impressed with these views of the subject, we cannot refrain from observing, that M. Roucel has composed his catalogue of Belgic natives, with little regard to nicety of selection, or peculiar solicitude concerning claims of admission. The birthright of Asclepias vincetoxicum, Scorzonera laciniata, Allium flavum, Polygonum dumetorum, Campanula persicifolia, Ribes uva crispa, &c. &c. may be justly questioned; and there is reason to suspect, that the omissions of undisputed rights are numerous and deplorable. It is true that we have not perambulated the departments of the Lys, the Scheldt, the Dyle, and the two Nethes, during the twelve last eventful years; but we retain a sufficient recollection of their vegetable aspect, to be assured that they contain a much more ample store of Cryptogamic plants, especially of Fuci and Musci, than this author has thought proper to exhibit. Neither can we believe, on slight evidence, that this range of territory is destitute of such common species as Schœnus compressus, Eriophoron vaginatum, Poa rigida, Hordeum maritimum, Triticum junceum, Centunculus minimus, Symphytum tuberosum, and many more which it would be tiresome to enumerate. Trollius europæus is noted only as a garden plant; yet the circumstance of its occurrence in our own island in a wild state, will justify a strong suspicion that it may also be found growing spontaneously within the circle of the author's observations. Many of the deficiencies, to which we at present allude, might have been supplied by a careful inspection of several works of acknowledged merit and research. The preliminary list of authors who have been consulted, is neither very copious nor appropriate. Considerable aid has, indeed, been derived from Blanckaart's Herbarius, Professor Lestiboudois's Botanographie Belgique, and the Manuel de l'Herboriste et du Forestier Belgique of the Baron de Poeterle: but we have looked in vain for Behren's Hercynia Curiosa, Thalius's Sylva Hercynia, Nylandt's Nederlandtsche Herbarius of Kruydboek, and

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others, whose precise titles have escaped our recollection, but which must have been very accessible to a resident in Flanders.

In regard to arrangement, the discreet complier of a Flora will adopt that which is most generally approved. As the Linnæan method has justly obtained the ascendancy over every other artificial distribution, it will readily be allowed to deserve the preference. In the practical application of this valuable contrivance, a regular series of explanations will necessarily include the generic and specific names. Their exposition, and that of the more popular appellations, it is almost superfluous to observe, should be followed by statements of the technical characters, a copious list of synonymes and references, and a detailed description of the plant.

Our author might have adhered, still more closely than he has done, to the Linnæan nomenclature; for Lamarck's innovations, to which he is evidently partial, are not all amendments. The Latin designation is very properly followed by the French, and that, in many instances, by the Flemish. Not a few, we believe, of M. Roucel's countrymen could have been gratified by the uniform insertion of the latter; and even the scientific botanist may derive assistance from the review of vernacular names. The specific epithet *beccabunga*, for example, has been often pronounced a term of unknown or barbarous origin; but the Flemish *beck-pungen* (*mouth-smart*) at once reveals its derivation. Several of the exotic articles, noticed in the present work, may have no corresponding provincial name; but it surely will not be alleged that those of such frequent occurrence as Veronica chamædrys, Anthoxanthum odoratum, Schœnus nigricans, Scirpus palustris, Aira aquatica, Poa trivialis, &c. are in this predicament. No analysis or explanation is given of the generic and specific designations; and the extreme paucity of references and synonymes very materially detracts from the usefulness of the work. The characters of the genus are for the most part, though not always, set down; and they are immediately followed by a short, though, generally, appropriate description of the species.

In regard to the law and appearance of vegetable organization, growth, maturity, disease, and death, it may be remarked, that they involve many points of curious and interesting speculation, though not easily attainable by common observers. In every subject, whose investigation calls for uncommon efforts of patience, or for talents of peculiar acuteness, the progress of discovery is unavoidably slow; and, while we contemplate with admiration the combined labours of Malpighi, Grew, Duhamel, Bonet, and Sennebier, we cannot observe, without mortification,

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within how narrow a compass their real discoveries may be comprised. At the commencement of the nineteenth century, man, who has explored the wastes of ocean, and described the paths of revolving worlds, has not determined what is the vital principle of a blade of grass. It is obvious, however, that such facts in vegetable physiology, as have been ascertained, should be accurately noted, since, to their accumulation, we must be ultimately indebted for those systematic principles which may resolve the mysteries of organized existence.

It is seldom, however, that the present writer indulges in a single physiological remark. The season of flowering, and the duration of the plant, which might easily be noted, as in other Floras, by symbolical characters, are almost uniformly omitted. The native climate of most of the foreign species is stated with considerable accuracy; but it is rather surprising that, when he deigns to particularize the native habitations of the domestic sorts, M. Roucel seems to be less *at home*. Dryas octopetala, which he fetches all the way from Dauphiné, is a well-known native of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and grows spotaneously, at least as far north as Iceland. Chelidonium glaucium, in like manner, which is here asserted to derive its origin from the southern provinces of Europe, occurs on various parts of the British coasts. We have frequently observed it on the shores of Cumberland, Fifeshire, &c.

The very first genus (*Salicornia*) which is exhibited in this collection, might have furnished several interesting observations. The presence of salt, more than of sea-air, seems requisite to the existence of the herbaceous species; as Henckel and others found it in a very thriving state near the salt-pits of Saxony and the Tyrol; and Pallas notes it as the only plant that grows on the edges of the salt-fens, which so frequently attracted his attention in his progress from Astracan to the Tauridan peninsula. The circumstance of muriat of soda entering into its composition deserves to be recorded, since Hales, Thouvenel, and Cornette have shown that, in most cases, salts do not pass into the vessels of plants, and that saline solutions are frequently destructive to vegetable life. The Chevalier de Jaucourt, whose hurried and multifarious compilements were very unfriendly to habits of precision and research, asserts, quite at his ease, 'on ne compte qu'une espèce de Salicornie.' Linnæus and his pupils, however, have characterized at least nine; but some of the most celebrated botanists have expressed very serious doubts concerning any essential distinction between the herbacea and fruticosa. Dr Smith presumes that they are specifically different. Hudson states the latter as a variety of his Europæa; while Dr Goodenough and Mr Woodward ascribe its shrubby-like appearance

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to age. Lightfoot alleges, that the herbaceous is often *perennial*;—a curious, if a true anomaly. Such individuals as miss flowering the first year, may, perhaps, like biennials, have their existence prolonged, until a more kindly season enable them to comply with the universal law of continuing the race. It is thus that the Plantain tree has existed for centuries in the gardens of Holland; but, having once blossomed, no care or art could avert its death. The lofty Corypha palm, flowers in its 35th year, bears its fruit, and expires. The more humble Lavatera arborea struggles with our coldest winters till it has blown, and then decays with the first indications of frost. Others, while they countenance the identity of the annua and fruticosa, distinguish the perennis, which is said to grow in great profusion in the Isle of Sheppey. The single stamen, it should seem, is no infallible distinctive mark; for Mœhringius, Aymen, and others, have observed two, and Sauvages perceived no fewer than six. The Chevalier Murray, in a cultivated annual specimen, remarked, at first, only one, but, shortly after, a second. From such discrepancies we are tempted to infer, that this genus, like Atriplex, Chenopodium, Alsine, &c. love to sport in those varieties, which may long elude the penetration of the systematic naturalist. Referring the inquisitive reader to Henckel's Uerwandschaft der Plantzen mit den Mineral reiche, we shall only notice, in passing, that this patient observer detected in the annual species, when in its fresh state, a proportion of common salt equal to one fifth of the whole weight; that he found its weight diminished, by drying, no less than two thirds; and that its evaporated decoction yielded a considerable quantity of regularly crystallized sea-salt.

We do not pretend by any means to make a complete catalogue of M. Roucel's errors and omissions; but we cannot refrain from observing, that many of our most common plants offer, in their natural history, various interesting peculiarities which ought not to be passed in total silence, and the mention of which agreeably relieves the dryness of mere nomenclature and technical description. Among hundreds of examples, we might allude to the general diffusion of Alchemilla vulgaris, Bellis perennis, Alsine media, and Fragasia vesca, in different quarters of the world; to the low and elevated habitations of Statice armeria and Plantago maritima; to the nitre obtained from Parietaria officinalis; to the sulphur ready formed in the Brassicæ; to the silicious earth in the epidermis of the culmiferous families; to the reviving influence of water on the Musci, &c. &c.

That part of botanical science which treats of the properties and uses of plants, is undoubtedly entitled to the highest degree of attention. But it offers a wide field of observation, which has by

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no means been completely traversed. Assertions which have obtained currency, still require to be verified; and new powers and relations undoubtedly remain to be detected. In their zeal to exalt a darling study, some of the votaries of Flora have rashly invested vegetables with properties which are at least equivocal; while ignorance which is credulous, and indolence which shrinks from the pains of examination, have tamely acquiesced, and thus contributed to the propagation of error. The reputed qualities of herbs may, no doubt, be frequently traced to accidental or imaginary points of resemblance; to the dreams of astrologers, the effrontery of empirics, or the legends of superstition. But modern practitioners, on the other hand, have hastily given way to unqualified scepticism, and cancelled from the medical code many salutary simples of domestic growth. In a great number of instances, the more active product of warm climates may deserve a preference; but, in a great number also, propriety and convenience may point to the more attainable and genuine remedies. Our northern latitudes are by no means destitute of powerful vegetable medicines; as Papaver somniferum, Cicuta virosa, Hyoscyamus niger, &c. which have removed more pain than they have inflicted: and healing qualities may probably reside in those lowly simples which the philosopher, as he speculates on the amelioration of society, at present tramples under foot. The history of medicine, amid all its doubts and uncertainties, has unfolded facts sufficient to rouse the spirit of research; and it is reasonable to believe, that the want of opportunity and of the requisite knowledge, rather than of inclination, retards the progress of that part of Pharmacy which is immediately connected with the vegetable kingdom. The mode of analysis by distillation may amuse curiosity, but is generally inefficient or fallacious; for new combinations are frequently formed during the process; and the same, or similar results, have been obtained from plants widely differing in their constitution and cast of features. Thus Homberg procured the same principles from cabbage and hemlock; and Geoffroy lived to regret the extent of his fruitless labours. It cannot however be denied, that the less ambiguous processes of pharmaceutic chemistry may often reveal peculiar or important properties. In some instances, much may be effected by the simple application of solvents; in others, taste and smell may lead to discoveries; and, in all, much may be reserved for the observation and the experiments of the curious. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that many of our indigenous plants may be found worthy of being introduced into our cultivated fields or gardens, and that not a few may be made subservient to the purposes of the arts and manufactures.

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M. Roucel, in the true spirit of an officer of health, seems to have been chiefly solicitous to mark the medical virtues, real or supposed, of the plants which he has undertaken to describe; and though he has not treated us with all the exploded nostrums of the ancient herbalists, he is nevertheless abundantly liberal in his enumeration of the healing virtues of various herbs. His countryman, Caels, has likewise supplied him with a copious and varied store of poisons. On the whole, however, we may venture to affirm, without much fear of contradiction, that our author is a stranger to the modern simplifications of pharmacy, and that few professional men can with safety avail themselves of his medical assertions. He very obligingly informs us, that sage is analeptic, cephalic, stomachic, emmenagogical, good against vertigo, palsy, tremor, apoplexy, &c.; but he forgets to mention that, when distilled in large quantities, it yields camphor, which is easily collected. In this enlightened age, when the demand for camphor bags is daily increasing, it may be acceptable to many of our readers to be told, that most of the labiate plants are endowed with the same property.

Our author dismisses Arundo arenaria without a syllable concerning its economical uses. Yet, so long ago as the days of Parkinson, it was 'used by divers, both with us and in the Low Countries, for mats, hassocks, and divers such like mean works, very serviceable.' In Anglesea, in particular, it is manufactured into mats and ropes.

In Iceland, the grain of sand-reed approaches so nearly to maturity, that the process of kiln-drying imparts to it the requisite degree of hardness for the mill. This last is worked by the hand, and its stones are formed of a hard compact lava. The crop is regularly reaped with a sickle, dried in shocks, and then thrashed and winnowed. The flour, which, in some districts, forms an article of traffic, is used in soups and porridge, and is baked into cakes, as oatmeal in Scotland. These cakes, called *flad-brod* (flat-bread), are relished as dainties even by the principal inhabitants of the island. The flour is likewise prepared with sour whey into a paste called *tisma*, which the labourers eat with milk or cream. This is their usual breakfast, which they would not exchange for more delicate fare, as they think it communicates a genial heat, strength and spirits to the frame for the rest of the day.

We mention these circumstances, not merely to gratify curiosity, but to justify the inference, that extensive portions of sea-coast, which, from time immemorial, have been condemned to hopeless sterility, may be converted into productive soil. The plant under consideration is of spontaneous growth, of easy propagation, and not liable to become the prey of insects, or the sport of sudden changes of temperature. It exhausts not its na-

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tive sand, requires no manure, and ripens its seed without the cares and labours of the husbandman.

Another important benefit results from the remarkable property which this grass possesses, of retaining the dry and moveable sand, which, in many cases, might bury fertile fields, and leave the flat beach unprotected to the encroachments of the sea. Long success has sanctioned the Dutch practice of sowing it on sandy coasts subject to inundations. The example has been followed, though on a smaller scale, in some parts of Norfolk. In contemplating the ever varying contrivances by which Nature regulates her operations, we are sometimes astonished by her humble simplicity, not less than by her displays of stupendous power. In the present instance, a feeble reed is made the instrument of repelling those stormy waves, which have so often riven the bolted oak, and pierced and shattered the flinty rock into atoms. The same remarks apply to Galium verum, Triticum junceum, Elymus arenarius, &c.; and in a still more forcible manner to Cocos crucifera, which, if judiciously distributed, may, one day, arrest the overwhelming clouds of Arabia, and make 'the desert to rejoice, and blossom as the rose.'

Although the author's plan, and the opportunities of his situation, obviously invited him to a statement of these particulars, he has never once hinted at them. Indeed, his *negative* catalogue of the uses of plants is by far too long for our enumeration. In a very few cases, however, the farmer and the domestic economist may derive benefit from his hints. Thus, we are informed, that the common broom is cultivated on the sandy soil in the neighbourhood of Ghent, St Nicholas, and Antwerp, for the double purpose of furnishing a suitable manure, and flower-buds which are pickled as capers. Spergula arvensis (corn-spurrey) is also sown for late pasturage, and is found to increase the quantity of cow's milk, and improve the quality of the butter. M. Roucel might have added, that it is a regular crop in the Campine of Brabant, originally a tract of harsh sand, interspersed with extensive fens, heath, and fir; which long defied the most spirited efforts of the agriculturist, but which yielded to the patient and skilful management of the monks. Their maxim was, never to reclaim more soil at a time than they could manure, which seldom exceeded eighteen acres in a year. In proportion as it was rendered productive, they let it to farmers on easy terms, and accommodated them with comfortable dwellings. In consequence of persevering in these simple principles, extensive portions are now highly cultivated, and covered with villages and hamlets. The spurrey is sown after the corn is reaped; the cows are put on it in October, and continue to feed on it till the approach of winter. The but-

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ter prepared from their milk is highly prized in the market at Brussels, and is found to keep better than any other. Before the Revolution, the capuchins prepared their *whipping cords* from the bark of Lavatera arborea. 'Ces cordes,' observes the grave botanist with much *naïveté*, 'sont très blanches et luisantes; mais au rapport de quelques-uns, elles n'ont pas la même force, et sont plus cassantes que celles du chanvre.'

In recording the indigenous plants of a country or province, a sensible observer will never fail to mark with precision the habitations of each species; since thus he greatly abridges the trouble of future inquirers, and contributes, at the same time, to confirm or invalidate a variety of opinions relative to the appropriate adaptations of soil and climate. We cannot say that M. Roucel has, in general, been sparing of his localities; but he has often expressed them with too much vagueness, to be of any material service to those who may be desirous of treading in his footsteps.

Having submitted these observations to the consideration of our readers, not only as tests of the present performance, but as matters of doctrine which concern all who are engaged in similar undertakings, we shall now quote an example of the author's manner, adhering as closely as possible to his own style, which is generally the reverse of lively or polished. The passage which we select is perhaps the most interesting in the work, because it presents us with the result of personal observation.

'262. Stratiotes aloïdes. Lin. Syst. plantar. tom. II. 623.
Sedum aquatile, sive Stratiotes potamios. Dodon. Pempt.
Aloe palustris. Bauh. Pin.
French. Stratiote aloïde; Aloës des marais, ou Ananas aquatique.
Flem. Waterruiters.

'Its leaves are numerous, triangular, long, ensiform, pointed, bordered with hard and sharp hairs, and collected into a tuft at the base. From the under part of this tuft proceed several delicate, cylindrical, worm-like fibres, which may be considered as roots. The stems, which spring laterally between the leaves, are much shorter than the latter, and contain, in their upper part, a diphyllous sheath, which includes from three to five flowers. On opening this sheath, before the extrusion of the flowers, a second small membranous covering, in which each of the flower-buds is enclosed, becomes visible. At length those flowers come forward in succession from their sheaths, and appear during the months of July and August. They are composed of a calyx of three divisions, and of three white petals, rounded and larger than the calyx, with from 12 to 13, rarely 14, stamens, inserted on the receptacle. From 25 to 30 antheriform filaments, which Linnæus calls *nectaries*, surround the stamens, and are also attached to the receptacle.

'But I could never discover any pistil or fruit, though I searched

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for both on the flowers of between 50 and 60 plants, which I culled from the water of different wet situations, and during the space of a month or six weeks. Thus, neither the hermaphrodite flowers, nor the female plants by themselves, rewarded my trouble. If this plant, then, belongs to the *Diœcious* class, in which it is placed by the editor of the 8th edition of Linnæus's *Genera Plantarum*, (though in the 15th edition of the *Systema Vegetabilium* of the same author, it is restored to *Polyandria*), and in which my observations in some measure prove the female plants should exist, though in situations more or less remote from the male flowers; I hope that curious botanists may discover what may have eluded my investigation; I exhort them to continue my observations. *

'I shall moreover observe, that the *water aloe* (which is abundantly propagated by the roots) has sometimes the stamens of its flowers so disfigured by a small marsh slug, which gnaws them, that it is then difficult to distinguish them, and that a botanist may be puzzled in his examination of them.

'This plant grows in the pools and ditches which communicate with the Scheldt; it is far from rare about Ghent, Alost, Termonde, Antwerp, and Mechlin.

'Miller, in his Gardener's and Farmer's Dictionary, vol. vii. 207, affirms, that in autumn, the water aloe sinks in the water, and rises again in spring. This is true: I have made the same remark. Miller assigns no reason for this phenomenon: assiduous observation has taught me what follows. In autumn, the base of the tuft of the plant, from which the vermiform radicles issue, becomes soft, of a livid hue, and appears to rot; the radicles, in course, are successively detached; then the plant, as if sluggish and languishing, gradually descends in the water: † it remains at the bottom until spring. About the month of April, the spirit of vegetation revives it: young shoots, which spring from between the leaves of the old plant, and which are attached to them by a worm-like radicle, become so many individual plants. In the beginning of May, these young shoots have reached the surface of the water; and towards the end of this month, the old plants likewise ascend, furnished with from six to eight vermiform radicles, from two to three feet long, which, at that season of the year, are still floating. All the young plants or sets are then beside the old, on the surface of the water, but connected with them by radical filaments; the old plants also acquire new leaves; and the vermiform radicles, which have

* We have preserved the original structure of this Belgic period.

† 'Its immersion, which begins about the middle of October, continues from five to six weeks; and the vermiform radicles do not entirely quit the plant till very late. In shallow pools and plashes, in which the water aloe cannot sink, it remains at the surface of the water during the whole year (unless it be killed by intense colds), and clothes these places with a very lively verdure.'

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multiplied to ten, twelve, or fourteen, are fixed to the ground only about the month of July.'

Upon the whole, though we cannot entirely approve of this writer's plan or execution, his volumes certainly contain a considerable quantity of new information, and may be adopted with advantage as the groundwork of a more complete Belgic Flora.

ART. VII. *A Short Statement of some important Facts, relative to the late Election of a Mathematical Professor in the University of Edinburgh; accompanied with Original Papers, and Critical Remarks.* By Professor Dugald Stewart. Edinburgh, Constable & Co. Cadell & Davies, London. 3d Edition. 1805.

FOR some years past, it has been perfectly well known to those who take an interest in the prosperity of our University, that certain of the Ministers of Edinburgh entertained a systematic design of distributing as many of the Professorships as possible among themselves; and that, besides the professional chairs in Theology, those of several profane sciences were allotted as very convenient appendages to the benefices of the city. The double profit of such an arrangement most naturally suggested it; and for a while it was found so easy to carry the measure into effect, even in cases where it might have been thought desperate, that this project seemed upon the point of being realized into an invariable rule. Nothing to be sure could be more certain, from the very nature of the thing, as well as from the academical experience of all modern Europe, than the ruin which such a practice would bring upon a College which is still distinguished for the eminence of some of its Professors, and the active emulation of their students. But there was a recent interval of time, during which the literary fame, and public usefulness of the University of Edinburgh, were but very carelessly regarded, in a quarter, where it was of the last importance that they should have been the sole motives of patronage: and it was by no means extraordinary, under such an order of things, that a coincidence of sentiments in other respects, should have rendered this indifference with regard to qualifications, or the subsequent performance of duty, very serviceable towards the establishment of the scheme of clerical and academical pluralities. These will be matters of history hereafter: for the present, they are notorious enough, to render a more specific statement superfluous. But it was necessary to place this general fact at the head of the narrative on which we are about to enter.

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Upon the death of Dr John Robison, and the undisputed promotion of Mr Playfair to the chair of Natural Philosophy, several candidates appeared for that of Mathematics; some of them long and honourably known to the public, by their writings, or their services in education. Besides these, there was of course one of the Ministers of Edinburgh, whose name is Mr Macknight. This gentleman, we are informed by Mr Stewart, originally entertained so laudable an ambition for the distinguished office to which he aspired, as to express his willingness to relinquish his parochial charge, if the object could not otherwise be attained. But his ecclesiastical friends, upon whose influence he relied very much for success, avowed openly their determination, that Mr Macknight should either hold both offices together, or should relinquish all thoughts of the Professorship. This was bringing their project of pluralities to a sort of crisis. Under the alarm which such an avowal spread among all those who are attached to the University, either by the benefits they have formerly received there, or by those which they are themselves engaged in diffusing, two of the Professors, Mr Stewart and Mr Playfair, by far the most illustrious names which the literature of Scotland can now produce, addressed letters upon the subject to the Lord Provost; in which they stated, with unanswerable force of reason, that the duties of a Professor in the University gave full employment for the talents and exclusive industry of any man, and that a faithful discharge of them was incompatible with those important functions, of a different description, which belong to a clergyman established in the Church.

This general question, however, the Patrons of the University were not brought to the necessity of formally deciding; for the claims of one of the candidates placed him far above all the rest: and the Magistrates had announced a determination, the more honourable to them, from there being no recent practice to dictate such a principle, that they should be guided in their choice by nothing but the comparative merits of the competitors, and the weight of recommendation they should severally produce. The candidate distinguished by this test above the others, was Mr John Leslie, long known to his countrymen as a profound and inventive geometer, and whose reputation had lately received new lustre from his curious experiments upon heat. The certificates which he produced were, among others, from the first mathematical names in the island, from Dr Maskelyne, Baron Maseres, Dr Hutton of Woolwich, the late Professor Robison, Professor Playfair, the late Mr Thomas Wedgewood, &c. In addition to these decisive testimonies, a still more flattering distinction was fortunately at this time conferred upon Mr Leslie,

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in the unanimous resolution of the Council of the Royal Society of London, to adjudge to him the Rumford medals for his discoveries on light and heat; and in a letter, which announced this honour, Sir Joseph Banks expressed his sincere satisfaction, in thinking 'that a more decided testimonial of the opinion of the Royal Society of Mr Leslie's merit could not be given; and that such a testimonial could not have been brought forward by his best friends at a more suitable time than accident had brought it forward now.' These circumstances produced so strong an impression on the Patrons, that it was understood that their election would fall on Mr Leslie. The clerical friends of Mr Macknight, or rather the promoters of that design, which would equally, in their opinion, have been defeated, had that gentleman succeeded by previously resigning his parochial charge, saw, with despair, a double defeat in the election of a layman to the Chair of Mathematics. This disappointment in their ecclesiastical politics they permitted so to exasperate their minds, that, in an evil hour, they entered upon a course of mischief, which, after violating the peace of the city, which it is their function to cherish in tranquillity and charity, has drawn upon themselves a just punishment in the loud indignation of the public. The measures of persecution and hostility, which they had resolved on, were first made known by obscure and indefinite insinuations that were secretly circulated to the disadvantage of Mr Leslie's religious principles. Gaining credit of course as they spread, these rumours were quickly envenomed by the authors of them to the utmost pitch of malignity: the old cry of heresy and atheism was raised, and all the obsolete resources of theological rancour were once more brought into activity—in this seat of literature—by ministers of the Reformed church—by men who were holding themselves forward as most fit to support the reputation of our College in philosophy and all the liberal sciences. Even the pulpit was, upon one occasion, profaned by the dissemination of dark slanders, to serve the purposes of this intrigue.

To fortify it, by throwing a general suspicion upon the lay members of the University, and by thus inflaming the public, as if the whole cause of religion were endangered, they had recourse to a measure, which was calculated to cooperate indirectly with their individual calumnies against Mr Leslie. At a meeting of the Presbytery of Edinburgh on the 9th of March, they procured a remonstrance to the Senatus Academicus, on the disuse of subscription to the Confession of Faith. They did not fail to pretend, nor even scruple solemnly to aver, that this had purely an *accidental* coincidence in point of date with their proceedings relative to the Mathematical Professorship; but the so-

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lemnity of that averment only served to prove what excesses they were prepared for, in the prosecution of their object. The subscription alluded to was enjoined by acts of the Scottish Parliament in the reign of King William and Queen Anne, but had been wholly laid aside for the period of half a century. The Professors composing the Senatus Academicus answered this remonstrance with severe dignity. 'They were fully aware of the existence of those acts which had so long ceased to be enforced; and of which the execution was entrusted, not to the voluntary subscription of the Professors, but to a requisition for that purpose from the Presbytery. They were perfectly ready to appear before the Reverend Presbytery, if such a requisition, after so long a period of disuse, should be renewed. By accepting their offices in the University, they necessarily understood, that their assent to the Confession of Faith of the National Church was as fully implied, as their allegiance to the civil Government of the Country; and they had accordingly been always ready, when called on by the Reverend Presbytery for the one purpose, or by the Civil Magistrate for the other, to give that public and formal testimony of their faith, and of their allegiance, which is enjoined by law. In the mean time, the Senatus Academicus flattered themselves, that it would not be considered as presumptuous on their part, to remind such of the younger members of the Presbytery, as were formerly their own pupils, (and the senior Professors had the pleasure to remark, that these form, at present, a very large proportion of that Reverend Body), that the interests of religion are most effectually promoted, by its happy influence on the character and temper of its ministers; and that an extraordinary profession of zeal for its external forms is never so likely to afford matter of triumph to its enemies, as when a suspicion is allowed to arise in the public mind, that it has been employed in subserviency to the interested views of individuals, or to the purposes of an Ecclesiastical Party.' The original answer of the Senatus Academicus is printed in the Appendix to the Third Edition of Mr Stewart's pamphlet, and appears to us a masterpiece of dignified censure.

In the mean time, the active calumnies against Mr Leslie's character were not suspended; and the ruin of his prospects seemed an object on which those persons had set their hearts. These calumnies, sanctioned for a moment to the public by the sacred profession where they originated, were circulated with such diligence, that the injured person was induced, in a letter to one of the Magistrates, to make a solemn profession of his sentiments. This letter, though not included among Mr Stewart's papers, was printed in the course of the proceedings, and contains, on the

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part of Mr Leslie, a plain and distinct avowal of his religious opinions. After noticing, with pious affection, that he had received a most virtuous and religious education, in the bosom of a family distinguished by its exemplary lives; he declares, that the impressions of his early years, no distance of time, or change of circumstances, can ever efface: if his mind was more enlarged by culture, he had likewise learned to see more deeply the importance of those truths which fixed men together in society: his time had been almost wholly spent in abstract researches, and the study of the sublime operations of nature: he regarded the religious institutions of his native country as at once rational, decent, and impressive: and while he venerated the great principles of Christianity, he was solicitous to mark, by his external behaviour, that respect which he cherished. While he thus sought to vindicate himself in the estimation of his fellow citizens, two most respectable clergymen, in that part of the country where he had usually resided, felt themselves called upon, in justice to calumniated innocence, to step forward voluntarily in his defence. Both of them had had the fullest opportunity of knowing his religious sentiments; and one in particular, the minister of the parish where he spent his youth, and where he always continued to reside occasionally, bore the most authoritative testimony to 'his unstained moral character, his becoming respect to religion, and his tender discharge of every filial duty.'

When his enemies found that their defamation was thus triumphantly repelled, and that they were brought nearly to an end of all their devices for defeating his election, they betook themselves at the last moment to one the most ignominious to themselves, and the most mortifying to those who have been accustomed to confide in the improved knowledge and opinions of the present age. In Mr Leslie's Experimental Inquiry into the Nature and Propagation of Heat, a work which had been recently crowned by the most flattering of all distinctions to a Natural philosopher of this country, the public approbation of the Royal Society of London, and which abounds in curious researches into some of the most complicated phenomena in Physics, these Inquisitors detected a note in which he has delivered a most deserved commendation of Mr Hume's metaphysical essay on the idea of necessary connexion. With matchless ignorance of the whole subject, and the most criminal insensibility to the deadly and disgraceful wound which they were about to inflict, they accused Mr Leslie of having publicly adopted a doctrine, which involved all the atheistical principles of Mr Hume's philosophy; and they prepared themselves to advance this charge with all the imposing solemnity of official forms. Mr Stewart has described, in the following words,

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the sentiments which were first raised in his mind when he received intelligence of this accusation.

'Of the existence of such a note I had never heard before; nor indeed could I easily conceive how it was possible to introduce the alleged discussion into a work purely physical. That the charge was completely unfounded, my knowledge of Mr Leslie satisfied me from the beginning; but I thought it possible, that if, by any accident, he had been led to venture on metaphysical ground, (which of all my acquaintance he seemed the least likely to do), he might, in discussing some point which he had not duly studied, have stumbled on ambiguous expressions which would require explanation. I accordingly sent for the book, which till then I had never opened; and was not a little astonished, when I found that the passage objected to contained nothing (nothing at least connected with the alleged charge) but what I myself, and many others much wiser and better than me, had openly avowed as their opinions.' p. 30.

We shall insert the passage itself from Mr Leslie's book. After having detailed a course of very remarkable and original experiments on the radiation of heat, and the manner in which it is communicated among insulated bodies, he prepares his reader, perhaps unnecessarily, for a disquisition on the nature of this substance, by views of a wider compass with respect to the corpuscular constitution of the external material world. He adopts the leading principles of that theory, which has rendered the name of Father Boscovich so famous; and in the sequel of this exposition, he is led unavoidably to censure, as unphilosophical, all attempts to explain the ultimate action of bodies on each other by the hypothesis of an æther or other invisible *intermedium.*

The eighth chapter of the Inquiry is closed with these reflections, which appear to Mr Stewart very just and striking.

'It is a remarkable and instructive fact in the history of philosophy, that impulsion should have been at one period the only force that was admitted. The motion of a falling stone was certainly not less familiar to the senses than that of a stone which is thrown; but in the latter case, the contact of the hand was observed to precede the flight of the projectile, and this circumstance seemed to fill up the void, and satisfy the imagination. Gravitation sounded like an occult quality; it was necessary to assign some mechanical cause; and if there were no visible impulses to account for the weight of a body, might not that office be performed by some subtle invisible agent? Such was the sway of metaphysical prejudice, that even Newton, forgetting his usual caution, suffered himself to be borne along. In an evil hour he threw out those hasty conjectures concerning æther, which have since proved so alluring to superficial thinkers, and which have in a very sensible degree impeded the progress of genuine science. So far from resolving weight or pressure into impulse, we have seen that the very reverse takes place, and that impulse itself is only a modification of pressure. This state-

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ment has already some distinguished adherents, and must in time become the received opinion. Science has experienced much obstruction from the mysterious notions long entertained concerning causation.' p. 135-6.

To this passage of the text he has subjoined a note, containing some illustrations of what is now the received and unquestionably the true doctrine of causation, in physics, derived from an etymological comparison of the popular phrases for cause and effect in different languages. These illustrations are new, and some of them very plausible. In introducing them to the notice of his reader, he speaks in the following terms of the philosopher, to whom the world is indebted for the first illustrations, and for the first clear statement, of that true doctrine of causation. All the atheism which Mr Leslie was charged with promulgating, will be found to lurk among these sentences.

'Mr Hume is the first, as far as I know, who has treated of causation in a truly philosophic manner. His *Essay on Necessary Connexion* seems a model of clear and accurate reasoning. But it was only wanted to dispel the cloud of mystery which had so long darkened that important subject. The unsophisticated sentiments of mankind are in perfect unison with the deductions of logic, and imply nothing more at bottom, in the relation of cause and effect, than a *constant and invariable sequence.* This will distinctly appear from a critical examination of language, that great and durable monument of human thought.' p. 52L. Note XVI.

The main purpose of the passage is evidently to express, in the author's own words, this great rule of philosophical inquiry. It is only incidentally that he speaks of Mr Hume; he may even appear rather disposed to lower the merit of that philosopher, as if the principle he had discovered lay upon the very surface, among the ordinary phrases and words of the multitude; though this indeed would furnish fresh evidence of the reality of the discovery, and show what an accurate observation of the human mind must have enabled the metaphysician to trace out, into the form of a precise theorem, a truth which was buried for ages under the metaphors and confusion of popular language. The terms in which the *Essay on Necessary Connexion* is spoken of, as a model of clear and accurate reasoning, so far from appearing to us inconsiderate or unwarrantable praise, fall short of the manner in which we should have been apt to mention the most valuable contribution to philosophical logic, that has been made since the publication of Lord Bacon's writings. It is most natural for a scholar, upon all occasions, to point out to others the sources from which he has drawn his best habits of speculation; and, upon the outset of a scientific journey, to express his gratitude to those benefactors who have lighted up his route. It is more peculiarly proper to make such acknowledgments with respect to a writer,

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the whole of whose philosophical labours may not have proved equally beneficial, and the unpopularity of whose name might conceal from the majority of students such parts of his compositions as are not only unexceptionable, but of permanent and inestimable value. It was for such a tribute of justice to Mr Hume, in the single passage which we have quoted, that the charge of *atheism* was to be brought against Mr Leslie, as if he had thereby proclaimed his acquiescence in the whole system of that sceptical metaphysician. To those who are qualified to appretiate the value of this peculiar part of Mr Hume's writings, and who recollect how frequently it has been mentioned in terms of applause by many pious as well as profound philosophers, it will appear quite incontrovertible, that far other motives, than a pure zeal for the interests of religion, must have instigated such an accusation. The consequences of it would have been, if true, to blast Mr Leslie's fortune, and deliver him up (as Mr Stewart has expressed it) 'to the scorn and execration of the wise and good in every quarter of the globe.' One is driven to forget almost which quarter of the globe is ours, and which age of the world, when we witness all the maxims thus trampled on by which its civilization is maintained. The poisoned arrows of the savage are again brought into use, when such awful imputations are cast at random, in the wantonness of personal hostility. Our jurisprudence is darkened over once more, if crimes are to require slighter proof, as they become more flagitious and incredible. Our rational, humane, and purified institutions of religion, are sunk deep into former corruptions, if the concecrated servants of our faith may with impunity employ its great sanctions in subserviency to an interested cabal, or successfully direct their inquisitorial vengeance against any individuals, however innocent, that stand in the way of their temporal emolument.

When Mr Leslie heard there was to be a meeting of the Ministers of Edinburgh for the purpose of opposing his election, and that the contents of this note in his book were made the ground of so dreadful an accusation, he addressed a letter to Dr Hunter, the venerable Professor of Divinity, which he requested him to communicate to his brethren. In this letter, he calls their attention to the distinct fact, that 'the note in question considers the relation between cause and effect entirely as an object of *physical* examination, being only a more full illustration of the reasonings in the text; and that, so far, he was supported by the voice of all the soundest philosophers and divines of the present age. The gross misapplication which Mr Hume had made of these premises, it did not fall under his plan to point out, in a treatise entirely confined to physical discussions; more particularly as that had been done by Dr Reid and various other writers, in

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a manner which he conceived to be completly satisfactory to every reader who understands the argument. Had he been aware of the possibility, that his silence on this point might afford the slightest colour to a misrepresentation of his real sentiments, he would have guarded against it effectually, by following out the speculation a little farther than the nature of his subject seemed to him to require. In the mean time, he disavowed, with the greatest sincerity and solemnity, every inference which his opponents might be pleased to draw, from the partial view he had taken of the general doctrine, to the prejudice of those evidences on which the truths of religion are founded. And he pledged himself, in the next edition of his work, to show, in an additional paragraph, how grossly and injuriously he had been misrepresented upon this occasion.' After so full an explanation, nothing surely remained to be done for the satisfaction of such minds as had entertained a genuine and conscientious suspicion. The Professor of Divinity declared himself perfectly satisfied: his candour in this declaration, and the firmness with which he resisted all the subsequent violence and folly on the part of his younger brethren, form the most reproachful contrast with the spirit by which they were incited. There is no circumstance by which this spirit was evinced more strongly, than by their conduct about this letter. Dr Hunter transmitted it to their meeting, accompanied with his own opinion, that the proceedings against Mr Leslie should be dropped. They received these, while engaged in their deliberations about presenting a remonstrance to the Magistrates against Mr Leslie as a man of infidel principles; and not only did they reject his ample and anxious explanation as nothing in the least satisfactory to their own judgment, but fearing it might have a different influence on other minds, they *suppressed* all notice of it in the remonstrance which they resolved upon; and while they affected to express a willingness to attend to any explanation that might be offered, they avoided giving the slightest intimation that such a letter had been received by them, or even existed. They presented their remonstrance forthwith to the Magistrates; and the Magistrates immediately thereafter elected Mr Leslie to the Professorship of Mathematics.

This Representation and Protest may be regarded, now that we are safe from the persecution which it denounced, as a sort of literary and historical curiosity. It gives us the creed of these reverend gentlemen, upon a very profound branch of metaphysical learning, and upon the fundamental maxims of natural theology. This creed was promulgated, after deliberate preparation, with much official solemnity; and it proves to be no other than that which Spinosa assumed as the most convenient basis of his Natural-

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ism, and which was greedily seized, and announced in the very same terms with those of our ministers, by Robinet, Mirabaud, and the other licentious sophists of later times. In accusing Mr Leslie of atheism in what he had denied, they declared what he ought to have believed, and what they now taught to the Magistrates, and through them to the University of Edinburgh, viz. '*Such a necessary connexion between cause and effect, as implies an operating principle in the cause.*' The fate of these gentlemen, in precipitating themselves into a doctrine like this, may long be a warning, how full of peril it is, that the cause of religion should be defended by those who are ignorant of the great principles upon which its demonstration is founded, or will not scruple to misrepresent them in the chicane of a worldly dispute. By proposing their doctrine as the orthodox substitute for that in which Mr Leslie had expressed his acquiescence, they asserted the existence of a *necessary* connexion between those causes and effects, in the relation of which he had affirmed that the human mind can trace nothing more than an *invariable sequence;* yet the consequence of this doctrine would be, by the very definition of Necessity, that the physical phenomena of the universe are as independent of a Superior Agent, as the propositions of geometry. The *operating principle*, which they would teach us as being implied by this necessary connexion, must reside either in each subordinate physical cause, or in the first efficient cause: if in the first efficient cause, then they teach us that the connexion of these subordinate phenomena with the Supreme Being is necessary, and independent of his will: if in each physical cause, then they demand our belief to the disguised atheism of Spinosa, who held that physical causes are endued with active powers, or operating principles, which connect them necessarily with their effects; in other words, that physical and efficient causes are one and the same, and that all things are self-existent. The propositions of Natural Religion are thus incompatible with the supposition of a necessary connexion among physical causes and effects; for the government of a Supreme Intelligence implies, that the rules of nature are arbitrary, depending upon a Supreme Will. The discoveries of Mr Hume himself, in genuine philosophy, appear harmoniously consistent with those sublime views; and we are conducted, from the principles of natural theology, as well as by the evidence of an humbler philosophy, to recognize this truth, that the scenes of the universe present to the human understanding only a contingent succession of appearances, which it is the task of science to contemplate and describe.

Prevented by their ignorance, or by passion, from taking this just view of the subject, the framers of the protest had no inten-

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tion that their persecution of Mr Leslie should cease with this recorded contrast between his opinions and their own. They determined to carry the business through the whole series of Church Courts; and, in the first instance, laid a representation before the Presbytery of Edinburgh, which they requested 'to take such steps as should in their wisdom seem most agreeable to the civil and religious institutions of this part of the kingdom.' A meeting of that Reverend Court was held in consequence, at which all the metaphysics and all the theology of this contested election were cast into long harangues. This scene was open to the idle public, and to the young men of the University. It may have been mirth to the profane, but it was truly distressing to such as venerate our national institutions, to witness reverend men working themselves into vehemence and quibbling, in an incomprehensible jargon about causes, and vinculums, and principles, and effects, and necessity. We have no thoughts of describing these debates in the Church Courts particularly, though they presented a very curious spectacle at the time; but we cannot omit to mention some extraordinary proofs that were exhibited at the Presbytery, of the blind rage by which one or two persons were actuated. A passage was read from another work of Mr Leslie, which expressed a pious train of sentiments upon the view of the works of Nature: it was thought a fit answer to this, to say, that his former piety, if it was so, must be considered as an aggravation of his present offence! The Inquiry on Heat is dedicated to the late Mr Thomas Wedgwood, with whom Mr Leslie had long maintained an affectionate intimacy, cherishing, in common with all who knew that benevolent and enlightened man, an admiration of that exquisite acuteness and profound capacity which have too soon been lost to science and the service of mankind. Mr Leslie's dedication, full of this admiration and gratitude, is overspread with a melancholy presentiment of his friend's dissolution. Even among those effusions of the best feelings that dignify the heart, and which might have softened even the asperity of an ecclesiastic opponent, it was possible for a Minister of Edinburgh (we spare his name) to pick out some half phrases, after breaking down a sentence, which he ventured to offer as a supplementary proof of irreligion. Those who have the book in their hand, will probably look in vain for the phrases that were thus perverted: they were never quoted but once, as this trial was probably felt to have been pushed too far.

At this point of our narrative, it begins to take a more satisfactory turn: for as the affair was now brought before the constitutional tribunals, those persons, to whom we have all along alluded, had to face other members of the Church, who were not

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likely either to join in such proceedings, or to suffer them to pass unresisted. Some of the members of the Presbytery proposed that all further consideration of this business should be dismissed, as incompetent to be discussed in that Court; and this motion was lost by a bare majority of 14 to 13; in consequence of which, a motion of the other party was carried for a reference to the Synod. At a meeting of the Synod of Lothian and Tweeddale, it was resolved, by a great majority, that the whole case should be referred to the ensuing General Assembly. But against this resolution of the Synod, a dissent was entered, and a protest for leave to complain to the General Assembly for redress.

In the interval before the meeting of the General Assembly, attempts were made to raise a prejudice in the public mind against Mr Leslie, and to influence, extrajudicially, the opinions of those who were afterwards to sit as judges upon the question; particularly by an anonymous dissertation in the newspapers, in which both Mr Leslie's approbation of Hume, and the contents of his explanatory letter to Dr Hunter, were most shamefully misrepresented; and afterwards by a memorial, circulated clandestinely in different parts of the country, libellous and inflammatory against Mr Leslie, and all those who defended him. It was in consequence of these publications, that Mr Stewart felt it incumbent upon himself to undertake the task of stating the real nature of the case, both in respect of the injury that had been perpetrated against Mr Leslie, and of the danger that threatened more general interests. He had been elected to represent the University of Edinburgh at this ensuing General Assembly, and must have looked to the approaching decision with a concern too exquisite to be participated by any, but those who have themselves spent their life in diffusing the lights and blessings of philosophy. He saw a doctrine menaced with the anathemas of the Church, which he himself, for more than twenty years, had laboured to establish, from the firmest conviction of its importance, not merely to the progress of physical science, but to the best interests of mankind: and he saw persecution preparing, as of old, to display her banners, in defence of an inconsistent jargon of metaphysical words, which waged war with the human understanding. Under the prospect of such consequences, it was indeed incumbent upon those to step forward, whose high station in the public opinion, and whose forbearance from the ordinary occurrences of the day, render their interposition upon great emergencies decisive. To this sense of duty we owe the present publication of Mr Stewart, so different in its occasion from the compositions in which he bequeaths himself to future times, but which will still preserve some value on account of its

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learning, after the temporary subject is forgotten. There is no other chance, perhaps, that the names of those who gave birth to it, or the deeds by which they have marked themselves during their own time, should ever afterwards be heard of, but in this little tract by the author of the Philosophy of the Human Mind.

He has stated the leading circumstances of fact very nearly as we have copied them into our narrative, and then proceeds to an enumeration of the passages which sanction, with the greatest names in theology as well as in philosophy, that doctrine which, upon occasions of reference like that in Mr Leslie's work, is more properly cited from Hume, by whom it has been most fully and most accurately expounded. We have undeniable *anticipations* of this doctrine, quoted from the mathematical lectures of Dr BARROW, from the works of Dr SAMUEL CLARKE, from the philosophical writings of Bishop BERKELEY, and from the sermons of Bishop BUTLER, the most illustrious names in the theological and metaphysical literature of England. We have likewise *approbations* of that doctrine, subsequent to the publication of it by Hume, quoted from the writings of Dr Richard Price, Dr Reid of Glasgow, the late Professor Waring of Cambridge, and the late Professor John Robison of Edinburgh, writers professedly opposed to all the sceptical tenets of Hume, and peculiarly distinguished by the anxiety and vigilance of their own pious persuasions. Having thus proved that the doctrine, objected to in Mr Leslie's note, coincides with the opinion entertained by a great majority of the soundest divines and philosophers, Mr Stewart proceeds to show, that the metaphysical test, proposed by Mr Leslie's accusers, is devoid of any meaning whatsoever, except what cannot in Christian charity be supposed to have been really intended, being intelligible as an enunciation of the fatalism of Spinosa, but (if that interpretation be excluded) a dark and inexplicable enigma. Mr Stewart concludes his pamphlet with a dignified justification of his own motives for descending to such a controversy; and subjoins an appendix, in which he has preserved those two anonymous libels which we last mentioned, and the answer of the Senatus Academicus to the remonstrance about the Confession of Faith. Besides Mr Stewart's tract, another was published a day or two before the meeting of the Assembly, entitled, '*Observations on the Nature and Tendency of the Doctrine of Mr Hume concerning Cause and Effect.*' This work appeared without any name, and avoided every allusion to the circumstances of the present controversy which suggested it. The design of it is to separate, in a distinct series of propositions, those speculations of Mr Hume which form a just analysis of our notions of causation, from the sceptical consequences which he has illogically

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deduced from that analysis, by mingling with it an unproved hypothesis respecting the origin of ideas and the nature of belief. It would do honour to the most penetrating metaphysician of the age to have avowed this essay: we recognize, very confidently, in its subtlety, precision, and quaint delicacy of expression, the talents that were once before employed with great success against a very popular sophist in other branches of science.

The General Assembly met, and, agreeably to the forms of procedure in that Court, the protest and complaint against the last resolution of the Synod were submitted to its consideration; and, in this shape, the whole merits of the question were discussed, in a debate which was prolonged during two entire days. The vote was at length called, whether this complaint should be sustained or dismissed; and the majority, of 96 above 84, determined that it should be sustained, and thus confirmed the protest of those who had dissented from the resolution of the Synod. A narrow majority indeed! most ignominious to them who composed such a minority on such a question! and enough to justify all the fears of those who spared no exertion to avert so imminent a danger! We hope some account of this extraordinary debate will be published, to gratify the curiosity of future antiquaries, and the future historians of Scotish manners. * The best talents that Scotland can at present furnish from the church, the peerage, the academy, and the bar, were powerfully displayed (and yet with so slender a triumph!) in defending maxims of received and demonstrated philosophy against the incoherent rhapsodies, the bois-

* We are happy to announce to our readers, that a very full and accurate account of this whole debate has been published since the above was prepared for the press. It is by far the most complete specimen of the proceedings of our *Scotish Convocation* that has ever been offered to the world; and will be read, we do not doubt, with interest, by all who have any curiosity to be made acquainted with the nature and effects of this part of our establishment. The talents displayed upon both sides of the question are highly creditable to the Assembly, and could not easily be matched, we believe, in any church court in the world. We are sorry we cannot say so much for the candour or liberality of the minority. We cannot enter at present into the merits of the discussion; but it is impossible to avoid alluding to that flagrant violation of all fairness or justice by which Mr Leslie's opponents took upon them to tell the Assembly, that, by the words 'necessary connexion' in their famous protest, they meant only 'a conditional or contingent necessity;' at the same time that they obstinately refused to give any credit to Mr Leslie, when he assured them that, by the word 'causes' in a work which was entirely occupied with physics, he meant 'physical causes' only. See 'Account of the Proceedings,' &c. p. 44. 84. &c.

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terous defamation, and the ignorant jargon of men, among whom the truth seemed by some disregarded, and by the rest utterly unknown. It must have been a wild and ludicrous spectacle to the strangers by whom it was witnessed, and for which they could not have been prepared even by all the misconceptions they had been taught about Scotish metaphysics and Scotish Calvinism. They may well despair of communicating to their countrymen in the South any just conception of such an exhibition, and express their impatience, that this new chapter should be faithfully compiled for the next edition of Scotish Presbyterian Eloquence Displayed.

Such was the final issue of a contest, more discreditable to them in whose ignorance and vindictive malice it originated, and fuller of anxiety to those who were called upon to repress the mischief, than any that, for a long period of years, has violated the peace of literature and the church. We shared that anxiety most keenly, for we saw very clearly that there were involved in the question, not merely an individual philosopher's good name and fortunes, or the future destiny of the College of Edinburgh, but all the interests of learning and toleration in this part of the island. The circumstances of the dispute will probably be soon forgotten; but it is right that they should be found somewhere collected, lest future cabals among the same set of persons should again disturb our tranquillity, and render the judgement of the public upon the late occasion a fit precedent to be consulted. Where such violence has been offered to the rights of free inquiry, and the best means of knowledge brought into danger, we cannot suffer the occasion to pass without a full expression of our sentiments. We waited, indeed, purposely, until we could look back upon the subject from a calmer distance; and we have gained, by this delay, the additional satisfaction of knowing what impression was made in the South by the account of such proceedings, both among men of letters and the other enlightened judges of public occurrences. The astonishment and indignation which they have uniformly expressed, even at that distance from local interests, and in spite of differences in party as well as in opinions, are at once the best assurance to those upon the spot, that their feelings were not too strong, and the most effectual condemnation and punishment of the offenders.

Among the immediate effects of the decision in the General Assembly, nothing afforded us so much pleasure, as that justice was thereby rendered to Mr Leslie. He cannot but be regarded as a man who does honour to his country by his genius, and by a life devoted to the labours of science. The discoveries and improvements which he has communicated to the world form already a large contribution, and yet seem an earnest only of what

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he has in reserve, to be matured by further experiments and more extensive speculation. The rewards provided for such excellence are, in this kingdom, very slender; but the purest of them are of that description which he has lately obtained, and which places him in a situation of at once performing new services to the public, and prosecuting, without distraction, his favourite studies. That list of illustrious predecessors, at the foot of which his name is now added, will inspire an ambition to prove himself not unworthy of continuing their line, while it reminds him how much will be expected, and with what persevering ardour he must toil to follow out their great example.

We flatter ourselves, also, that the recent discussion has not been wholly without its use in another respect of great local importance; by impressing upon the public at large, and especially upon the Patrons of the University, the danger of departing from that system of single and exclusive professorships, under which alone it can prosper. If our limits would admit it, we should be happy to insert the whole of Mr Playfair's letter on this subject to the Lord Provost; it is perfectly conclusive, and discovers all that perspicuity of statement, fullness of reasoning, and judicious illustration, for which his more important compositions are so much admired. We shall use Mr Stewart's language to express, in common with him, our hope that the good effects of this letter may be perpetuated among the successors of our present Magistrates, when the details of that competition, by which it was occasioned, have sunk into oblivion. What Mr Playfair has so amply proved, in the instance of the Professor of Mathematics, is true, more or less, of all the other branches into which the academical labours of this place are divided. The duties of his class alone, are fully adequate to the talents and diligence of the teacher, if he discharges them with a faithful regard to his own fame, and to the progress of the science which he has undertaken to expound. That exclusive occupation, which alone preserves excellence even in mechanical employments, cannot fail to be at least equally necessary in the cultivation of an intricate and copious science; and here, as in the other case, it will be found, that the capacity of doing one thing well, is invariably more productive than that of doing several things indifferently. Even a lifetime of uniform pursuit proves unequal to the mastery of any important art, in which fresh difficulties for ever arise to be overcome by untried resources of skill, or to the exhausting of a single science, where new relations multiply themselves, as we proceed, faster than we can possibly overtake them. But if our time be shattered, through its whole course, by the interfering claims of mixed occupations, we may fatigue ourselves indeed, but we shall work with no effective

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ardour; and our exertions, though they may show a certain form of routine, will prove unprofitable to others, and without honour to ourselves. These considerations, we agree with Mr Stewart and Mr Playfair in esteeming conclusive, even against the union of different academical offices, though their provinces might seem to border upon each other; but they apply, with infinitely greater force, against uniting an academical office with a living in the Church, which imposes duties of much higher import; large enough to engross the best time of any clergyman who will perform them conscientiously; precluding all other arrangements of leisure, from the uncertainty with which some of the most sacred of those duties recur; far from being adverse to private relaxations in literature or philosophy, but wholly incompatible with the prolonged and unbroken studies in which the public professor must persevere. It is not by any means that the clerical order operates as a disqualification for science; but that the actual possession of a benefice, and the proper discharge of its functions, can leave no time or zeal for another laborious occupation wholly different in its nature. Our Universities have often drawn from the Church their most distinguished masters; and the instances of Dr Reid, Dr Ferguson, and Mr Playfair, not to mention a variety of others, will prove how little it is our interest to exclude from professorships such ministers as may be induced, by their literary taste or attainments, to prefer the labours of a college to those of an ecclesiastical charge. But these very names furnish an authority also, from the best judges, that the case is an alternative, in which he who has a right sense of duty will content himself with the choice.

Under these indisputable maxims for the government and patronage of our Scottish Universities, they have hitherto flourished, and always in proportion, very nearly, as those maxims have been observed. If they should unhappily be lost sight of under a future succession of patrons, less firm against the intrigues of an interested party constantly upon the spot, and incessantly active, the fate of the University of Edinburgh may be foreseen with absolute certainty. Instead of a competition extended over the whole kingdom, wherever the required talents and learning can be found, its choice of philosophical teachers will be narrowed to a small class of professional men, who will parcel out the sciences among themselves, like the little offices of a corporation: And for the ardour with which philosophers have toiled upon sciences growing under their own hands, and the enthusiasm which they have breathed into their pupils, there will be substituted a languid, unvaried, obsolete routine; and systems and jargons, long dead and forgotten in the world, will be delivered

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over, in academical entail, from one succession to another. Hearers indeed will not long be found: the times are past, of such implicit patience: and our young men will resort, as those of other countries have resorted here, where they can be instructed in those sciences which occupy the rest of mankind, and prepare them for the affairs of life. Symptoms of this sort have already too plainly appeared, and may well alarm us of their progress. We know not if it is our anxiety that besets us with these prophetic fears. We might take confidence from the proof which the electors gave upon the late occasion, of *their* honourable and just principles in the exercise of their patronage. But we tremble to think that, by the constitution of this patronage, it must fall into other hands; and that the impulses these have hitherto received from a higher source, have been unmixed with any tenderness for the fame of our College, or any regard to the interests of learning. Indeed, since the decision of the General Assembly laid Mr Leslie's affair at rest, and, much more, since the unanimous judgment of the public inflicted disgrace upon his accusers, our anxiety has been wholly transferred to this part of the case, which we have explained to be the origin of all that ensued. We cannot leave it, therefore, without entreating our readers, if there are any among them whose opinion may be of weight in this local concern, to consider very carefully the reasons of our fear, and the fatal consequences which we have predicted.

We cannot refrain, at the same time, from remarking, that it is this very part of the story,—the interested and pecuniary motive of the persecution which was attempted, that must render it less acceptable to the curiosity of those who care nothing for Edinburgh, but as a subject of history. They might perhaps fall into the mistake of referring all this ignorant violence about causes and effects, to that sincere, though intemperate fanaticism, whose exploits in former days were occasionally heard of beyond the Tweed; and might have looked upon the proceedings against Mr Leslie as a proof, that that untamed spirit of Calvinism still possessed the ministers of Edinburgh, which, fifty years ago, persecuted a clergyman for writing the tragedy of Douglas; and, fifty years before that, murdered a student of philosophy, who, in his private speculations, had fallen into doubts of the evidence of revelation. But the recent occurrences are not to be classed with these dismal errors of mistaken principle. They belong not to the annals of any peculiar fanaticism. Such persons as have watched the progress of parties in the Church of Scotland will readily apprehend our observation. If the denominations of faction were to be still retained, after the conduct to which they were applied seems obliterated, we should have to tell, that the

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cause of genuine philosophy was defended by the *fanatics*, while the flames of persecution were kindling by the *moderates*. That description of ministers, who have always proudly avowed a more strict adherence to the peculiar standards of our Church in discipline and faith, while they are still characterized by a predilection for topics of doctrine, and by the more useful distinction of pastoral assiduities, have lost, in a more enlarged education, and a more liberal intercourse with mankind, those feelings of intolerance which disgraced their predecessors; and, in the case of Mr Leslie, have proved themselves equal to the soundest learning of the times, and true to the great maxims of toleration. On the other hand, the late attempted persecution, together with the remonstrance about subscription, were the acts of a set of men who have always held themselves forth as the lineal descendants of Principal Robertson's party, and his successors in the administration of the Church. How it would have moved the historian's indignation, who thought it not unbecoming of his office to publish his testimony to the profoundness as well as eloquence of Mr Hume, and maintained with that philosopher an intercourse which reflects honour upon both, and whose manly understanding, upon the very subject of subscriptions, took the start of the times in which he lived, had he survived to hear of his name being used by men who were violating every principle by which he had laboured to tranquillize and enlighten the politics of his national Church!

It may be expected, that we should not conclude our strictures on this subject, without a word upon the metaphysical question which was made a pretext of such clamour and outrage. We have nothing, however, to offer, but a repetition of that doctrine concerning the relation of physical effects to their causes, and concerning the proper object of experimental inquiry, in which all men of philosophical education are now perfectly agreed. Little remained to be done in improving the statement of this important principle of logic, after the publication of Mr Hume's essay on the idea of necessary connexion: except, indeed, what was reserved for Mr Stewart, to collect those imperfect anticipations of the same thought which had occurred to several of Hume's greatest predecessors; and, by this historical progress of the doctrine, to give an indirect, but forcible * confirmation of its reality and importance, as well as of the genius that was required to unfold it in perfect shape. As the principle is not merely interwo-

* See this remark formerly stated by us more at large, and the present instance particularly noticed, in our review of Canard's Political Economy. Vol. I. p. 446.

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ven with those of the inductive method of philosophizing, but is itself the very foundation of that method, it may be traced in a variety of passages throughout the writings of Lord Bacon, more or less clouded with extraneous notions, but sometimes upon the point of being clearly brought out. He declares, for example, that the design of his logic is to direct the philosophical inquiries of mankind—ad ipsa particularia et eorum series et ordines;' and, in the very first aphorism of the Novum Organon, he lays down this simple and fundamental proposition, '*Homo Naturæ Interpres, tantum intelligit quantum de Naturæ ordine re vel mente observaverit.*' Mr Stewart justly observes, that this aphorism will be acknowledged, by all who are able to form a judgment of its import, to express precisely the same doctrine with Mr Leslie's note, and in a manner still more strong and unqualified; for if it were to be construed according to that mode of interpretation which was applied to the note, this aphorism would not only imply by inference, but would explicitly assert, that we know nothing whatever concerning the existence of the Deity and his attributes. But the writer's design was to enunciate an axiom of logic; and to define the true object of all those sciences which proceed by the methods of experiment and observation; and it would have been wholly from the purpose, to have digressed, in the same sentence, to the doctrines of Natural Theology.

This fundamental axiom of the inductive logic stands in quite a different relation to the propositions of natural religion, from that in which Mr Leslie's accusers attempted to represent it. It does not indeed form the basis on which those propositions rest, in the same manner as they insisted that their contrary axiom formed such a basis. But it is strictly consistent with what forms the real basis of all those propositions; and the bare outline of the universe, to which it confines the natural philosopher in his scientific researches, is perfectly adapted to be the frame of those splendid and harmonious designs which are spread out to his contemplation in natural theology. On the contrary, the doctrine which Mr Leslie's accusers have expressed, with respect to the physical constitution of things, though they certainly did not mean such a doctrine, would strike from the face of the world all such indications of original arrangement and continued agency, and would exclude us even from the fundamental truth which is the basis of all these sublime views.

It is one fact with regard to the human understanding, that we never can perceive in the course of nature such a connexion between two successive events, as might enable us to infer the one from the other as a necessary consequence. This fact is the foundation of the inductive logic. It is another and quite a different

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fact, observed in the human understanding, that we have a notion of efficient cause: it has puzzled some theorists to explain the origin of this notion, according to their peculiar systems; but the existence of the notion in the mind, is a fact independent of all systems. It is a third fact, observed with regard to the understanding, that when we once consider any thing as having begun to exist, we infer with intuitive belief that that beginning of existence must have had an efficient cause. This is an intuition of the mind, irresistible, and underived from any more simple truth. It is the basis of the propositions of natural theology; for when we consider the universe as having begun to exist, we intuitively and irresistibly refer that beginning of existence to an efficient cause. Our understanding being brought to recognize a First Cause, the attributes are unfolded to our knowledge by a process of reasoning, equally irresistible, upon the evidences of intelligent and benevolent design, which are multiplied innumerably throughout the whole frame of the visible and conscious creation.

The supposition, however, of a principle operating by necessity in each physical cause, would blot out of nature all this moral grandeur. It converts these instances of a skilful and kind adaptation into essential results from the dead properties of matter; and the same material energy, that would preserve the order of the world for ever, renders it superfluous to have recourse to any other beginning. On such a principle of necessary connexion, accordingly, was founded, not only the Atheism of Spinosa, as we observed already, but that of almost all those Atomists, whose systems have been collected by Cudworth; and it was an idea, that M. de la Place was about to revive the same sort of dogma in a geometric form, which filled Professor Robison with the apprehensions that he expressed somewhat too decidedly in a recent publication.

In order to form a just conception of the natural or original state of our impressions upon those subjects, it is necessary to disentangle ourselves, if possible, from the illusions of ordinary language, and the metaphysical fictions of the schoolmen. The plain and legitimate confession, that the human understanding traces no more in the course of nature than an invariable sequence, asserts or denies nothing as to what may be the bond of connexion, whether necessary or not, except that (whatever it is) it is not a subject of human knowledge or conjecture. And thus, while it delivers us from that hypothetical necessity which would subvert all religion, it leaves the mind open for the reception of those conclusions concerning the origin and government of the world, which are deduced by other reasonings. We cannot close

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this part of the subject more properly than in the words of Mr Stewart; and we shall prefer a passage in his Philosophy of the Human Mind, rather than one to the same effect, which we might have taken from this little tract.

'Mr Hume had the merit of showing clearly to philosophers, that our common language, with respect to cause and effect, is merely analogical; and that if there be any links among physical events, they must for ever remain invisible to us. If this part of his system be admitted, and if, at the same time, we admit the authority of that principle of the mind which leads us to refer every change to an efficient cause, Mr Hume's doctrine seems to be more favourable to Theism, than even the common notions upon the subject, as it keeps the Deity always in view, not only as the first, but as the constantly operating cause in nature, and as the great connecting principle among all the various phenomena which we observe.' p. 549.

ART. VIII. *L'Eneide; Traduite par Jacques De Lille.* 4 tomes. Paris, 1804.

Virgile à Jacques De Lille; ou Dialogue des Morts, sur la Traduction des Six Premiers Livres de l'Eneide. Par N. Quenneville. Paris, 1805.

WE own that we are not among those who expect much from a new translation of any poet of eminence. Those who have been used to admire the original, reject a literal rendering of the words as tame and tasteless, and a more free manner as an unwarrantable change of what was good before. To translate literally and beautifully at the same time; to be at once 'true to the sense and fame' of the author, is, unless by a rare felicity here and there in a single line, or little more, beyond the compass of man's wit to accomplish. The first and most notorious obstacles are the rules of metre. The words which constitute a Latin hexameter will not, when correctly translated, fall into the ranks of a French or English verse; and the use of synonyms (which, to a reader who has studied language either as a philosopher or a man of taste, are always very few) is a very limited and precarious resource. This difficulty is prodigiously increased by the necessity of finding rhymes. If the sense of an original writer is so much modified (as all, who have made trial, must know that it is) by the imperious obligation of ending each couplet with a chime of sounds, what must be the case with a translator, and by what

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what possibility can he adhere to the meaning of his text, without sacrificing the essentials of metre?

But there are other impediments in the way of literal rendering which cannot be removed, though they are sometimes overlooked at the expense of the goodness, and, consequently, the popularity of the translation. Every language has its own idiom —its own class of words appropriate to poetry—its own artifices of phrase and rythmical structure, in which, great part of what is strictly called *style*, both in prose and poetry, consists. All this must be lost in a foreign tongue; and, indeed, some part of it is often unperceived by foreigners in the original. What we lose, however, of these lighter and indescribable touches of grace, when we read a language with which we are not thoroughly familiar, is made up to us, in many cases, by the superior effect which the sense is apt to produce on us, where there is something new in the words by which it is conveyed. We have not leisure to investigate this problem; but every man, we think, must have observed how much trite and common-place sentiments appear to gain, when they are found in a Greek or Latin writer, and how totally the illusion is dissipated when we turn them into literal English. To this it must be added, that, from the exquisite beauty of metrical structure among the ancients, and the gratification which it consequently gave to the ear, as well as from the general superiority of their languages, much greater simplicity, in point of expression, was preserved, by many at least of their great poets, than would be consistent with the spirit and tone of poetry in our modern unmusical tongues. The Italian, indeed, from the softness of the language, the delicacy of its metrical rules, and the copiousness of its poetical dialect, comes near to the ancient class; and, accordingly, there is a general simplicity of style (we do not speak of *thought*) which will not bear literal translation into English or French.

The consequence of all this is, that a man of taste and fancy, who sits down to present his countrymen with the portrait of an illustrious bard of antiquity, will be perpetually dissatisfied with the bald and spiritless version which must result from a close adherence to his text. He will therefore be led to lay the blame on himself, not on his system; to touch and retouch; to heighten the colouring; to sprinkle here an epithet, and there a metaphor; to make amends for the beauties which, like trees long used to their soil, will not bear transplanting, by new turns and images of his own; till, by degrees, perhaps, like the ever memorable stockings of Sir J. Cutler, very little trace is left of the original prototype. By this process, he may have some chance of producing a good poem, though probably not so good as if he had followed the bent of his own ge-

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nius; but he will, beyond a doubt, call down on him the indignation of those who discover how palpably he has deserted the model which he proposed to copy. This indignation is sometimes rather unjust, since it imputes as a fault, that which was prescribed by necessity: it is, however, well founded, where the copy differs from the original, as is often the case, not only in slighter shades of colour, but in the features and complexion of the whole. These two extremes, of meagre copying, and of imitation so free and sketchy as to leave no likeness, are to be found in our two translations of Homer. After Pope had been censured, for near a century, for leading his unlearned readers to the most mistaken estimate of the first of poets, (and the censure was surely not unfounded), there appeared, by a writer, of reputation hardly inferior to Pope's, a very different performance; the best use of which has been, to serve as a beacon and a sea-mark, by which all succeeding poets may be warned to turn their helm from the perils of literal translation.

The just medium seems to be, that every thing should be allowed to the translator, which, it may be fairly presumed, would have been the choice of the author, had he lived in our own time. The business of the translator is to enter so fully, by long study and attention, into the mind of his original, that he may, as it were, look on every thing with the same eyes, and feel with the same soul. Whatever is thoroughly in the *manner* of Virgil may, when necessary, be introduced by him who renders Virgil into his own tongue; for the object of a poet is to please, and the object of Virgil was to please chiefly by the beauties and graces of diction: no one, therefore, can doubt that he would have rather, had he written in English, introduced a new image or epithet, than left a line weak and unpoetical. But what is not in the manner of an author, even though good, should never be admitted; for a translation seems primarily meant for the unlearned, and can only mislead them, if it represents a poet as thinking and feeling as he would not have felt or thought. We extend this license of deviation no farther than necessity requires, by which we intend a poetical, not merely a metrical, necessity.

There are, however, scarce any poems come down to us from antiquity, so susceptible, in our judgment, of a modern dress, as those of Virgil. They are so far from being marked by that naked simplicity of style, which is more frequently the characteristic of ancient poetry, and especially of the Homeric, that they are, on the contrary, more highly and curiously wrought, than any other productions ancient or modern. Though the translator, therefore, must lose much, he may still, out of such abundance, retain a good deal; and, what is more, he may introduce such ornaments as French and English poetry indispen-

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sably require, with less risk of deserting the manner of his author. M. de Lille has shown already, by his translation of the Georgics, which is perhaps the best which has ever been made of them, that even such an instrument as the French language, in the hands of skill and genius, may chisel out no inadequate resemblance of the most consummate poetical excellence. Few, indeed, now living in Europe, are so competent to the labour of the work before us, from warmth of feeling and fancy, extent of poetical reading, or dexterity in the management of the resources of their native language.

It is natural to look first at the beginning of the poem; the first lines, like the *prærogativa centuria* in the Roman *comitia*, are a sort of omen of the rest; and many readers, probably, decide upon the whole, without going any farther. We were sorry to see, that M. de Lille considers the four lines, 'Ille ego qui quondam,' &c. as genuine, and translates them accordingly. 'On y trouve,' says he, 'l'élegance, la grace, et la justesse philosophique, qui le caracterisent. Un poëte est toujours tenté, en écrivant un ouvrage nouveau, de rappeler le souvenir de ceux qui l'ont précédé, et de prouver la flexibilité de son talent sur la varieté des genres qu'il a traité.... Enfin, le poëte Latin a pour lui l'autorité d'Orphée, qui, dans le debut de son poëme des Argonautes, avoit rappelé tous ses ouvrages précédens.' The lines, however, seem to us, as they have to almost all critics, neither elegant nor suitable. Many faults may be found with the expression; and whatever temptation a poet may feel to recount his own triumphs upon Parnassus, it would be equally improper, and unlike the character of Virgil, to introduce them at the head of an epic poem. Besides, the exordium of Homer, by a sort of superstition which has lasted to the present time, was the established model of the *epopœia;* and Virgil was, of all men, the least likely to depart from it. The author of Madoc is the only poet who has thought these lines worthy of imitation. It is indeed quite natural that their authenticity should be defended on the authority of the Argonautics of Orpheus; and we wish, as Moyle said on another occasion, no greater punishment to the believers of the one, than that they should also give credit to the other.

The genuine introduction of the Æneid, makes the following appearance in the hands of M. de Lille.

'Je chant les combats et ce guerrier pieux
Qui, banni par le sort des champs de ses aïeux,
Et des bords Phrygiens, conduit dans l'Ausonie,
Aborda le premier aux champs de Lavinie.
Errant en cent climats, triste jouet des flots,
Long-temps le sort cruel poursuivit ce héros,
Et servit de Junon la haine infatigable.

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Que n'imagina point la déesse implacable,
Lorsqu'il portoit ses dieux chez ces fameux Albains,
Nobles fils d'Ilion, et pères des Romains,
Créoit du Latium la race triomphale,
Et des vainqueurs des rois la ville impériale!'

We find no fault with the former part of these lines; the latter seems exceptionable. '*Que n'imagina point la déesse implacable,*' is a feeble verse, very unworthy of the severe dignity which characterizes the original. '*Lorsqu'il portoit ses dieux,*' does not convey to us the force of *dum conderet urbem*, the adverb *lorsque* not implying duration of time It is a still greater objection to this line, that it speaks of '*ces fameux Albains,*' as if they existed at the time that Æneas landed in Italy. In the next breath, however, they become '*nobles fils d'Ilion;*' and, by putting the two together, Æneas appears '*avoir porté ses dieux chez ses descendans,*' which is somewhat absurd. The whole of the four last lines of the translation, is spun out as well as confused, most unlike the grand and harmonious close of Virgil;

—— *genus unde Latinum,*
Albanique patres, atque altæ mœnia Romæ.

As it is endless to compare a translation word by word with the original, it seems to be the best mode of ascertaining its deserts, to try it both in the passages which afford the finest display of passion, sentiment, and imagery, and in those which, from the nature of the subject, give little scope for any of these. Such are, mere narratives of a voyage, a feast, or a procession; the necessary operations of agriculture, cookery, or ship-carpentry; games and tournaments; to which we may perhaps add, the promiscuous slaughter of a field of battle. These, or some at least of these subjects, are either left wild or unadorned by most poets, or rendered burlesque by unappropriate ornament; but Virgil, by the most perfect union of correct taste, with unequalled powers of language, has contrived to render all of them animated, various, and poetical. To render these passages adequately, tries the skill and art of a translator; as to vie with his original in the sublime and impassioned parts, puts to the test his imagination and reach of mind. We shall give specimens of M. de Lille's success in each of these.

The most sublime passage in all the Æneid, and one, with which scarce any thing in classical antiquity can bear comparison, is the manifestation of the divinities hostile to Troy, in the second Æneid, cooperating with the Greeks in its destruction. It is Venus who addresses her son.

'Non, non, ces ne sont point les objets de ta haine,
Non, ce n'est point Paris, ni l'odieuse Hélène;

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C'est le courroux des Dieux qui renverse nos murs.
Viens, je vais dissiper les nuages obscurs,
Dont sur tes yeux mortels la vapeur répandue
Cache se grand spectacle à ta débile vue.
Ecoute seulement, et, docile à ma voix,
D'une mère qui t'aime, exécute les lois.
Vois-tu ces longs débris, ces pierres dispersées,
De ces brûlantes tours les masses renversées,
Cette poudre, ces feux ondoyans dans les airs?
Là, le trident en main, le puissant dieu des mers
De la terre à grands coups entr'ouvrant les entrailles,
A leur base profonde arrache nos murailles,
Et dans ses fondemens déracine Ilion.
Ici, tonne en fureur l'implacable Junon:
Debout, le fer en main, là vois-tu sous ces portes
Appeler ses soldats? Vois-tu de ces cohortes
L'Hellespont à grands flots lui vomir les secours.
Sur un nuage ardent, au sommet de ces tours,
Regarde: c'est Pallas, dont la main homicide
Agite dans les airs l'étincelante égide.
Jupiter même aux Grecs souffle un feu belliqueux,
Excite les mortels, et souléve les dieux.
Fuis; calme un vain courroux: fuis, c'en est fait. Ta mère
Va protéger tes pas, et te rendre à ton pére.'

One of the most beautiful emendations which conjectural criticism has ever made, is in the first lines here translated. It stands, we believe, in all the manuscripts,

'*Non tibi Tyndaridis facies invisa Lacænæ,*
Culpatusve Paris; verum inclementia Divom
Has evertit opes, sternitque a culmine Trojam.'

This is fine; but what a difference, in the energy and enthusiasm of the passage, has been produced, by altering a single word! We do not recollect by whom it was suggested; but all the later editions read in the second line, '*Divom* inclementia, *Divom.*' It is marvellous to us that M. de Lille should have neglected to transfuse the spirit of this repetition of the word *Divom* into his translation. The passage, however, which we have quoted, contains some brilliant lines, which evince the sympathy of M. de Lille's mind with that of his author. We have been, upon the whole, much pleased with the translation of the second book.

The Fourth Æneid is, by common consent, allowed to excel all other epic poetry, in the display of passion and poetic enthusiasm. It is difficult to select a passage in which these merits are prominent, because they overspread the whole surface, from the middle of the book, at least, to the conclusion. There is one, however, which must occur to every man of taste, and it will afford a fair specimen of the translation.

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At trepida, et cœptis immanibus effera Dido, &c.

' Didon demeure seule. Alors de son injure
L'affreux ressouvenir aigrissant sa blessure,
Dans l'accès violent de son dernier transport,
Tout entiere livrée à ses projets de mort.
Roulant en traits de feu ses prunelles sanglantes,
Le visage livide, et les lévres tremblantes;
Les traits defigurés, et le front sans couleur,
Où deja de la mort s'imprime la pâleur,
Vers le fond du palais Didon desesperée
Precipite en fureur sa demarche egarée,
Monte au bûcher, saisit le glaive du héros,
Ce glaive, à qui son cœur demande le repôs,
Ce fer à la beauté donné par la courage,
Helas! et dont l'amour ne prévit point l'usage.
Ce lit, ces vêtemens si connus à ses yeux,
Suspendent un moment ses transports furieux.
Sur ces chers monumens, ce portrait et ces armes,
Pensive, elle s'arrête et répand quelques larmes;
Se place sur le lit, et parmi des sanglots
Laisse, d'un ton mourant, tomber ces derniers mots:
" Gages jadis si chers dans un temps plus propice,
" A votre cendre au moins que ma cendre s'unisse!
" Recevez donc mon ame, et calmez mes tourmens.
" J'ai vécu, j'ai rempli mes glorieux momens;
" Et mon ombre aux enfers descendra triomphante.
" J'ai fondé, j'ai vu naître une ville puissante.
" Sur un frère cruel j'ai vengé mon epoux.
" Heureuse, heureuse, helas! si, jeté loin de nous,
" L'infidéle jamais n'eût touché ce rivage!"
A ces mots, sur sa couche imprimant son visage:
" Quoi! mourir sans vengeance! Oui, mourons: pour mon cœur
" La mort, même à ce prix, la mort à sa douceur.
" Que ces feux sur les eaux éclairent le parjure.
" Frappons, Fuis, malheureux, sous cet affreux augure!"

It is impossible not to feel that this is very good; but a fastidious critic would frown at many of its deviations from the original. Nine lines become twenty, by the help of such interpolations as ' *Dans l'accès violent de son dernier transport,* ' or, ' *Les traits de-figurés, et le front sans couleur;* ' neither of which seem very material to the sense. But we would forgive all, rather than the three lines which we have put in italics. The first is not easily reduced into sense. A rhyme was to be found for *héros;* but it might, one would fancy, have been purchased at less expense. A termination in *o* is not very rare in the French language. As to the ensuing couplet, it may seem very pretty at Paris; but, to

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us grave critics of a northern latitude, who think that even *l'amour* may be misplaced, the addition is far from mending the expression of Virgil;—*non hos quæsitum munus in usus.* There is in this a simple pathos, which M. de Lille, with beauty, valour, and love in his hand, has not attained. The speech of Dido, however, is rendered with perfect faithfulness and elegance.

Virgil is the most picturesque of poets: none ever described nature with such delicacy of observation. Homer sometimes leaves his pictures imperfect, through haste; Spenser and Tasso fatigue with their details. But the taste of Virgil dictated to him the precise point, where the reader has received just enough, to make out the rest himself. The imagination has full play, and we are kept in that state of activity and moderate excitation, which, as it is the great pleasure of reading to experience, it must be the great secret of writing to produce. A very beautiful description occurs in the first Æneid.

'*Est in secessu longo locus; insula portum*
Efficit objectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto
Frangitur, inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos.
Hinc atque hinc vastæ rupes, geminique minantur
In cœlum scopuli, quorum sub vertice latè
Æquora tuta silent; tum silvis scena coruscis
Desuper, horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbrâ.
Fronte sub adversâ scopulis pendentibus antrum;
Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo,
Nympharum domus; hîc fessas non vincula navis
Ulla tenent, unco non alligat anchora morsu.'

'Dans un golfe enfoncé, sur des sauvages bords,
S'ouvre un port naturel, defendu par une île,
Dont les bras étendus, brisant l'onde indocile,
Au fond de ce bassin, par deux accès divers,
Ouvrent un long passage aux flots bruyans des mers.
Des deux côtés du port un vaste roc s'avance,
Qui menace les cieux du son sommet immense;
Balancés par les vents, de bois aigrent son front;
A ses pieds le flot dort dans une calme profond;
Et des arbres touffus l'amphithéâtre sombre
Prolonge sur les flots la noirceur de son ombre.
En face, un antre frais, sous des rochers pendans,
Fait jaillir une eau douce en ruisseaux abondans;
Autour regnent des bancs taillés par la nature.
La naïade se plaît sous cette grotte obscure,
Qui présente à la fois un antre aux matelots,
Une eau pure à la soif, un asile au repos;
Et, sans qu'un fer mordant par son poids les arrête,
Les vaisseaux protégés y bravent la tempête.'

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M. de Lille is very successful, as those who have read his original poems well know, in what may be called *landscape poetry*. Almost the whole of the lines now quoted seem to us good; but the couplet, '*Et des arbres touffus*,' &c. is exquisite, and even superior to the original. *Nympharum domus* is more picturesque and animated than M. de Lille's solitary naiad. Besides, it is not thought by naturalists, that naiads are ever found so near to salt water. The two lines which follow the naiad are superfluous, and not an improvement.

We will now set before the reader a few passages of a different strain, in which Virgil has wrestled with the difficulties of ennobling the meaner, or more uninteresting parts of his poem. It seems hardly possible to give dignity to that part of the seventh Æneid, wherein Iulus remarks, that *they are eating their tables*. Indeed it is matter of regret that Virgil should, from too superstitious a deference to the traditions of his country, have mingled so foolish a legend with a work which was destined to outlive Rome itself. The original lines are in Æneid, lib. vii. v. 107. M. de Lille has thus translated them.

' Dans le lieu le plus frais d'une riche campagne
Le héros et ses chefs, et le charmant Ascagne,
Sur la verdure assis, de verdure couverts,
Reparent par des mets les fatigues des mers.
Ces mets ne chargent point un table superbe:
Des gâteaux de froment qu'ils étendent sur l'herbe
(Ainsi s'accomplissoient les arrêts du destin)
Font entr'eux sans apprêts un champêtre festin;
Des tributs des vergers leur coupe se couronne,
Et Céres sert de table aux présens de Pomone.
Tous leurs mots épuisés, de ce fatal froment
Leur dent audacieuse attaque l'aliment,
Et leur faim s'accordant avec l'ordre celeste
Des debris de Cérès a dévoré le reste.
Ascagne à cet aspect, dans un transport soudain:
" Eh quoi! la table aussi devient notre festin!"
S'écria-t-il. Ces mots, *qu'on eût jugé frivoles*,
Le héros les saisit; et ces douces paroles
Sont par lui le signal de la fin de leurs maux.'

Qu'on eût jugé frivoles, is exceedingly weak; but the rest is executed with no want of skill. We trust that the appearance of a pun in the fourth line was unintentional.

The following return of killed and wounded, so frequent in the two great poets, is not an easy part of the interpreter's task.

' *Principio Phalarim, et succiso poplite Gygem*
Excipit; hinc raptas fugientibus ingerit hastas
In tergum: Juno vires animumque ministrat.

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Addit Halyn comitem, et succisâ Phegia parmâ;
Ignaros deinde in muris, Martemque cientes,
Alcandrumque, Haliumque, Noëmonaque, Prytanimque;
Lyncea tendentem contrà, sociosque vocantem,
Vibranti gladio connixus ab aggere dexter
Occupat; huic uno dejectum comminus ictu
Cum galeâ longè jacuit caput; inde ferarum
Vastatorem Amycum, quo non felicior alter
Ungere tela manu, ferrumque armare veneno.'

'Phalaris mord la poudre, et Gygis chancelant
A peine à se trainer sur son genou sanglant:
Il désarme, il poursuit la foule qui l'évite,
Et de leurs propres traits les atteint dans leur suite;
Junon sert sa fureur. Halys n'echappe pas;
Phégée et son pavois sont percés par son bras.
D'autres Troyens, rangés le long de leurs murailles,
Occupés des assauts, ignoroient ces battailles.
Alcandre, Noémon, Halius, Prytanis,
A leurs compagnons morts sont bientôt réunis:
Intrepide au milieu de l'immense carnage,
Lyncée ose à Turnus opposer son courage;
Et de ses compagnons appele le secours,
Du sommet des remparts et du pied de leurs tours:
Le glaive étincelant, plus prompt que la tempête,
Bien loin avec son casque a fait voler sa tête.
Plus loin tombe Amycus, la terreur des forêts,
Savant dans l'art cruel d'empoisonner ses traits.'

This is every where paraphrastic, and, in the death of Linceus, makes no attempt at giving the sense of the original. We have already declared ourselves hostile to the extreme of literalness in translation: but the variety which Homer and Virgil have scattered over their narratives of wounds and death, is one of their striking excellences, and forms an excuse for those details, which, to our modern taste, are often long and disgusting. The character of Amycus is equivocally represented by *la terreur des forêts*. Virgil calls him, a destroyer of wild beasts: to judge by M. de Lille, we might suspect him for another Cacus.

The grand fault of this translation is redundancy: the slightest hints of the original are 'drawn to French wire,' and spread over the surface of half a page. This is always wrong in a translation, because it is unnecessary; it is particularly wrong, where it gives a false character to the whole. French poetry, at the best, is apt to run into declamation. One great genius of false taste is enough to corrupt a whole people; and the example of Corneille, the first, if not the greatest of their eminent poets, has probably led to this extravagance.

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The traitor to his country, and the incestuous, are reckoned by the Sybil to Æneas, among those who suffer punishment in Tartarus.

' *Vendidit hic auro patriam, dominumque potentem*
Imposuit ; fixit leges pretio, atque refixit :
Hic thalamum invasit natæ, vetitosque hymenæos.' Æn. vi. 621.

From these three verses proceed twelve.

' Ils ont leur place ici ces lâches mercenaires
Qui vendent leur patrie à des loix étrangeres.
La peine suit de près ce père incestueux,
Qui jeta sur sa fille un œil voluptueux,
Et, jusque dans son lit portant sa flamme impure,
D'un horrible hyménée outragea la nature.
Ils sont jugés ici tous ces juges sans foi
Qui de l'intérêt seul reconnoissoient la loi,
Qui, mettant la justice à l'infames encheres,
Dictoient et rétraitoient leurs arrêts mercenaires ;
Et de qui la balance inclinée à leur choix
Corrompit la justice et fit mentir les lois.'

Not a word about judges in the original! The second line relates not to those who perversely administer laws, but to such as, like Curio and Anthony, who *perhaps* were glanced at, prostitute the influence which the right of proposing laws to the people gave the magistrates of antient republics, to the purposes of corruption or tyranny. M. de Lille is too good a scholar to have misconstrued this: his mistranslation must have proceeded from extreme haste, or a love of declamation. We have indeed met with no passage quite so exceptionable as this. The following, though short, is a heinous sin against taste. Æneas arrives at Carthage; he sees the walls just built, and the new colony flourishing in security and peace. A natural exclamation breaks from him.

' *O fortunati, quorum jam mœnia surgunt !*
Æneas ait, et fastigia suspicit urbis.' Virg.

' Peuple heureux ! vous voyez élever votre ville ;
Et nous, dit le héros, nous cherchons un asile.' *De Lille.*

The second line terribly enfeebles the sense, by the common fault of expressing what was implied before.

We will not undertake to give a decided character of this work. It contains many beauties, with many defects. In what proportion these are mingled, we cannot ascertain, without a more accurate comparison with the original, than we have leisure to make; and without a more thorough knowledge of what can be done in French, than we can be expected to possess: for it seems hardly just, to blame a translation, unless we see clearly how a better might be made. The preface and notes are of great merit. They do not perhaps go deeply into metaphysical criti-

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cism, nor analyze the principles of poetical approbation; but they present, what most readers will like much better, the remarks of a man, who has grown old in the service of the Muses—intimately acquainted with the best models, and strongly susceptible of poetical feeling—without suffering that feeling to degenerate into blind admiration, nor forgetting that the foundation of taste is propriety and good sense.

The work of M. Quenneville ought perhaps to meet with mercy at our hands. The author is a reviewer like ourselves. But, alas! there is no friendship, saith the proverb, among those who exercise the same trade. *Pediculi pediculis infestantur*: reviewers must be the prey of reviewers. This M. Quenneville (who, being member of many literary societies, and professor of the Greek tongue, as is set forth in his title-page, must doubtless be a very learned person) is not pleased with M. de Lille's translation of the Æneid. The method he takes of telling the world so, is the following.

Virgil writes a letter (paying the postage as far as Styx) to M. de Lille. In this he informs him, that all the great poets, ancient and modern, live together very happily below, and are as much pleased with each other's productions, as they were with their own of yore. Having ceased, however, to write verses, (probably from want of a bookseller to purchase them), and feeling some *ennui*, even in Elysium, they resolve to establish a critical society, 'sous le nom de *Comité de Revision des Enfers.*' The proceedings of this committee are, says Virgil, conducted with great order. 'Dans nos séances, point de bruit, point de trouble; chacun parle quand il veut, et dit ce qu'il veut.' We should have thought that M. de Lille might have had experience of some committees on this side Acheron, in which every man spoke when and what he pleased, where the consequence was not *point de bruit, point de trouble*, but the direct reverse. Homer is president, and Corneille vice-president of this dark divan. For secretaries, Virgil himself, and Ariosto. The other members are, as might be expected, Æschylus, Rousseau, Euripides, Milton, Lucan, Boileau, &c. &c. &c. Voltaire, we rather fear, was black-balled: 'nous ne lui avons pas fait un accueil brillant à son arrivée.' For this he assigns divers reasons, some favourable, and some unfavourable to the said Voltaire. Before this committee, M. de Lille's translation passes in review; and the object of Virgil's letter is to communicate the criticisms which it underwent, in hopes that deference to such venerable spectres would soften a heart which might be obdurate to human censure. The plan of the subterraneous fraternity was, to meet in a sunny part of their fields, where one read the original and trans-

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lation aloud, and the rest made their remarks. The etiquette was settled as follows by two very polite gentlemen, M. Aristophanés, and M. Ovide.

' *Aristophanés.* Je demande qu'il soit permis à chaque membre de prendre la parole quand il le jugera à propos, sur les endroits qui seront cités, soit pour defendre, soit pour blâmer le traducteur.

' *Ovide.* M. de Lille ne sera pas malheureux s'il obtient des éloges de l'auteur des Grenouilles, et s'il est defendu par le censeur d'Eschyle et d'Euripide.'

How much may be learned in the other world! Ovid acquired the rudiments of politeness in the court of Augustus; but such perfect good-breeding as this, shows clearly that he belongs at present to *les Champs Elysées.*

It is obvious, that this idea, which is neither very new nor very sprightly, could only be well executed by putting in the mouth of each of the speakers such criticisms as might be expected from his known character, or that of his writings. Thus, Corneille should detect want of vigour, and Racine of delicacy; Terence note all transgressions of simplicity, and Boileau keep watch and ward over the purity of the French idiom. This would give a sort of dramatic interest to the whole, and might display the poetical knowledge of the writer. How far M. Quenneville has deemed this necessary, may be seen in the following extract, which is only a fair sample of the whole. Boileau is the reader for the time being; and thus he reads—

' *Tum, pietate gravem et mentis si forte virum quem*
Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus adstant.'
' Mais d'un sage vieillard si la vue imposante
Dans l'ardeur du tumulte, à leurs yeux se presente.'
' *Plaute.*

' Il n'est pas question *d'un sage vieillard,* mais d'un homme qui jouit d'un grand credit par ses services et par ses vertus. De plus, *la vue* ne *se presente* pas *aux yeux.* Ce n'est pas ainsi qu'a écrit notre collègue Virgile.'

' *Aristophanés.*

' S'il y avoit " *mine imposante,* " on ne diroit rien. Eh bien! le mot *vue* est ici la même chose. Il est vrai que nous n'avons pas encore vu, dans ce sens là, le mot *mine,* qui n'est pas très noble.'

' *Boileau.*

' ——*Ac magno telluris amore*
Egresti, optatâ potiuntur Troes arenâ.'
' Là, volent sur le bord imploré si long-tems,
Les Troyens, du naufrage encore dégouttans.'
' *Le Tasse.*

' *Le bord imploré* me paroît une expression forcée. J'ai bien vu *implorer la mort,* parceque la mort peut effectivement venir à notre secours,

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Les Troyens dégouttans du naufrage est une locution encore plus extraordinaire, et dont le merite ne vous est pas connu.'

'*Silius Italicus.*

'J'observerai à notre collègue, que la première partie de sa critique n'est peut-etre pas très juste. Quand on s'éloigne de la terre, le rivage semble s'éloigner; quand on s'en approche, il semble approcher. On peut donc dire *implorer le rivage*, comme on dit *implorer la mort.*'

This sort of dialogue, continued through a volume, is precisely what the Greeks called τὸ ψυχρὸν, and the French themselves, *platitudes et fadaises.* In another place, Silius Italicus is made to say, 'Voilà des vers qui sont très foibles et bien prosaiques.' This may be true; but we must remind that gentleman, that he has bequeathed us a legacy of many thousand lines, to almost every one of which that character eminently applies; so that the reproach could not come with worse grace from any lips than his. Nevertheless, M. Quenneville has made one effort to preserve *costume.* Anacreon, as we all know, was a *bon-vivant*, and thought that good wine was not to be despised. The same propensity remains with his ghost, as appears from the following observation, expressed with that peculiar grace which marked the bard of Teos.

'*Anacreon.*

'Ce vers, *déjà leurs maux cedoient à la douce liqueur*, est un contresens bien cruel. Car il suppose qu'ils boivent; mais ils ne boivent pas encore, les malheureux. Virgile ne dit pas qu'ils boivent; ils ont encore une harangue à essayer avant que de boire. Ils ne boiront que vingt-cinq vers plus bas.'

After all, though M. Quenneville has followed a bad system, he delivers many sensible remarks, and evinces himself a man of taste and literature. Some few of his criticisms we have borrowed for ourselves in the course of this article: they extend only to the *first six* books of the Æneid. After which, Homer rises and compliments the committee upon their impartiality, though he thinks there appeared sometimes 'un peu d'aigreur dans leurs critiques.' They ought to have considered the former triumphs in poetry of M. de Lille, his age and misfortunes, the virtues of his character, and his constancy to his principles during a terrible revolution: These qualities, in the opinion of Homer, are more valuable than writing good verses. We applaud the liberality of the sentiment; but we are afraid the censors of the *Champs Elysées* are not perfectly well informed as to the facts.

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ART. IX. *A Short Account of the Cause of the Disease in Corn, called by Farmers the Blight, the Mildew, and the Rust.* By Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. London: Harding, 1805.

WE are induced to call the attention of our readers to this little tract, from the importance of the subject, and the value of the hints which it throws out, as well as the respect due to every thing that bears a name so deservedly celebrated, both among the lovers of science, and the patrons of the most useful arts. We believe we participate in a very universal feeling, when we express our regret that so few occasions should offer of noticing similar communications from the same quarter.

The ravages which the blight made in last year's crop directed Sir Joseph Banks's attention to the nature of that disease. The general ignorance of agriculturists upon the subject, seemed to suggest the propriety of a popular essay, which might indicate what naturalists have ascertained respecting it; and his own extensive experience in both capacities enabled him, better than any body else, to perform this useful task. He has enriched his treatise with a number of original remarks and important suggestions for further experiments, which his long and intimate acquaintance with the subject pointed out to him. It is neatly and unaffectedly composed; and the opinions which it delivers are marked by a union, as rare as it is natural, of modesty and sound sense.

All perfect plants, our author observes, are provided by nature with mouths or pores on the surface of their leaves and stalks. These are destined to supply the vegetable's want of locomotion, by enabling it to profit by all the aqueous particles which may fall upon it, or be contained in the air which surrounds it. They are open in wet, and shut in dry weather; and greedily absorb the moisture that comes in contact with them. The surface of straw is covered with alternate stripes; the one set more solid—the other filled with the mouths just now described. Into these the farina of a small parasitic fungus frequently penetrates; there it sprouts; and though its roots have not yet been detected beyond the bark, there can be no doubt that they push themselves into the cellular texture, and, intercepting the sap in its ascent, nourish the little mushroom at the expense of the grain. It is the kernel of the primary plant which suffers by this intrusion: in proportion to the number of fungi which take root in the stalk, the grain in the ear is shrivelled; and while the bran remains as plentiful as before, the flour is so much diminished, that our author asserts some of the last year's crop did not yield a stone from a sack of wheat; or it may happen that the whole produce, if ground, should give bran alone. This fungus attacks corn early in

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in spring; assumes an orange colour, which afterwards becomes deep brown; and, in hot weather, ripens and sheds its seed perhaps in the space of a week. Spring corn suffers less from it than winter, probably because the fungus has less time to spread over and exhaust it. It does not seem peculiar to this country. All over Europe, where corn is grown, the blight is known; and specimens of a parasitic plant, nearly resembling the English, have lately been received in wheat from New South Wales. Nor does this fungus appear to attack corn plants only. The neighbourhood of a barberry bush will infect a whole district of grain with the disease; from whence our author very reasonably infers, that this tree, known to be very subject to a rust resembling the blight, sheds the farina of its fungus, which the wind carries to the pores of the corn.

Early in the season, the rust, in its orange-coloured stage, may be observed upon a few stalks here and there in a field. At this period it takes many weeks of coming to maturity; and that interval our author advises the farmer to employ in eradicating those infected plants, which, if permitted to ripen, are so many nests of numberless fungi. Each pore may contain from twenty to forty, and each fungus sheds a hundred seed; so that, in the hot season, when they ripen quickly, a single stalk may infect a whole parish. He suspects it may likewise find its way in the straw, mixed up with manure; and several grasses are obviously subject to it. The former cause is easily removed; and careful weeding is a certain preventive of the latter.

Our author concludes his tract by two suggestions of very great practical importance. The first is a query, whether the copious growth of these fungi upon the leaves and stalks of corn does not add to the nutritive matter of the straw? The weight of the straw is certainly increased in proportion as the grain loses by the growth of the parasitical plant; but the question is submitted to farmers, whether the fungus has the qualities which adapt it to the stomachs of cattle?—A question which may easily be answered by the experience of last year's feeding from the straw crop.

The other suggestion is of still greater moment, and we shall give it in Sir Joseph's own words.

'It cannot be improper in this place to remark, that although the seeds of wheat are rendered, by the exhausting power of the fungus, so lean and shrivelled that scarce any flour fit for the manufacture of bread can be obtained by grinding them, these very seeds will, except perhaps in the very worst cases *, answer the purpose of seed corn, as

* 80 grains of the most blighted wheat of the last year, that could be obtained, were sown in pots in the hothouse; of these, seventy-two produced healthy plants, a loss of 10 per cent. only.

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well as the fairest and plumpest sample that can be obtained; and in some respects better; for, as a bushel of much blighted corn will contain one third at least more grains in number than a bushel of plump corn, three bushels of such corn will go as far in sowing land, as four bushels of large grain.

'The use of the flour of corn in furthering the process of vegetation, is to nourish the minute plant from the time of its development till its roots are able to attract food from the manured earth: for this purpose, one tenth of the contents of a grain of good wheat is more than sufficient. The quantity of flour in wheat has been increased by culture and management calculated to improve its qualities for the benefit of mankind, in the same proportion as the pulp of apples and pears has been increased, by the same means, above what is found on the wildings and crabs in the hedges.

'It is customary to set aside or to purchase for seed corn, the boldest and plumpest samples that can be obtained; that is, those that contain the most flour. But this is an unnecessary waste of human subsistence: the smallest grains, such as are sifted out before the wheat is carried to market, and either consumed in the farmer's family, or given to his poultry, will be found, by experience, to answer the purpose of propagating the sort from whence they sprung, as effectually as the largest.

'Every ear of wheat is composed of a number of cups placed alternately on each side of the straw; the lower ones contain, according to circumstances, three or four grains nearly equal in size; but, towards the top of the ear, where the quantity of nutriment is diminished by the more ample supply of those cups that are nearer the root, the third or fourth grain in a cup is frequently defrauded of its proportion, and becomes shrivelled and small. These small grains, which are rejected by the miller, because they do not contain flour enough for his purpose, have nevertheless an ample abundance for all purposes of vegetation, and as fully partake of the sap (or blood, as we should call it in animals) of the kind which produced them, as the fairest and fullest grain that can be obtained from the bottoms of the lower cups, by the wasteful process of beating the sheaves.' p. 25—28.

A good deal of illiberal attack has been excited by these most important suggestions, mingled with some unnecessary violence, and very much misplaced sarcasm. Certain practical men have treated the idea of feeding cattle with the rust of the straw as something equally absurd in itself, with a proposal to grow fat by eating scabby mutton. But it should be recollected, that the cases are not at all parallel. The scab of mutton is an unwholesome concretion, not a new animal;—the rust of corn is a new and thriving plant. Besides, there are certain morbid excrescences in animals, which we eat without scruple, and, doubtless, receive nourishment from. What is the fat of prize cattle but a disease? Do we not feast upon enlarged livers of geese and turkeys? or, to take a case still more in point, Is not our atten-

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tion carefully directed, in many cases, to the propagation of one plant upon the stem, and from the sap of another? There is evidently nothing in the supposition of Sir Joseph Banks, which entitles it to be viewed as self-contradictory; and it must be remembered, that he expressly states it as a subject of inquiry. As for the suggestion relative to seed corn, it is equally given as a hint deserving further examination. At the same time, the author mentions the grounds of his own opinion, in so far as he has adopted one. He has received very respectable testimonies from practical men in the course of the discussion which his tract has excited;—and, surely, to raise an outcry about the possible danger that may result from farmers being tempted to sow insufficient grain by his representations, is, in the extreme, inconsiderate, as well as unfair. Can any doubt be entertained that the hint now given will be brought *gradually* to the test of experiment; and that a considerable portion of the crop will be risked upon the authority of our author's views, only when experience shall have proved that they are correct? We trust that this decisive testimony will soon be adduced, to the final determination of the question.

The plate which accompanies this valuable tract, is neatly engraved, after a design by Bauer, botanical painter to the King;—and exhibits an instructive view of the Blight in its various states; that is, the fungus in the different stages of its growth.

ART. X. *Memoirs of C. M. Talleyrand de Perigord, &c. &c. &c. Containing the Particulars of his Private and Public Life, of his Intrigues in Boudoirs, as well as in Cabinets.* By the Author of the Revolutionary Plutarch. In 2 vol. London, 1805.

We have no reason for giving a place in our Journal to such a work as the present, if it were not that the name of Talleyrand might lead our readers to expect entertainment from professed memoirs of a person so much heard of in the present agitations of the world. We think it proper, therefore, to warn them against certain disappointment and disgust; and we should be wanting to our duty, if we forbore to add, that such publications are a disgrace to those who offer them for sale, as well as to the purchasers by whom they are encouraged. The present is a very stupid and base libel, remarkable only for the author's wonderful ignorance of a life, the principal circumstances of which have been long notorious in this country, and seasoned for the depraved taste of vulgar readers by very scandalous indecencies. There is pollution, indeed, upon the very title-page, by the lure which is offered to corrupt curiosity.

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We are very far from having contaminated our memory by reading much of these volumes. But from the errors that crowd every page upon which we looked, we will try to recollect a few, merely that our readers may be satisfied that this is not a work on which they are to rely for any information whatever.

The very beginning is a blunder. He is called 'the *younger* son of a younger branch of the house of Perigord.' We thought every body knew that he is the *eldest* son. He is said to have been born club-footed; but there is no mention of the well-known fact, that, on account of this deformity, he was deprived of his birthright. The compiler appears equally ignorant, that, for the same satisfactory reason, Talleyrand was never suffered to enjoy, even in infancy, the comforts of living in his father's family, under whose roof he never slept; and that he was forced into the ecclesiastical profession, in opposition to all his own wishes. These anecdotes are the more fit to be noticed, because such irreparable injustice in early life cannot fail to give a bias to a strong character.

That the compiler may lose no time in indulging such as shall be his readers, with what he appears to have chiefly intended for their gratification, we are told of this *estropié* being immersed in all the outrage and excesses of pleasure at the age of fourteen. We are told the names of the very brothels, and the women who kept them. At the same early age he makes him philosophize also, and even prophesy; for we are told, that after beating the watch and quarrelling with a mousquetaire, he swore, still at the age of fourteen,—

'That it should not be for want of his active endeavours and philosophical zeal, if, *twenty-five years* afterwards, Christian teachers and Christian pupils were still found in France, or if Christian churches were not changed into theatres, and Christian colleges into brothels.' p. 6.

These twenty-five years make out precisely the year 1793. We confidently hope there is not a book-club in the whole of this credulous country, where such stuff will be read farther than this page.

It might have been well for some parts of Europe, had Talleyrand been really so idle and profligate at college; instead of forming, in sullen and laborious reserve, those talents which, it would seem, are not only become our terror, but make us inquisitive about his vices. He studied at the Sorbonne, at the same time with Sieyés; and he was then remarked only as a silent and haughty young man, who passed all his time among his books.

We shall permit one specimen of this compiler's abominations to be entered on our page, because its ludicrous defiance of all truth and sense saves it from any immoral effect. We are desired

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to believe, that the following boast of his exploits, from the age of seventeen to twenty-one, was made by the young Abbé himself.

'During five years *(he said)*, that ſix huſbands, from jealouſy on his account, had blown out their brains, and eighteen lovers had periſhed in duels for ladies who were his miſtreſſes. Ten wives, deſerted by him, had retired in deſpair to convents. Twelve unmarried ladies, from doubt of his fidelity or conſtancy, had either broken their hearts, or poiſoned themſeves in deſperation. All theſe were perſons of *haut ton*; and in their number he did not therefore include the hundreds of the *Bourgeoiſie* at the *Griſets* *, or of chambermaids, who, forſaken by him, fought conſolation from an halter, or in the river Seine. He had, beſides, during the ſame ſhort period, made twenty-four huſbands happy fathers, and forty maids ſolitary and miſerable mothers!' p. 19.

Whoever would have more of this, may go to the book itself; and delight themselves with staring at this most wonderful and pestilential dragon, and with learning also, very profoundly, the manners and customs of the French nation. They may think it a new view also of the pious character of Louis XVI., that he conferred on this public devouring monster the bishopric of Autun. Surely the compiler, if he is honest in his professions, must have utterly lost his understanding, when he believed that he was serving the cause of the old government, by this flagitious satire of a court, where the greatest enormities led to the highest honours. But it is foolish to be serious on such an occasion.

The ignorant libellist makes him Bishop of Autun several years before his advancement to that dignity. He was not promoted till the end of the year 1788 or 1789; and during the time that he is placed in exile at Thoulouse or Autun, for crimes that would have deserved the scaffold, the Abbé de Perigord was actually discharging with great reputation one of the most eminent functions in the church, that of *Agent du Clergé de France.* The Revolutionary Plutarch knows nothing of this fact, which is enough to answer a whole volume of calumnies. It was in this distinguished situation that he addressed to the clergy his famous *discours sur les loteries*, which first announced his talents to the world, and opened to him, under the patronage of Louis XVI., the first dignities of the church.

We have the same ignorance and absurdities, in what is said of the transactions of the National Assembly. In order to give Talleyrand a participation in every crime, he is made a confidential associate in all the different parties. He is represented as the

* We do not ſtop to inquire, which of the two languages it is that the compiler does not underſtand.

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friend of the King and Mirabeau, of Necker and Sieyés, of Barnave and Marat, of Danton, Petion, and Robespierre, and always contriving and conducting all the opposite intrigues. This, to be sure, is mere raving. The only thing omitted is, the whole real labours of the Bishop of Autun in the National Assembly, and its committees. We hear not a word of his report on the uniformity of weights and measures, his work on public education, &c. Nor is any notice taken of the time when he was member of the Department of Paris, and undertook the defence of the persecuted clergy; or of the address which he composed for the Department upon that unpopular topic, which was so much admired for its eloquence and force of reasoning.

The account of Talleyrand's residence in England shows still the same misrepresentation and total ignorance of facts. For instance, he is described as bringing from France fifty thousand pounds Sterling at least; whereas we recollect very well, that he was actually forced to supply himself by selling his library. But there would be no end of exposing in detail this compiler's violations of veracity and probability.

He has adopted, to be sure, a most effectual method for the composition of true memoirs. He has brought together every calumny he could find, in all the obscene and sanguinary libels that were printed during the worst license of the Revolution. English readers can form no conception of the atrocity of such publications, by any thing that they see in their own language, except when shameless venality makes a trial, like the present, how much our public taste is gross enough to bear. This compiler somewhere pretends to have had access to original information; and yet, upon every occasion, we find him resorting to extracts from such works as these, the titles of which, one should think, are quite enough to give the lie to their contents: La Nouvelle Chronique Scandaleuse; Le Diable Boiteux Revolutionaire; La Vie Laique et Ecclesiastique du Monseigneur l'Evêque d'Autun; Les Miracles Carnales de St Charles Evêque d'Autun, printed in 1792 at the Palais-Royal; La Politique d'un indigne Perigord; Les Candidats de la Potence; La Correspondance d'infames Emigrés, and other such notable materials for genuine history. From the last, in particular, he favours us with long letters of Talleyrand himself and of Madame de Flahault, full of political and amorous confidences; in which a Bishop and Statesman, famed over Europe for his wit and his discretion, and a lady, distinguished in the modern literature of France, are represented as corresponding with each other in a style of the utmost vulgarity and imbecility.

But we have said more of this book than was necessary. It is

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not likely to find readers ignorant and credulous enough to be so imposed on. If the political memoirs of the present Foreign Minister of France are ever disclosed, we shall receive amusement, not much real instruction, in tracing the vicissitudes of a life so intriguing and eventful. They must come to us, however, from his own hand, or from those who have stood very near him. His is far from being a character about which we feel much curiosity; he has disappointed the hopes that he once inspired, of playing a great part; and, with talents to have done his country eminent service, he is content to be a sharer in its oppression and plunder, without even meriting the fame of hazardous ambition. But whatever his conduct may have been, it is to us a subject of calm condemnation, not of personal resentment, or impotent revenge. And all English readers owe it to the purity of their own manners, and to the rectitude of their understanding, to reject such libels as the present; which are fabricated for the profits of a moral prostitution, by offering an indulgence to the basest passions.

ART. XI. *Travels to the Westward of the Allegany Mountains, in the States of the Ohio, Kentucky, and Tenessee.* By F. A. Michaux, M. D. Member of the Society of Natural History of Paris, &c. London, 1805. pp 350. 8vo.

THERE are, according to Volney,* three great natural divisions of the territory of the United States of America: tho first, lies between the Atlantic and the Apalachian or Allegany Mountains; the second is, that district which is covered by these mountains; and the third lies beyond them to the west, and now extends, by the cession of Louisiana, to the frontiers of Mexico. That portion of this vast territory, which lies between the Mountains and the Missisippi, contains the newly erected States of the Ohio, Kentucky, and Tenessee; and is commonly called the Western or Back Country in America. Till lately, this region has been the subject only of vague and fabulous accounts, derived from ignorant or interested landjobbers; and, even now, it is but imperfectly known. This is easily accounted for, when we consider its recent occupation, its great extent, and the uninviting aspect which it presents to travellers. Here are no champaign districts, or elegant cities; nothing meets the eye

* View of the Climate and Soil of the United States.

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but the dusky shades of interminable forests, where Silence seems to have established her reign, and where the lonely traveller must hold his irksome way, amid perils and privations, without the hope of any brilliant discovery to reward his toils, and embellish the narrative of his adventures.

Notwithstanding all these obstacles and disadvantages, the author of the book before us was induced to undertake a journey through this remote country, principally to make observations upon the vegetable productions which are to be found there. But, although natural history was his chief object, he does not confine himself to his *hortus siccus*; his observations take a wider range, and enable us to form some opinion regarding the progress which these states have made in agriculture, commerce, and population. It must, however, be confessed, that he treats these subjects in an unconnected and desultory manner; and that the information which he communicates is, in many respects, scanty and inadequate. But as his narrative was not originally intended for publication, and as he was limited to a very short space of time for the performance of his arduous journey, it would be unfair, perhaps, to blame him for deficiencies which, in his case, were in some measure unavoidable. We are, indeed, upon the whole, more inclined to praise than to censure M. Michaux. He is not one of those travellers who, to use Bacon's phrase, when they go abroad, 'go hooded,' and see nothing; for he seems to have made every inquiry that his time permitted: and, besides, it is seldom that we meet with a writer of his country so free from every kind of trifling, romancing, and affectation. His book has no pretensions to philosophy; but it is plain, sensible, and instructive. They, however, who read travels only for the sake of the marvels they contain, will find very little amusement in it; for the author is very deficient in wonderful stories, having neither seen mammoths, fought with cannibals, nor intrigued with Indian princesses.

The expedition, we are informed, was undertaken under the auspices of M. Chaptal, Minister of the Interior. Our traveller sailed from Bourdeaux, and arrived at Charlestown in South Carolina in October 1801. This city is the seat of an active commerce between the northern and the southern states; it contains nearly twenty thousand inhabitants; and it is curious to learn that, in this land of liberty, upwards of nine thousand of this number are slaves. Before setting out upon his western expedition, Dr Michaux made a considerable stay at this place, as well as at New York and Philadelphia. The population of the former is reckoned at fifty thousand; that of Philadelphia, the largest, handsomest, and most populous city of North Ame-

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rica, is estimated at seventy thousand. Upon the 27th of June 1802, our traveller set out from this city to cross the Alleganies, having before him a journey of near two thousand miles, to be accomplished by the following October. From Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, the northern entrance into the western states, the distance is three hundred miles, and the road lyes through a country whose hilly surface, covered with dark forests, gives it the appearance of an agitated sea. There are, however, intermediate spots of rich and cultivated soil, yielding crops of wheat, oats, and rye. Beyond Shippensburgh, which is one hundred and forty miles from Philadelphia, there is no public conveyance upon this road; but, as the Americans are always thirsty, there is no want of inns, which are frequently kept by captains, colonels, and other military dignitaries, with the appropriate sign of a General Washington. The breakfasts at these inns are, we find, much in that style which Dr Johnson, when in Scotland, so highly approved; fried ham and eggs, with a broiled fowl, being generally served up with the tea and coffee. Upon our traveller's arrival at Bedford, a town near the foot of the Allegany ridge, he found all the inhabitants of the country engaged in a high festival, to commemorate, not a victory over the royalists, but the repeal of the duty upon whisky; and, upon this memorable occasion, every independent American thought it a civic duty to get exceedingly drunk. We find the German colonists are the most sober and industrious people in this part of America.

'With them,' says our author, 'every thing announces that comfort which is the reward of assiduity and labour. They assist each other in their harvests, they intermarry with each other, and preserve as much as possible the manners of their European ancestors. They live much better than the American descendants of the English, Scotch, and Irish. They are not so much addicted to spirituous liquors; and have not, like them, that unsteady disposition which frequently, from the most trifling cause, induces them to emigrate several hundred miles, in the hope of finding some more fertile territory.' p. 64.

Pittsburgh, the key of the western country, is a thriving commercial town: it stands at the confluence of the Monongahela and Allegany rivers, which there unite to form the Ohio. This magnificent river falls into the Missisippi eleven hundred miles below Pittsburgh, and nearly as many from New Orleans, where the Missisippi discharges itself into the Gulph of Mexico. In the spring and autumn, this river is navigable by vessels of 300 tons all the way from Pittsburgh; and from Limestone, four hundred and twenty-five miles farther down, it is navigable the whole year. In the spring, the current is extremely rapid; the boats, therefore, with which it is then navigated, are so constructed, as

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to diminish the velocity with which they would otherwise be carried down. They are of an oblong form, having their sides raised about four feet and a half above the water, and covered at one end with an angular roof: and in these vessels, whole families of emigrants commit themselves to the stream, without sail or oar.

'I was alone,' says M. Michaux, 'on the banks of the Monongaheia, when, for the first time, I observed five or six of these boats floating down the river. I could not conceive what these large square boxes were, which, abandoned to the current, presented by turns their ends, sides and corners. As they approached, I heard a confused noise; but the height of their sides prevented me from distinguishing any thing. By getting upon the bank of the river, I at length discovered several families in these boats, which also conveyed their horses, cows, poultry, carriages, ploughs, beds, tools, in fact every thing which is required for furnishing a farm house, and cultivating the land.' p. 87.

On the 14th of July, Dr Michaux left Pittsburgh for Kentucky, resolved to travel on foot to Wheeling, and there to embark upon the Ohio. Having at this place purchased a canoe, he proceeded down the river, *paddling* from one side to the other, in order to obtain the shelter of the trees against the burning rays of the sun: and, during the night, he stopped at some of the plantations, or small towns, which are scattered upon its banks. A few days use so habituated him to this mode of travelling, that he could contemplate, at his ease, the surrounding scenery through the openings which presented themselves; and wherever he halted, he made such inquiries and observations as his stay permitted. On the fourth day of his voyage, he arrived at Marietta, situated at the mouth of the great Muskingum. This town, one of the chief places of the extensive state of the Ohio, although of recent date, contains upwards of two hundred houses; and being a busy commercial station, it is daily increasing.

At Gallipoli, farther down the river, Dr Michaux had an opportunity of surveying a colony of his countrymen, who, ten years before, had been seduced from their homes, by romantic and captivating relations of this region, published by certain poetical French travellers. Our author accounts for the poor state in which he found this misguided colony, by enumerating the peculiar hardships to which the colonists were unexpectedly exposed, from the war carrying on against the savages, upon their first arrival in this country. Volney, who visited this establishment before M. Michaux, gives a similar account of these obstacles: but that penetrating writer further re-

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marks, that he thought he perceived, when at Gallipoli, that Frenchmen are not so well adapted for the labours of colonization as the emigrants from Britain or Germany. With a view to ascertain whether or not he was right in this supposition, he afterwards visited the French establishments upon the Wabash; and from what he there saw, and the accounts he received regarding the other settlements of the French, upon the borders of Louisiana, and lake Erie, he was fully confirmed in his first opinion. In order to account for the general decay of those settlements, he enters into some amusing details illustrative of national habits and character. But it is not our business at present to attend more particularly to his interesting speculations upon this subject.

Arrived at Limestone, in the state of Kentucky, our traveller had still near a thousand miles of his arduous journey before him; and being pressed for time, he was forced to abandon his original plan of descending the river so far as the *Rapids*. Taking leave of it therefore, at this place, he directed his course towards Lexington, the chief town of this, and of all the western states. This still humble capital contains only three thousand inhabitants, who live in plank houses; but it must be recollected, that, till the year 1780, the place where it now stands was covered with trees. Like all the towns in this part of America, it is still embosomed in woods; but there are many plantations in the neighbourhood, and the soil is extremely fertile. An attempt was made to naturalize the vine in the neighbourhood of Lexington; but M. Michaux found the vineyard, of which he had previously heard very flattering reports, in a declining state. It seems probable, however, that the vine might be successfully cultivated in that country; and that the failure of this attempt was owing to an injudicious choice of situation. At Lexington, we learn, there is some degree of literature: newspapers are published, and the literary journals of Europe are regularly received. Dr S. Brown, an intelligent physician, had introduced the vaccine inoculation with great success: and the same gentleman was laudably occupied in making a collection of the fossils, and other natural productions of this interesting country. It is pleasing to learn, that the isolated inhabitants of these forests are cheered and enlightened with the distant literature of Europe; that there are here men capable of communicating the benefits of its dicoveries; and emulous, in their turn, to extend the boundaries of knowledge, by new discoveries of their own.

After a short stay at Lexington, Dr Michaux set out, on the 10th of August, for Nashville in Tenessee, where he arrived up-

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on the 28th of that month. Nashville, which contains about one hundred and thirty houses built of planks, is situated upon the Cumberland, a river remarkable for the stupendous height of its calcareous banks. Here there is a plank *college*, containing one professor and six students. Leaving this melancholy spot, our traveller proceeded to Knoxville, the seat of government of the state of Tenessee. On this part of his route, he traversed part of the territory of the Cherokees, upon the Cumberland mountains; and he tells us, that these savages have lately made considerable progress in cultivating their lands, and are become more desirous of the comforts of a settled life. They sometimes appear in a hat, coat, and waistcoat; but no Cherokee has yet been known to submit to the bondage of breeches. Upon the 22d of September our traveller arrived at Jonesburgh, the last town in Tenessee, situated at the foot of the Alleganies; and having recrossed these mountains, he again proceeded through the Carolinas to Charlestown, where he arrived upon the 18th of October, three months and a half after his departure from Philadelphia; and soon thereafter he returned to France.

Having given this brief sketch of Dr Michaux's route, we shall now present our readers with a short connected account of the western states of the American Union, from such remarks and statements as the author has scattered through his narrative.

1. These states are bounded by the Allegany mountains on the east and south; and by the Missisippi, and the lakes Michigan, Huron, and Erie, upon the west and north. M. Michaux does not enable us to state the respective extent of the three states which lye within these boundaries. The surface of this extensive country, although not mountainous, is very uneven; and, except where cultivated, entirely covered with wood. The soil is for the most part uncommonly fertile: it consists of a rich vegetable mould, of considerable depth, resting upon an immense stratum of limestone, which pervades the whole of this region. Here, indeed, nature seems to have exerted to the utmost her vegetative powers. In the forests, the trees are of extraordinary size; M. Michaux having measured some whose circumference extend to forty-seven feet. It would be endless to describe their varieties; but it is worth while to remark, that the inhabitants are accustomed to judge of the quality of the soil by the trees, some species being peculiar to the most fertile districts. Such, in particular, are the coffee-tree (*Guilandina dioica*), the honey-locust (*Gloditsia triacanthos*), and the papaver (*Annona triloba*). When the trees are cleared away, the soil, through almost the whole of these states, is found to repay the cultivator with the most abundant harvests. The principal articles of cultivation are maize and wheat; but in Kentucky, considerable quantities of hemp and tobacco

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are also raised; and in Tenessee, a great part of the inhabitants are occupied with the culture of cotton. In ordinary seasons, an acre of good land yields forty or fifty English bushels of maize; in abundant years, from sixty to seventy-five bushels; and the culture, after the ground is cleared, appears to be extremely simple and easy. Wheat is chiefly raised for exportation; and good lands generally yield from twenty-five to thirty bushels each acre, without any manure, and with a single ploughing. The average crop of cotton is three hundred and fifty pounds weight to an acre; and it also appears, that its cultivation does not require great labour. But if the soil of this country be fertile, it cannot be said that its climate is salubrious. Obstinate intermittent fevers prevail every autumn, and the inhabitants are also frequently afflicted with cutaneous diseases. Another disadvantage, too, arises from the want of water in many places, during the summer, from the drying up of the smaller rivers,—an inconvenience so serious, as to prove a material obstacle to the progress of cultivation in some districts.

2. The population of this country, when compared with its great extent, makes but a poor figure. But it must be recollected, that but a few years have elapsed since its first occupation; and when considered under this point of view, the amount will appear surprising. Thirty years ago, there were scarce three thousand people in the whole of this country; at present, it contains more than four hundred thousand; and, as emigrants still continue to throng to it, the population must rapidly accumulate. Our author does not enable us to say in what proportions this mass is distributed; but it appears that Kentucky has the largest share; its proportion being two hundred and fifty thousand, including twenty thousand negro slaves. The greater part of the people of these states are employed in clearing and cultivating the land, and in rearing cattle; but there is a considerable number engaged in manufactures and commerce. The inhabitants of the banks of the Ohio are mighty hunters; a circumstance by no means propitious to the progress of cultivation; for it is easier and more seducing to kill stags and bears, than to fell large trees. In Kentucky and Tenessee, they are more agricultural; but in all places, the scale of cultivation is extremely limited; for, as there are no labourers to be had for money, the operations of each farmer must proceed in proportion to the strength of his family. It follows, accordingly, that in possessions of some hundred acres, there are often not more than ten or twelve under cultivation. In the plantations, the people live in miserable plank huts; but, within, there are always abundance of eatables, and peach brandy or whisky. The articles manufactured are, leather,

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paper, cordage, linen, flour, cotton, and spirits; some of which afford the materials of a very profitable commerce. The articles imported from Europe, seven tenths of which are supplied by Great Britain, consist of drugs, iron and tin-wares, pottery, drapery, and mercery. Besides these, they obtain nankeen, tea, coffee, and sugar, from the East and West Indies. The whole of these importations are carried from the sea-ports on the Atlantic to Pittsburgh; and from thence distributed, by the channel of the Ohio, through all these states. The exportations consist of ginseng, salted provisions, tobacco, hemp, and flour; of all of which a very considerable quantity is annually exported. Of flour alone, there was, in 1802, exported 85,570 barrels, each holding 196 pounds. The greater part of the flour exported, is put on board of boats at Louisville, and conveyed to New Orleans, a distance of fourteen hundred miles. For nine hundred miles of this long voyage, there is not even a plank hut to be seen; and the people who accompany the boats must either return by land, or, proceeding by sea to Philadelphia, go thence to Pittsburgh, and thereafter descend to Kentucky by the Ohio. Commerce, indeed, displays many of its wonders in this remote country. Ships of considerable tonnage, built at the head of the Ohio, two thousand miles from the sea, pass directly to the West Indies with cargoes; and what is perhaps equally striking, the flour with which some of them are laden is ground with millstones imported from France, and carried from the sea-ports, into the heart of this vast continent. With the progress of cultivation, the commerce of the Ohio must constantly increase; and when we consider what has been already done, there is every reason to believe, that the same active and enterprizing spirit which now animates its banks, will speedily extend even to the distant borders of the Illinois and Missouri, where ships will also be built, to carry down the Mississippi the productions of the extensive and fertile regions watered by these rivers. The mind delights to contemplate this magnificent perspective, where, instead of forests, peopled only with beasts, it sees rising into view, cultivated districts, covered with men, and the monuments of their arts.

3. Our author is neither copious nor philosophical in his account of the manners of this country; but he says enough to show, that they are as yet rude and unamiable. The scattered and isolated state in which the people live, and the mutual independence which prevails, are circumstanes by no means favourable to amenity of manners. They have not yet reached that advanced stage of society, where there are numerous classes who either do not labour at all, or are occupied only with the liberal arts. Their generals distil brandy; their colonels keep taverns;

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and their statesmen feed pigs. It is obvious that, in such a state of society, there can be no great refinement; and it seems also pretty clear, that the political institutions of this country have a natural tendency to add to that roughness of character which prevails here. The passion for spirituous liquors exists in a very strong degree among them; and their carousals seldom terminate without some serious affray. They are hospitable to strangers, because they are seldom troubled with them, and because they have always plenty of maize and smoked hams. Their hospitality, too, is always accompanied with impertinent questions, and a disgusting display of national vanity. In politics, they are stern Democrats, hating the Federalists with appropriate ardour. As to religion, their minds seem to be in that state in which gloomy and fanatical impressions find easy access. Here is a sect called *Dunkers*, who cherish long beards; and also vast numbers of enthusiasts, who retire into woods, where they remain for days in holy communion, round large fires, frequently bawling out, *Glory! Glory!* As there is no established church in these states, it happens, as might be expected, that there are few places of public worship; and even where there are churches, it does not appear to us, that the noisy itinerants who officiate, are remarkably gifted with those qualifications which are necessary to attain the great ends of moral and religious instruction.

ART. XII. *Academical Questions.* By the Right Honourable William Drummond, K. C. F. R. S. F. R. S. E. Author of a Translation of Persius. Vol. I. 4to. pp. 412. Cadell & Davies. London, 1805.

WE do not know very well what to say of this very learned publication. To some readers it will probably be enough to announce, that it is occupied with metaphysical speculations. To others, it may convey a more precise idea of its character, to be told, that though it gave a violent headach, in less than an hour, to the most intrepid logician of our fraternity, he could not help reading on till he came to the end of the volume.

The book is written, we think, with more rhetorical ornament, and enlivened with more various literature, than is usual in similar discussions; but it is not, upon this account, less 'hard to be spelled;' and, after perusing it with considerable attention, we are by no means absolutely certain that we have apprehended the true scope and design of the author, or attained to a just perception of the system or method by which he has been directed.

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The subjects of his investigation are so various, his criticisms so unsparing, and his conclusions so hostile to every species of dogmatism, that we have sometimes been tempted to think, that he had no other view in this publication, than to expose the weakness of human understanding, and to mortify the pride of philosophy, by a collection of insoluble cases, and undeterminable problems. It is but fair to recollect, however, that Mr Drummond has avowedly reserved the full exposition of his own theory to a subsequent volume; and professes, in this, to do little more than point out the insufficiency and contradictions that may be fairly imputed to those of preceding philosophers. It is only the task of demolition which he proposes now to accomplish; and it must be owned, that he has spread abroad his rubbish, and scattered abroad his dust, in a very alarming manner. After being almost stifled and blinded in contemplating this operation, we hope soon to accompany him in a more pleasing and profitable labour, and to study the proportions of the fabric he proposes to erect on the ground which he has cleared with so much activity.

Though we do not exactly agree with the learned author in the estimate he has formed of the direct and practical utility of these abstract speculations, we certainly concur with him in thinking, that they afford a salutary exercise to the understanding, and indicate at least, if they do not satisfy, an exalted and philosophical curiosity. Instead of unfitting the mind for successful exertion in other departments of study, we are inclined to agree with Mr Drummond in thinking, that they have a tendency to invigorate and incite it; and subscribe heartily to all the sentiments propounded upon this subject, in his eloquent, but somewhat rhetorical, preface. The following passages are all we can afford to lay before our readers from this part of the work.

'Many persons there are, who have conceived a prejudice against the science of which I speak, because they erroneously imagine, that it indisposes the mind towards other pursuits, which are more agreeable to popular taste. The examples of several celebrated men may be adduced in contradiction to this opinion, from the time when

Omnis Aristippum decuit color et status, et res—

to the last century, when the taste and knowledge of Berkeley surprised the artists of Italy; the accomplishments of the young Helvetius were admired in the circles of Paris; and the grave and the gay, the sage and the youth, could take delight in the conversation of the amiable Hume. *I am the person whom you wish to see*, said Plato to his foreign guests, who desired their agreeable host to introduce them to his graver namesake the philosopher. Why should it be imagined that the mind grows severe as it becomes enlightened, or that the knowledge of man unfits us for the society of man'kind?

'It is, indeed, curious to remark the strange notions which men,

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who are quite ignorant of its nature, have formed of the firſt philoſophy. There are ſome who ſeem ſeriouſly to believe, that this ſcience ſerves only to darken and bewilder the underſtanding; while others ſuppoſe, that it conſiſts in the babbling of a pedantic jargon, which conſtituted the barbarous language of the ſcholaſtic learning. If a perplexed reaſoner puzzle himſelf and his audience, we are almoſt always ſure to hear his metaphyſical ſubtlety reproved or lamented; and he, upon his part, ſeldom fails to aſcribe the confuſion of his ideas to the obſcure nature of all ſpeculative doctrines. If a pert rhetorician get entangled in his own ſophiſtries, he is ever ready to accuſe himſelf of having too much of the very logic which he wants. There is not a mere *tyro* in literature, who has blundered round the meaning of a chapter in Plato, but is content to miſtake himſelf for a philoſopher. A ſcioliſt cannot ſet up for an atheiſt, without firſt hailing himſelf a metaphyſician; while an ignorant dogmatiſt no ſooner finds himſelf embarraſſed with a doubt, than he ſeeks to avenge his offended vanity, by repreſenting all metaphyſical inquiries as idle or miſchievous. Thus the nobleſt of the ſciences is miſtaken and vilified by the folly of ſome, and by the prejudices of others; by the impertinent pretenſions of a few, who could never underſtand it; and by the unjuſtifiable cenſures of many, who have never given it a fair and candid examination. He, however, who has been accuſtomed to meditate the principles of things, the ſprings of action, the foundations of political government, the ſources of moral law, the nature of the paſſions, the influence of habit and aſſociation, the formation of character and temper, the faculties of the ſoul, and the philoſophy of mind, will not be perſuaded that theſe ſubjects have been unworthy of his patient attention, becauſe preſumptuous writers have abuſed the liberty of inveſtigation, or becauſe dull ones have found it to be unavailing. He knows that metaphyſics do not exclude other learning—that, on the contrary, they blend themſelves with all the ſciences. He feels the love of truth to grow ſtrong with the ſearch of it; he confeſſes the very bounded powers of human underſtanding, while he contemplates the immenſity of nature, and the majeſty of God: but he thinks, that his reſearches may contribute to enlarge and correct his notions; that they may teach him how to reaſon with preciſion; and that they may inſtruct him in the knowledge of himſelf. His time, he believes, is ſeldom employed to greater advantage, than when he conſiders what may be the nature of his intellectual being, examines the extent of his moral duties, inveſtigates the ſources of happineſs, and demonſtrates the means by which it may be more generally diffuſed.'—

'It is nothing to him, that his tone and his language are ill imitated by the ſophiſt; that he is conſidered as a uſeleſs member of ſociety by the heavy plodding man of buſineſs; or that he is expoſed to the impotent ridicule of the gaudy coxcomb, by whom he can never be approved, becauſe he can never be underſtood. What is it to him, though his name be unknown among the monopolizers, the ſchemers, and the

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projectors that throng the crowded capital of a mercantile nation? What is it to him, though his talents be undervalued by the votaries and the victims of diſſipation, folly, and faſhion? What is it to him, though grandeur ſhould have withdrawn its protection from genius; though ambition ſhould be ſatisfied with power alone; and though power ſhould only exert its efforts to preſerve itſelf? Theſe things may not affect him; they may neither interrupt the courſe of his ſtudies, nor diſturb the ſerenity of his mind. But what muſt be his feelings, if he ſhould find, that philoſophy is perſecuted, where ſcience is profeſſed to be taught? Are there not ſome, who ſeem deſirous of excluding it from the plan of public education? The advantages which are to be derived from claſſical knowledge, are well underſtood in one place; and a profound acquaintance with mathematics is highly eſtimated in another: while the ſtudy of the human mind, which is the ſtudy of human nature, and that examination of principles which is ſo neceſſary to the ſcrutiny of truth, are either diſcouraged as dangerous, or neglected as uſeleſs.' Pref. p. v.—viii.

In perusing this volume, we had occasion repeatedly to regret, that the author had not prefixed to it a short summary or analysis of its contents, by the help of which we might have pursued the chain of his reasonings with greater facility, and been better able to discover the coherence of his speculations, or to detect their inconsistency. In order, in some measure, to supply this deficiency, and to enable those who may not agree with us in opinion, to judge for themselves of the value of our author's speculations, we shall endeavour to combine, with our observations on his disputable doctrines, a brief abstract of his whole course of reasoning.

Mr Drummond sets out with some observations upon the common philosophical definition or description of mind; and is very ill satisfied with those who call it an incorporeal substance, in which powers or qualities inhere,—as well as with those who affirm that it is sometimes active and sometimes passive, according as it rouses itself to voluntary exertion, or receives impressions from other existences. Of substance, he observes, we know nothing; and can neither assume its existence, nor make any assertion with relation to it, without falling into the greatest contradictions. In particular, he observes, we can never assume the existence of a variety or plurality of substances distinguishable from each other: substance can only be defined relatively, as that in which qualities inhere, and which has an equal capacity to support all consistent qualities. There can be no reason, therefore, for distinguishing between incorporeal and corporeal substance; and the qualities of thought and feeling may inhere in the same substance with the qualities of extension and solidity. It is Mr Drummond's opinion, indeed, that we have no idea of substance at all; and that the

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unwarrantable assumption of its existence has been the source of much error and contradiction in philosophy. Substance is that which remains after abstracting all those qualities, by which any sort of sensation may be excited. How then is it possible to prove its existence, or to pretend to have any conception of it? 'He who would find something,' says our author, 'must be careful not to take away until nothing be left.'

The doctrine of separate powers and faculties in the mind, is also treated by our author with very little indulgence. The supposition of distinct faculties is inconsistent, he asserts, with the unity of the mind; and, in fact, we have no more notion of active power, than we have of substance. In material phenomena we perceive change only, but never the power by which change is produced; and, in mind, it is in vain to say that we experience the power of volition over our ideas, unless it can be explained how the occurrence of an idea can be ascribed to an act of our will, when it must necessarily have presented itself before we could will any thing about it. Mr Drummond seems also to take part with those who maintain the doctrine of moral necessity; and after observing, that 'no man will pretend that he can choose whether he shall feel or not,' he proceeds to state, that

'It is not because the mind previously wills it, that one association of ideas gives place to another. It is because the new ideas excite that attention, which the old no longer employ; and because the mind cannot but give its attention to the strongest sensations and clearest ideas, which offer themselves to its contemplation; and as we thus perceive certain ideas and sensations without our choice, so we constantly attend to them, and their dependent trains, until some new leading sensations or ideas attract our notice.' p. 13, 14.

In order to illustrate this position, and to show that in all cases where one sentiment or train of ideas gives place to another, it is only because a stronger sentiment or a clearer idea is suggested to the mind, he enters into an examination of the passions of anger, grief, and love, and endeavours to make out, that the sentiments and ideas to which they give birth, can never be supplanted or removed by any act of the will or the understanding; but can only be effaced by some more lively sentiment, or more interesting idea.

'It is not, then, from that state of the soul, which we denominate passion, that we learn to acquire any notion of mental power. On the contrary, it is evident, that we always yield to the influence of the prevailing sentiment. If compassion touch the heart, anger is disarmed; if fear alarm us, the projects of ambition are suspended. When the rancour of envy is felt, the tenderness of friendship is forgotten. We are impelled to action, or we desist from it, as we are constrained by the stronger motive. Our passions are not the children of our choice.

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We neither feel, nor cease to feel, according to any supposed power of the will. What, indeed, is the will, but the sentiment of desire which prevails in our minds?' p. 20.

Mr Drummond's next objection is to the common philosophical idea, of the intellect being sometimes active, and sometimes passive; and, in order to root out this heresy more fundamentally and securely, he seems to us to deny that we have any idea of action and passion at all. The appearances, by which it may be suggested in the material world, he gets rid of at once, by reminding us that there is no philosophical evidence for the existence of a material world; and that when we say one body acts upon another, we mean merely that a change has taken place in our own sensations. Of this doctrine we shall have occasion to speak afterwards; but with regard to the active and passive states of the mind, we think he is very successful in exposing the inaccuracy of the ordinary philosophical language, and the obscurity of our conceptions upon the subject. After observing that it is admitted by Locke and his followers, that the mind of a newborn infant is merely passive in receiving impressions from the surrounding objects, he says,

'It is difficult to imagine, how the soul, which is passive while it receives its first impressions, should afterwards become the agent, and obtain any control over its subsequent perceptions. Yet no sooner does the adult become capable of reflection, than we are assured by philosophers, that he may combine, compare, and recal his ideas, according to his will. Thus we see, by the light of this luminous theory, that the passive soul becomes active, that active ideas become passive, and that mind is inert in simple apprehension, active in judgement, and is consequently both inert and active in understanding every syllogism.' p. 31.

He adds, after reviewing several other speculations upon the same subject,

'We have, no doubt, to admire the variety of those analogies, and the happy choice of those figures, tropes, and metaphors, by which different writers have expressed the state of the mind. Sometimes the human intellect is likened to a piece of wax; sometimes to a dark chamber; and sometimes to a sheet of white paper. Here, it is a physical point in the midst of a material system, or the intelligent centre of a sphere of attraction and repulsion. There, it is placed in a conglomerate gland, which secretes the animal spirits from the blood. Now we hear of a *sensorium*, the proper seat of the soul: now we are informed, that the mind is a stationary monad, which neither acts, nor is acted upon; and now we are shown a curious and complicated machine, where ideas and nervous vibrations are proved to be exponents of each other; where the nature of sensations is illustrated by the strings of a harpsichord; and where mental *phenomena* are explained by hints taken from

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the *pendulum* of a clock. A grave logician of the North talks of idea being *lodged* in the understanding; and a celebrated French metaphysician makes us mount to a garret in a castle, to have a peep at the country through a hole in the shutter.' p. 27, 28.

Having thus, in a general way, expressed his dissatisfaction with all the prevailing doctrines of philosophers upon those fundamental tenets, and scattered a few incidental hints as to the tendency of his own opinions, our author concludes the Second chapter with this alarming enumeration of the topics which he conceives it to be necessary to investigate thoroughly, before we can pretend to form any sound opinion as to the nature and attributes of mind.

'It is necessary, at least, that we should know what is meant by the substance, powers and qualities of matter, before we even allow that any analogy can be drawn from their existence, and before we attribute the same things to spiritual natures. We ought also to inquire what is the connexion between the mind and the body, and what is their mutual dependence on each other, before we assert their union, and reason about their intercourse. The immediate objects of knowledge should be distinctly comprehended by those who hardily maintain, that the material archetypes of ideas are really cognizable by sense, or by intellect. For this purpose, and in order to facilitate the progress of our inquiries, it will be proper to examine the doctrines which the most enlightened men have held on these questions, and to develop some of the philosophical systems which have had, or which now have, the greatest celebrity. After these researches, I shall be better enabled to explain my own opinions, and my readers will, perhaps, be less likely to be misled by false analogies and inapplicable comparisons.' p. 82.

In conformity with this resolution, Mr Drummond begins with the doctrine of Locke, and expresses, we think, very successfully, the futility of that celebrated author's definition of substance, as '*one knows not what*' support of such qualities as are capable of producing simple ideas in us. This notion of substance he then shows to be derived from the old Platonic doctrine of the primary matter or ὑλη, to which the same objections are applicable.

Having thus discarded substance from the list of existences, Mr Drummond proceeds to do as much for the qualities of matter. In this chapter, indeed, he avows himself to be a determined idealist: and it is the scope of his whole argument to prove, that what we call qualities in external substances, are in fact nothing more than sensations in our own minds; and that what have been termed primary qualities, are in this respect entirely upon a footing with those which are called secondary. His reasoning upon this subject coincides very nearly with that of Bishop Berkeley; of whom, indeed, he says, that, if his arguments be not really conclusive, it is certainly to be lamented that they should have been so imperfectly answered.

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To us, we will confess, it does not seem of very great consequence to determine whether there be any room for a distinction between the primary and secondary qualities of matter: for though we are rather inclined to hold that Dr Reid's observations have established its possibility, we cannot help saying, that it is a distinction which does not touch at all upon the fundamental question, as to the evidence which we have, by our senses, for the existence of a material world. Dr Reid and his followers contend as strenuously for the real existence of those material qualities which produce in us the sensations of heat, or of colour, as of those which give us intimations of solidity, figure, or extension. We know little more, according to them, about the one sort of qualities than the other; but the evidence we have for their existence, is exactly the same in both cases; nor is it more a law of our nature, that the sensation of resistance should suggest to us the defineable quality of solidity in an external object, than that the sensation of heat should suggest to us, that quality is an external object, which we cannot define otherwise than as the external cause of our sensation. Mr Drummond, we think, has not attended sufficiently to this part of his antagonist's position; and after assuming, somewhat too precipitately, that secondary qualities are universally admitted to have no existence but in the mind of him who perceives them, proceeds, with an air of triumph that is at all events premature, to demonstrate, that there is nothing in the case of primary qualities by which they can be distinguished in this respect from the secondary. The fact unquestionably is, that Dr Reid and his followers assert the positive and independent existence of secondary, as well as of primary qualities in matter; and that there is, upon their hypothesis, exactly the same evidence for the one as for the other. The general problem, as to the probable existence of matter—unquestionably the most fundamental and momentous in the whole science of metaphysics—may be fairly and intelligibly stated in a very few words.

Bishop Berkeley, and after him Mr Drummond, have observed, that, by our senses, we can have nothing but sensations; and that sensations, being affections of mind, cannot possibly bear any resemblance to matter, or any of its qualities; and hence they infer, that we cannot possibly have any evidence for the existence of matter; and that what we term our perception of its qualities, is in fact nothing else than a sensation in our own minds. Dr Reid, on the other hand, admitting that the primary function of our senses is to make us conscious of certain sensations, which can have no sort of resemblance or affinity to the qualities of matter, has asserted it as *a fact* admitting of no dispute, but recognized by every human creature, that these sen-

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sations necessarily suggest to us the notion of certain external existences, endowed with particular defineable qualities; and that these *perceptions*, by which our *sensations* are accompanied, are easily and clearly distinguishable from the sensations themselves, and cannot be confounded with them, without the most wilful perversity. Perception, again, he holds, necessarily implies the existence of the object perceived; and the reality of a material world is thus as clearly deduced from the exercise of this faculty, as the reality of our own existence can be from our consciousness, or other sensations. It appears, therefore, that there are two questions to be considered in determining on the merits of this controversy. *First*, whether there be any room for a distinction between sensation and perception; and, *secondly*, if we shall allow such a distinction, whether perception does necessarily imply the real and external existence of the objects perceived.

If by perception, indeed, we understand, as Dr Reid appears to have done, the immediate and positive discovery of external existences, it is evident that the mere assumption of this faculty puts an end to the whole question; since it necessarily takes those existences for granted, and, upon that hypothesis, defines the faculty in question to be that by which we discover their qualities. This, however, it is plain, is not reasoning, but assertion; and it is not the mere assertion of a fact, which in these subjects is the whole perhaps of our legitimate philosophy, but of something which may or may not be inferred from the fact, according to the views of the inquirer. The inquiry is an inquiry into the functions and operations of *mind*; and all that can possibly be stated as *fact* on such an occasion, must relate to the state and affections of mind only: but to assume the existence of a material world, in order afterwards to define one function of mind to be that by which it discovers material qualities, is evidently blending hypothesis in the statement, and prejudging the controversy by assumption. The fact itself, we really conceive not to be liable to any kind of doubt or dispute; and yet the statement of it, obvious as it is, seems calculated to retrench a good deal from each of the opposite assertions. The fact, if we be not greatly mistaken, is confessedly as follows.

We have occasionally certain sensations which we call heat, pain, resistance, &c. These feelings, of course, belong only to the mind, of which they are peculiar affections; and both parties seem agreed in asserting, that they have no resemblance, or necessary reference, to any thing external. Dr Reid has made this indeed the very groundwork of his reasonings on the subject of perception; and it will not probably be called in question by his antagonists,

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who go the length of inferring from it, that nothing but mind can be conceived to have an existence in nature. This, then, is one fact which we may safely assume as quite certain and indisputable, *viz.* that our sensations are affections of the mind, and have no necessary reference to any other existence. But there is another fact at least as obvious and indisputable, which the one party seems disposed to overlook, and the other to invest with undue authority in the discussion. This second fact is, that some of the sensations in question are uniformly and irresistibly accompanied in us by the apprehension and belief of certain external existences, distinguished by peculiar qualities. The fact certainly admits of no dispute; and, accordingly, the philosophers who first attempted to prove that this belief was without foundation, have uniformly claimed the merit of disabusing mankind of a natural and universal illusion. Now this apprehension and belief of external existences, is in itself as much an affection of mind, as the sensations by which it is accompanied; and those who deny the distinction between perception and sensation, might be justified perhaps in asserting, that it is only a sensation of another kind: at the same time, as the essence of it consists in the apprehension of an independent existence, there can be no harm in distinguishing it, by a separate appellation, from those sensations which centre in the sentient being, and suggest to him no idea of any other existence. It is in this sense alone, it appears to us, that perception can be understood, in strict philosophical language. It means no more than that affection of the mind which consists in an apprehension and belief in the existence of external objects.

In this sense of the word, there can be no doubt that there is a real distinction between sensation and perception; inasmuch as there is a distinction between our feelings of pain, resistance, &c. and our conception and belief of real external existences; but they differ merely as one affection of mind may differ from another; and it is plainly unwarrantable to assume the real existence of external objects as a part of the statement of an intellectual phenomenon. After allowing the reality of this distinction, there is still room therefore for considering the second question to which we alluded in the outset of this discussion, *viz.* Whether perception does necessarily imply the existence of external objects.

Upon this subject, we entertain an opinion which will not give satisfaction, we are afraid, to either of the contending parties. We think that the existence of external objects is not *necessarily* implied in the phenomena of perception; but we think that there is no complete proof of their nonexistence, and that

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philosophy, instead of being benefited, would be subjected to needless embarrassments by the assumption of the ideal theory.

The reality of external existences is not necessarily implied in the phenomena of perception; because we can easily imagine that our impressions and conceptions might have been exactly as they are, although matter had never been created. Belief, we know, to be no infallible criterion of actual existence; and it is impossible to doubt, that we might have been so framed as to receive all the impressions which we now ascribe to the agency of external objects, from the mechanism of our own minds, or the particular volition of the Deity. The phenomena of dreaming, and of some species of madness, seem to afford experimental proofs of the possibility we have now stated, and demonstrate, in our apprehension, that perception, as we have defined it, (*i. e.* an apprehension and belief of external existences), does not necessarily imply the independent reality of its objects. It is absurd to say that we have the same evidence for the existence of external objects, that we have for the existence of our own sensations. It is quite plain, that our belief in the former is founded altogether on our consciousness of the latter; and that the evidence of this belief is consequently of a secondary nature. We cannot doubt of the existence of our sensations, without being guilty of the grossest contradiction; but we may doubt of the existence of the material world, without any contradiction at all. If we annihilate our sensations, we annihilate ourselves; and, of course, leave no being to doubt or to reason. If we annihilate the external world, we still leave entire all those sensations and perceptions which a different hypothesis would refer to its mysterious agency on our minds.

On the other hand, it is certainly going too far to assert, that the nonexistence of matter is proved by such evidence as necessarily to command our assent; since it evidently implies no contradiction to suppose that such a thing as matter may exist, and that an omnipotent being might make us capable of discovering its qualities. The instinctive and insurmountable belief that we have of its existence, certainly is not to be surrendered, merely because it is possible to suppose it erroneous, or difficult to comprehend how a material and an immaterial substance can act upon each other. The evidence of this universal and irresistible belief is not to be altogether disregarded; and, unless it can be shown that it leads to contradictions and absurdities, the utmost length that philosophy can warrantably go, is to conclude that it may be delusive,—but that it may also be true.

The rigorous maxim, of giving no faith to any thing short of direct and immediate consciousness, seems more calculated, we

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think, to perplex than to simplify our philosophy, and will run us up, in two vast strides, to the very brink of absolute annihilation. We deny the existence of the material world, because we have not for it the primary evidence of consciousness, and because the clear conception and indestructible belief we have of it, *may be* fallacious, for any thing we can prove to the contrary. This conclusion annihilates at once all external objects; and, among them, our own bodies, and the bodies *and minds* of all other men; for it is quite evident that we can have no evidence of the existence of other minds, except through the mediation of the matter they are supposed to animate; and if matter be nothing more than an affection of our own minds, there is an end to the existence of every other. This first step, therefore, reduces the whole universe to the mind of the individual reasoner, and leaves no existence in nature but one mind, with its complement of sensations and ideas. The second step goes still farther; and no one can hesitate to take it, who has ventured deliberately on the first. If our senses may deceive us, so may our memory;—if we will not believe in the existence of matter, because it is not vouched by internal consciousness, and because it is conceivable that it should not exist, we cannot consistently believe in the reality of any past impression, for which, in like manner, we cannot have the direct evidence of consciousness, and of which our present recollection may possibly be fallacious. Even upon the vulgar hypothesis, we know that memory is much more deceitful than perception; and there is still greater hazard in assuming the reality of any past existence from our present recollection of it, than in relying on the reality of a present existence from our immediate perception. If we discredit our memory, however, and deny all existence of which we have not a present consciousness or sensation, it is evident that we must annihilate our own personal identity, and refuse to believe that we had thought or sensation at any previous moment. There can be no reasoning, therefore, nor knowledge, nor opinion; and we must end by virtually annihilating ourselves, and denying that any thing whatsoever exists in nature, but the present solitary and momentary impression.

This is the legitimate and inevitable termination of that determined scepticism which refuses to believe any thing without the highest of all evidence, and chooses to conclude that every thing is not, which may possibly be conceived not to be. The process of reasoning which it implies, is neither long nor intricate; and its conclusion would be undeniably just, if every thing was necessarily true which could be asserted without a contradiction. It is perfectly true, that we are *absolutely sure* of nothing but what we feel at the present moment; and that

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it is possible to distinguish between the evidence we have for the existence of the present impression, and the evidence of any other existence. The first alone is complete and unquestionable: we may hesitate about all the rest without any absolute contradiction. But the distinction, we apprehend, is in itself of as little use in philosophy, as in ordinary life; and the absolute and positive denial of all existence, except that of our immediate sensation, altogether rash and unwarranted. The objects of our perception and of our recollection, certainly *may* exist, although we cannot demonstrate that they *must*; and when, in spite of all our abstractions, we find that we must come back, and not only reason with our fellow creatures as separate existences, but engage daily in speculations about the qualities and properties of matter, it must appear, at least, an unprofitable refinement which would lead us to dwell on the possibility of their nonexistence. There is no sceptic, probably, who would be bold enough to maintain, that this single doctrine of the nonexistence of any thing but our present impressions, would constitute a just system of logic and moral philosophy; and if, after flourishing with it as an unfruitful paradox in the outset, we are obliged to recur to the ordinary course of observation and conjecture as to the nature of our faculties, it may be doubted whether any real benefit has been derived from its promulgation, or whether the hypothesis can be received into any sober system of philosophy. To deny the existence of matter and of mind, indeed, is not to philosophize, but to destroy the materials of philosophy. It requires no extraordinary ingenuity or power of reasoning to perceive the grounds upon which their existence may be *doubted;* but we acknowledge that we cannot see how it can be said to have been *disproved;* and think we perceive very clearly, that philosophy will neither be simplified nor abridged by refusing to take it for granted.

Upon the whole, then, we are inclined to think, that the conception and belief which we have of material objects (which is what we mean by the perception of them) does not amount to a complete proof of their existence, but renders it sufficiently probable; that the superior and complete assurance we have of the existence of our present sensations, does by no means entitle us positively to deny the reality of any other existence; and that as this speculative scepticism neither renders us independent of the ordinary modes of investigation, nor assists us materially in the use of them, it is inexpedient to dwell long upon it in the course of our philosophical inquiries, and much more adviseable to proceed upon the supposition that the real condition of things is conformable to our natural apprehensions.

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The little sketch we have now ventured to offer of the abstract philosophy of scepticism, will render it unnecessary for us to follow our author minutely through the different branches of his inquiry. Overlooking, or at least undervaluing the indisputable fact, that our sensations are uniformly accompanied with a distinct apprehension, and firm belief in the existence of real external objects, he endeavours to prove, that the qualities which we ascribe to them are in reality nothing more than names for our peculiar sensations; and examines, in this way, the qualities of solidity, extension, and motion, in three successive chapters. In these he has accumulated all the difficulties which adhere to these conceptions so long as we persist in describing them as qualities of matter; and it will not be denied, that they are very great and distressing. We are by no means certain, however, that they would be removed, by resolving these qualities into affections of our own minds; for inconsistency may exist among ideas, as well as incompatibility among things; and we are strongly inclined to think, that the definitions which Mr Drummond has substituted in place of the vulgar ones, will not be thought to eclipse their predecessors in point of perspicuity. '*Solidity*,' he says, 'is that simple mode of which resistance is the simple idea.' '*Extension* may not improperly be termed a simple mode of duration;' and *Motion*, the most puzzling of the whole, may be defined, it seems, 'Mutation in the combinations of our ideas of extension.'

These definitions bring us to the end of the Eighth chapter; and, considering that the author has now delivered what appears to him to be conclusive proof of the nonexistence of matter, we were not a little surprised to find him begin the Ninth with some observations on 'the difficulty of explaining the intercourse which is carried on between matter and mind.' In order to elucidate this mysterious subject, he then proceeds to examine, in detail, the five senses; and, after describing the organ and functions of each, with more display of physiological erudition than was perhaps necessary, he proceeds to show, that because men differ in their opinions of the same object, it is impossible to suppose that they actually perceive any real object at all,—as a real existence must always appear the same to those who actually perceive it. This inquiry is extremely amusing, and is enlivened with a great variety of learned anecdotes and curious observations; but it appears to us to be altogether sophistical and unsatisfactory, with a view to the object for which it seems to have been undertaken. There are many reasons which confirm us in this opinion.

In the first place, if the author really thought that we never perceived external objects themselves, but were merely conscious

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of certain changes in our own sensations, it was inconsistent in him to say any thing of the intercourse that subsists between mind and matter, or of the difficulties that attend upon that inquiry. In the second place, it is quite inconsistent to begin an inquiry, the object of which is to show, that we have no reason to believe in the existence of matter at all, by an elaborate description of the *material* organs of sense, and an abstract of the physiological theories which account for their operation. In the third place, if he really believes that matter does not exist, he cannot, with any consistency, seek to support that opinion, by referring to the opposite opinions which *different individuals* entertain as to the supposed objects of their perception; because, if matter does not exist, we can have no evidence for the existence of different individuals, and can found no argument on the disagreement of their opinions. Finally, it is remarkable, that the disagreements which Mr Drummond has specified, are none of them of a nature to justify his conclusions, even if the shape of his argument entitled him to refer to them.

His illustrations are of this nature. Water, which feels tepid to a Laplander, would appear cold to a native of Sumatra. But the same water cannot be both hot and cold: therefore, it is to be inferred that neither of them is affected by any real quality in the external body, but that each describes merely his own sensations. Now, the conclusion here is plainly altogether unwarranted by the fact; and it is quite certain that both the persons in question perceive the same quality in the water, though they are affected by it in a different manner. Heat and cold are not different qualities, but different degrees of the same quality, and probably exist only relatively to each other. If the water is of a higher temperature than the air, or the body of the person who touches it, he will call it warm; if of a lower temperature, he will call it cold. But this does not prove, by any means, that the difference between two distinct temperatures is ideal, or that it is not always perceived by all individuals in the very same way. If Mr Drummond could find out a person who not only thought the water cold which other people called warm, but also thought that warm which they perceived to be cold, he might have some foundation for his inference; but while all mankind agree that ice is cold, and steam hot, and concur indeed most exactly in their judgments of the *comparative* heat of all external bodies, it is plainly a mere quibble on the convertible nature of these qualities, to call in question the identity of their perceptions, because they make the variable standard of their own temperature the rule for denominating other bodies hot or cold. In the same way, Mr Drummond goes on to say, one man calls the flavour of assafetida nauseous, and another

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thinks it agreeable;—one nation delights in a species of food which to its neighbours appears disgusting. How, then, can we suppose that they perceive the same real qualities, when their judgments in regard to them are so diametrically opposite? Now, nothing, we conceive, is more obvious than the fallacy of this reasoning. The *liking*, or *disliking*, of men to a particular object, has nothing to do with the perception of its external qualities; and they may differ entirely as to their opinion of its agreeableness, though they concur perfectly as to the description of its properties. One man may admire a tall woman, and another a short one; but it would be rather rash to infer, that they did not agree in recognizing a difference in stature, or that they had no uniform ideas of magnitude in general. In the same way, one person may have an antipathy to salt meat, and another a liking for it; but they both perceive it to be salt, and both agree in describing it by that appellation. To give any degree of plausibility to Mr Drummond's inferences, it would be necessary for him to show that some men thought brandy and Cayenne pepper insipid and tasteless, and objected at the same time to milk and spring water as excessively acrid and pungent.

These observations appear to us so extremely obvious, and at the same time so decisive of the fallacy of this part of our author's speculations, that we are really surprised how a writer of so much acuteness should have failed to anticipate them. The chapter, however, contains a great number of curious particulars, and affords more satisfactory evidence of the author's extent of reading, than of the soundness of his abstract philosophy.

With these remarks upon the senses, which the disciple of Berkeley will hardly allow to form any valuable addition to his favourite theory, Mr Drummond closes the *first* part of his performance; and proceeds, in the *second*, 'to review the systems and opinions of the most eminent philosophers who have flourished since the revival of letters.' His object, in this inquiry, is to show, that 'there is no system which has consistently accounted for intellectual phenomena, while the doctrine of *substance*, with its powers and attributes, has been admitted.' All that we know with certainty of Mr Drummond's own system, is, that he entirely rejects this doctrine. In this review, he enters very much at large into the reasoning of the authors whom he enumerates; and, without adhering very rigidly, in so far as we can discover, to any one set of opinions himself, controverts and confutes the greater part of their positions with singular ingenuity and address. It will not be required of us to follow him exactly through the whole extent of this winding and rugged path; but we can safely promise to those whose

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inclinations may lead them to venture upon it, that they will be entertained with as rich a display of learning and ingenuity, and refreshed with a larger allowance of ornament and eloquence, than they will easily find in any other metaphysical publication. The author, whose disapprobation seems to be extended, with laudable impartiality, to antient and modern, and foreign and domestic philosophers, has digested the systems of each with more diligence, and exhibited them with more impartiality, than is commonly to be found in an antagonist; and has availed himself, in particular, of his familiarity with the Greek writers, to trace out the origin of many truths and many errors that have recently been claimed as discoveries. We shall do little more than indicate the course of his investigation.

He begins with Des-Cartes, of whose system he favours us with a very copious exposition, and spends more time than we should have conceived necessary in exposing the fallacy of his famous axiom, 'Cogito, ergo sum,' which evidently assumes the conclusion at the outset; and of his other great maxim, 'That whatever is clearly perceived and understood, must be true;' which is confuted, not only by the cases of madness and dreaming, but by the example of every dispute in which two men sincerely advance contradictory positions. He objects too, with reason, to this philosopher's division and catalogue of substances; and concludes with the following passage, which seems to us to contain the result of his own meditations upon those intricate subjects.

'We are not satisfied with speaking of the objects of our perception —of what we feel and understand. We seek to attach ideas to mere abstractions, and to give being to pure denominations. The dreams of our imaginations become the standards of our faith. Essences, which cannot be defined; substances, which cannot be conceived; powers, which have never been comprehended; and causes, which operate, we know not how; are sounds familiar to the language of error. Accustomed to hear them from our infancy, we seldom inquire into their meaning. Our early associations form the code of our reason. We forget our first impressions; nor recollect how simple are the elements of all our knowledge. Deluded by his own mind, man continues to wander in the mazes of the labyrinth which lyes before him, unsuspicious of his deviations from the truth. Like some knight of romance in an enchanted palace, he mistakes the fictitious for the real, and the false for the true. He is dazzled by the effulgence of the meteor, and thinks he sees by the light of the sun. The prisoner, who dreams in his dungeon, imagines himself walking abroad in the fields, or in the streets. He enjoys the sweets of fancied liberty. See, how gladly he inhales the fresh air of the morning, or embraces the friends whom he loves. He suspects not, that the world, which he has revisited, exists only in himself; and that he must shortly awake to the conviction of his error—to

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ſolitude, captivity, and ſorrow. Is there no being who reſembles this dreamer? Is there not one who perceives his own ideas, and calls them external objects; who thinks he diſtinguiſhes the truth, and who ſees it not; who graſps at ſhadows, and who follows phantoms; who paſſes from the cradle to the tomb, the dupe, and often the victim, of the illuſions which he himſelf has created?' p. 166–7.

From Des-Cartes Mr Drummond passes to Lord Bacon; and, in animadverting on his distinction of souls into rational and irrational, takes occasion to observe, that, in most of the antient systems, 'mind was rather sought for and described as *that which produces motion*, than as that which perceives and understands.' He then objects to the distribution of mind into several distinct powers or faculties; and observes,

'In attributing powers to the mind, it would be well to conſider what we mean by the mind; and, before we aſſert that this acts by its powers upon ideas, we ought to know how it can be diſtinguiſhed from its ideas, and how our ſouls can be ſhown to be different from our thoughts and feelings. It is yet more embarraſſing to conceive what is meant by the action of powers upon ideas. Bodies are ſaid to impinge, and to impel each other—to tranſmit powers, and to communicate motion; but when this mode of reaſoning is applied to our intellectual nature, a very little reflection may ſuffice to convince us, that the analogy is altogether inadmiſſible.' p. 180–1.

In a short appendix to this chapter, we are presented with some striking observations on our supposed idea of power, and on the celebrated question of liberty and necessity.

The Third chapter contains an eloquent exposition of the materialism which may be founded on the *vis insita*, the *vis inertiæ*, the necessary reaction of bodies, and other groundworks of the Newtonian philosophy. If we admit the necessity of a first cause, however, it appears to us that there is nothing very formidable in these objections.

The Fourth chapter exhibits a copious and very learned view of the system of Spinoza, in the form of a dialogue between an abettor of Naturalism and a zealous but precipitate Deist. The infidel displays great learning, acuteness, and eloquence; but his materialism appears to us to be extremely weak and inconsequent: nor can we readily conceive how Mr Drummond, whose own opinions seem to tend so strongly to the opposite extreme of idealism, should have thought it worth while to exhibit it at so great length, and with such advantages of diction. As a specimen of learned sophistry and imposing argumentation, the speech of Hylus, however, is deserving of peculiar attention.

The next chapter treats of those theories in general, which account for the phenomena of perception, &c. by the imaginary

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action of the animal spirits, or other material *intermedia.* The absurdity of these suppositions is exposed with great force and vivacity. After tracing the series of imaginary actions from the muscles back to the fountains of animal spirits in the brain, the author very maliciously asks, 'But what puts the animal spirits in motion? If it be answered, that this is done by volition; it may again be asked, why volition, which does so much, should not be permitted to do all?' This, we think, is no less conclusive than the following observation.

'But allowing to the disciples of Hippocrates, that the animal spirits are really secreted from the blood; it yet remains to be shown, how the intercourse between mind and matter is better understood by the help of the system which I have been examining. The difference is still infinite between that which is neither solid nor extended, which has no form, and which has no reference to place, and that which is predicated to be both solid and extended, which has form, and which has reference to place. We may imagine matter as much refined from matter as we will, and we may fatigue fancy in describing its tenuity; but we shall find it under all its forms equally incapable of thought and intelligence. To suppose mental perception to be the result of material mechanism, is, indeed, a bungling artifice of shallow philosophy. There is no resemblance between an idea, and any thing which may belong to body; between active intellect, and inert matter; between the mind which thinks, and the organ which is said to receive and to convey sensation.' p. 287.

This reasoning is conclusive against Hartley's hypothetical system of vibrations, which is dissected in the ensuing chapter. Mr Drummond takes his leave of it in these words.

'Is it possible, then, to avoid smiling, when we read the history of vibrations, and the genealogy of ideas, as they are stated in the solemn and positive language of Hartley? It is pleasant to be told, in the concise style of Euclid, that natural vibrations are begotten by certain full-blooded arteries upon the medullary substance; that external objects also impress this same susceptible substance, and are the fathers of præternatural vibrations; that a commerce ensues between natural and præternatural vibrations, whence springs a numerous progeny of vibratiuncles; and, finally, that ideas and sensations are generated by natural and præternatural vibrations—by vibratiuncles and pulsations—by parents and by children, mingled together in a state of general, incestuous, and unnatural libidinage.' p. 294.

The Seventh chapter directs the same reasoning, and the same ridicule against the system of Tucker. We have nothing to urge in defence of it; but we cannot so readily acquiesce in the censure which is passed upon the style of this writer, or the invective in which the author indulges, against his familiar, but most apt and ingenious illustrations. In didactic composition, perspicuity is every thing; and that simile is always the best, which most

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forcibly arrests the attention, and most clearly refers to the subject of comparison. In illustration of this censure upon the comparisons of Tucker, Mr Drummond is led, however, to present us with a variety of remarks upon rhetoric, in which he endeavours to define the true character of philosophical eloquence; and is somewhat florid in his condemnation of ambitious ornament, and idle declamation. He concludes this curious and entertaining digression, with some critical remarks on the style of the most eminent philosophical writers, ancient and modern. Of the spirit with which this review is executed, our readers may judge from the following specimen.

'Second only to Plato in magnificence of diction, surpassing him perhaps, in perspicuity, variety, and harmony, Cicero has adorned and illustrated philosophy with all the splendour of the brightest eloquence. The road which he took must, at first, have appeared to many to be rugged and difficult, for it had then been explored by few of his countrymen; but he showed so many various prospects, pointed out such interesting objects, and conversed all the while with so much spirit, elegance and urbanity, that labour forgot its fatigues, and prejudice its alarms; nor can it be doubted but that the taste for learning, which distinguished his age, was owing, in a considerable degree, to the influence and the example of Tully. It is pleasing to be instructed in the wisdom of Greece by the greatest orator of Rome. It is consoling to the solitary metaphysician of the present day, when he recollects, that his favourite studies, which have been falling into disrepute ever since English literature has been in its wane, were assiduously cultivated, in the most brilliant æras of human grandeur, by the sages and the heroes of Greece, by the chiefs of the Roman commonwealth, by warriors who subdued, and by statesmen who governed, the world.' p. 318–19.

The next chapter is occupied with the *monads*—the *preestablished harmony*—and the *sufficient reason* of Leibnitz. In the introduction to his remarks on this writer, Mr Drummond has presented his reader with a learned abstract of all the *atomical* philosophy of the ancients, and a curious deduction of this doctrine, down to the accomplished monads of the German philosopher. His system, we think, is radically absurd in all its parts. Of the monads, it is enough, perhaps, to observe, with Mr Drummond, that 'if there be no extended parts of matter, there can be no such thing as body; the repetition of that which is unextended, can never produce any thing extended.' The preestablished harmony is a wild chimera; and the sufficient reason is nothing else but fate or necessity, under a new appellation.

The Ninth chapter is dedicated to the philosophy of Kant, whom our author treats with little ceremony or respect; and, in truth, his arrogance and obscurity do not entitle him to much

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consideration. We have expressed our opinion of this transcendental system, at great length in a former article.

The last chapter undertakes nothing less than a defence of the theory of Ideas, against the arguments of Dr Reid. This is a bold attempt; but, we are inclined to think, not a successful one. Mr Drummond begins with the old axiom, that nothing can act but where it is; and infers, that as real material objects cannot penetrate to the seat of the soul, that sentient principle can only perceive certain images or ideas of them, against the admission of which he conceives there can be no considerable obstacle. Now, it is needless, we think, to investigate the legitimacy of this reasoning very narrowly, because the foundation, we are persuaded, is unsound. The axiom, we believe, is now admitted to be fallacious by most of those who have paid any attention to the subject. But what does Mr Drummond understand exactly by *ideas?* Does he mean certain films, shadows, or *simulacra*, proceeding from real external existences, and passing through real external organs to the local habitation of the soul? If he means this, then he admits the existence of a material world, as clearly as Dr Reid does, and subjects himself to all the ridicule and the censure which he has himself so justly bestowed upon the hypothesis of animal spirits, or any other supposition, which explains the intercourse between mind and matter, by imagining some matter, of so fine a nature, as almost to graduate into mind. If, on the other hand, by ideas, Mr Drummond really means nothing but sensations and perceptions (as we have already explained that word), it is quite obvious that Dr Reid has never called their existence in question; and the whole debate is merely about the presumptions for the existence of an external world, or the reasonableness of trusting to an indestructible belief for the existence of certain external causes of these sensations. We cannot help doubting, whether Mr Drummond has clearly stated to himself, in which of these two senses he proposes to defend the doctrine of ideas. The doctrine of images is the only one, in behalf of which he can claim the support of the ancient philosophers; and it is to it he seems to allude, in several of the remarks which he makes on the illusions of sight. On the other supposition, however, he has no occasion to dispute with Dr Reid about the existence of ideas; for the doctor assuredly did not deny that we had sensations and perceptions, notions, recollections, and all the other affections of mind to which the word idea may be applied, in the other sense of it. There can be no question here, but about the *origin* of these ideas; which belongs to another chapter.

Mr Drummond seems to lay the whole stress of his argument upon a position of Hume's, which he applies himself to vindicate

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from the objections which Dr Reid has urged against it. 'The table which I see,' says Mr Hume, 'diminishes as I remove from it; but the real table suffers no alteration:—it was nothing but its image, therefore, which was present to the mind.' Now this statement, we think, admits pretty explicitly, that there is a real table, the image of which is presented to the mind: but, at all events we conceive that the phenomenon may be easily reconciled with the supposition of its real existence. Dr Reid's error, if there be one, seems to consist in his having asserted positively, and without any qualification, that it is the real table which we perceive when our eyes are turned towards it. When the matter is considered very strictly, it will be found, perhaps, that by the sense of seeing we can perceive nothing but *light*, variously arranged and diversified; and that, when we look at the table, we see nothing, in fact, but the rays of light which are reflected from it to the eye. Independently of the cooperation of our other senses, it seems generally to be admitted, that we should perceive nothing by seeing, but an assemblage of colours, divided by different lines; and our only visual notion of the table would therefore be that of a definite portion of light, distinguished by its colour from the other portions that were perceived at the same time. It seems equally impossible to dispute, however, that we should receive from this impression the belief and conception of an external existence, and that we should have the very same evidence for its reality, as for that of the objects of our other senses. But if the external existence of light be admitted, a very slight attention to its laws and properties, will show how its appearances must vary, according to our distance from the objects which emit it. We perceive the form of bodies by sight, in short, very nearly as a blind man perceives them by tracing their extremities with his stick; it is only the light in one case, and the stick in the other, that is properly felt or perceived; but the real form of the object is indicated, in both cases, by the state and disposition of the medium which connects it with our sensations. It is by the sense of touch, no doubt, that we discover that the rays of light which strike our eyes with the impressions of form and colour, proceed from distant objects, which are solid and extended in three dimensions; and it is only by recollecting what we have learned from this sense, that we are enabled to conceive them as endued with these qualities. By the eye we do not perceive these qualities; nor, in strictness of speech, do we perceive, by this sense, any qualities whatever of the object; we perceive merely the light which it reflects, distinguished by its colour from the other light that falls on the eye along with it, and assuming a new form and extension, according as the dis-

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tance or position of the body is varied in regard to us. These variations are clearly explained by the known properties of light, as ascertained by experiment, and evidently afford no ground for supposing any alteration in the object which emits it, or for throwing any doubts upon the real existence of such an object. Because the divergence of the rays of light varies with the distance between their origin and the eye, is there the slightest reason for pretending, that the magnitude of the object from which they proceed must be held to have varied also?

Mr Drummond concludes the volume with some general remarks on the obstacles which all abstract and refined philosophy must expect to meet with, from vulgar prejudices, and the imperfections of ordinary language. The obstacles are certainly real: but they will be least felt we believe by the soundest philosophers.

Upon the whole, the author of 'Academical Questions' is indubitably a person of great reading, and much natural acuteness: but he has taken too wide a range, we think, in his speculations, and indulged somewhat too much in a vein of controversial declamation. He often seems to think more of demolishing his antagonist, than of enlightening his reader; and sometimes appears to enlarge upon a topic, as much for the display of his eloquence, as for the support of his reasoning. By frequent reference to the Greek writers, and continual allusions to the usages of antiquity, he expected perhaps to seduce the scholars of the South into metaphysical investigations, and to engage the attention of polite readers, by a certain vivacity and polish in the turn of his expression. If this was his view, however, he certainly ought not to have plunged at first into the great gulph of substance and entity. At all events, it is proper that he should settle his creed with the initiated votaries of the science, before he exert himself to make converts among the multitude; and as we hope that the addition which this volume must have made to his literary reputation, will tempt him to go on with his researches, we would exhort him to meditate his subject without reference to books; and to think less of the style in which he is to promulgate his discoveries.

ART. XIII. *Observations on the Present State of the Highlands of Scotland; with a View of the Causes and probable Consequences of Emigration.* By the Earl of Selkirk. Longman & Co. London. And Constable & Co. Edinburgh. 8vo. pp. 224. App. pp. lvi.

IN one of the articles of our First Number, we expressed a wish that some writer would afford us a proper opportunity of

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laying before our readers the true history of the emigrations from the Highlands, as connected with the improvements of landed property, and of explaining, at the same time, the policy which an enlightened government should pursue with respect to such emigrations. Our wish is gratified to its full extent by this publication, in which Lord Selkirk has undertaken both these subjects, and executed them in a manner so entirely agreeable to the views which we have always entertained, that we never could have accomplished our original design nearly so well, as we shall now do, by extracting the substance of the present work.

Besides an accurate description of the nature and causes of the emigration, and a just explanation of the principles which ought to guide the opinion of Government, there is another portion of the book, which will be thought by many of our readers more entertaining than even the general disquisitions;—an account of the colony of Highland Emigrants, founded by Lord Selkirk on Prince Edward's Island, near the coast of Nova Scotia. The circumstances are very pleasing, to which he assigns the origin of this expedition, and the composition of his book. Without any local connexion with the Highlands, he was led, very early in life, to take a warm interest in the fate of his countrymen in that part of the kingdom. During the course of his academical studies, his curiosity was strongly excited by the representations he heard of the ancient state of society, and the striking peculiarity of manners still remaining among them; and, in the year 1792, he undertook an extensive tour through their wild region, and explored many of its remotest and most secluded vallies. In the course of this expedition, he ascertained several of the leading facts on which the reasonings of his work are founded; in particular, that emigration was an unavoidable result of the general state of the country, arising from causes above all control, and in itself essential to the tranquillity and permanent welfare of the kingdom. In consequence of this persuasion, that there was no reasonable hope of preventing emigration, he was led to direct his inquiries to the destination of the various emigrants. He learned, that the Highlanders were dispersing to a variety of situations in a foreign land, where they were lost, not only to their native country, but to themselves as a separate people. Admiring many generous and manly features in their character, he could not observe without regret, the rapid decline of their genuine manners, to which the circumstances of the country seemed inevitably to lead. He thought, however, that a portion of the ancient spirit might be preserved, even in the New World, by collecting the emigrants together in some part of our own colonies: there they would prove a benefit to the mother country; and

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those peculiarities of customs and language, might still be retained, which they are themselves so reluctant to give up, and which are perhaps intimately connected with many of their most striking and characteristic virtues. We shall mention, in the sequel of our abstract, the measures which Lord Selkirk took to carry these benevolent motives into effect: his present publication has grown out of the statements which he submitted to the Colonial Department of Government, in explanation of his views.

It is a book which will by no means perish with the local prejudices which it was designed to remove. It has other claims to a permanent reputation and utility. Not only will it preserve a better picture, than has been drawn by any other hand, of a peculiar state of society and manners, highly interesting to the historian; but it forms a large contribution, to the theory of political economy, of most satisfactory deductions and general conclusions. It would be no slight service of itself, however, to extinguish ignorant declamations against the emigrants, and to correct that mistaken spirit of regulation which professes to force comforts upon them against their wish: and we have seldom read any composition so well qualified to gain over the public mind from error, both by the perspicuous extent of its evidence and reasonings, and by the candid, unassuming, and very practical tone in which they are proposed. We hasten, therefore, to draw out an analysis of its principal contents for the instruction of our readers; and shall content ourselves with remarking, once for all, that Lord Selkirk's arrangement, and style of language, are so clear, and the latter so suitable in every respect to the subject, that we shall seldom deviate from either, except when we are anxious to be more concise than it would be proper for him to have been.

I. Not more than sixty years ago, the state of society in the Highlands of Scotland was very similar to that of England before the Norman conquest. Government had not yet extended its regular authority over these mountains, where the chieftains lived in a barbarous independence, surrounded by vassals and retainers. The law was too feeble to afford protection, amidst the violence of feudal warfare and plunder; and every proprietor of land depended, for his safety and his consequence, on a numerous train of followers. To this consideration, every advantage of pecuniary interest was inferior; he reckoned the value of his estate, not by the rent, but by the number of men it could send into the field: the rent, in fact, was paid, not in money, but in military services. The small rental of the estates forfeited in the two rebellions of the last century has, accordingly, been often remarked with surprise; ' Poor twelve thousand

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per annum' (says Pennant) 'nearly subverted the constitution of these kingdoms:' but, with this narrow income, proprietors of middling rank brought into the field three, four, or five hundred men. Were the present high rents of the same estates to be all laid out in employing labourers, the number of these would not be very different from that of the clans that came from them in arms. There are various documents still extant, which ascertain the number of men that particular chiefs could bring out; and, on comparing them with the present value of their estates, the proportion appears to be, in general, between 10*l.* and 15*l.* for every man: This sum is not far from the yearly expense of a farm servant at the rate now current in the North of Scotland.

In this state of things, a system of occupancy was spread over the Highlands, which, though now disappearing, remained entire for some time after the last rebellion, and may still be found in many considerable districts. Every proprietor reduced his farms into as small portions as possible; and his design was seconded by the natural inclinations of his people. The state of the country left a father no means of providing for his sons, but by dividing his farm; and where two families could be placed upon the land instead of one, the chief acquired a new tenant and a new soldier. Hence every spot was occupied by as many families as its produce could maintain; and the ground was subdivided into very small possessions. The farms of the common tenantry, or *small tenants*, are held (we may still speak in the present tense) by joint occupiers, usually six or eight, sometimes many more; and form a sort of hamlets or petty townships, called, in the low country dialect, *touns*, and, in the Gaelic language, *bailé*. The shares of these partners are of course liable to become unequal, by subdivision or accumulation. The farm is generally a portion of a valley, to which is annexed a tract of mountain pasture, stretching some miles. The habitations are collected in a village, upon the best part of the arable land. This is sometimes cultivated in common, but more usually distributed among the tenants, in proportion to their shares; seldom, however, in a permanent manner, but from year to year. The produce of the tillage land rarely affords a superfluity above the maintenance of the tenants and their families. Their riches consist of cattle, chiefly breeding cows, and the young stock produced from them, which are maintained on the farm till of a proper age for the market; and, by the sale of these, the tenants are enabled to pay their rent. The number which each farm or *toun* is capable of maintaining, is ascertained by usage, and may be, in general, from 30 to 80 cows, besides other cattle. The total amount is divided among the occupiers, according to their

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respective shares, no one being allowed to keep more than his regulated proportion. Besides these joint occupiers, there are *tacksmen* holding entire farms, who are of the rank of gentry, and trace their origin to some ancient proprietor of the estate, who had granted the farm as a provision for one of the younger branches of his family. These, formerly, were nearly upon the same footing as proprietors; they were the officers who, under the chief, commanded in the military expeditions of the clan. A part of their farm is sufficient to supply their own families; and they divide the rest among a number of subtenants or *cotters*, who are bound to perform a certain quantity of labour upon the farm, instead of paying rent for their small portion of land, and are allowed to pasture their cows along with the cattle of the farm. Cotters are to be found, likewise, upon the farms of the small tenants; two or three being generally employed, as servants to the partnership, for herding the cattle. There are also a few people who exercise the trades of blacksmiths, weavers, taylors, shoemakers, &c. and bargain with one or other of the tenants for a portion of his land. For, whatever additional employment a man may follow, he must always occupy a small spot of land, to raise provisions for himself and his family: if he cannot procure such a possession, he cannot live in the country. There is no such person known in the Highlands, as an independent labourer.

Such a state of property and manners, where every inhabitant is connected with land, where almost all its produce is consumed upon the spot, and where there is no distinct separation of employments, has been preserved nearly entire to this day. While the other districts of the island were brought, one after another, within the arrangement of one complex system of production and commerce, the Highlands were cut off from all the contagion of industrious enterprize, by the same rocky barrier which detached them from the jurisdiction of justice and law. Those barriers were at length broken down, by the measures which were adopted after the suppression of the rebellion in 1745: the country was disarmed; it was intersected by military roads; a force, sufficient to command it, was stationed at all the principal passes; and thus the authority of regular government was completely established. The chiefs ceased to be petty monarchs; the services of their followers were no longer requisite for defence, or useful in plunder: and when thus reduced to the same situation with proprietors in other parts of the kingdom, they soon discovered that their rents were far below the real value of their lands. The influence of old habits, of feudal vanity, and of attachment to their vassals, long prevailed over the prospect of pecuniary profit; but the more necessitous or less generous set the example:

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'a generation has succeeded, educated under other circumstances; and the Highland proprietors have now no more scruple, than those of any other part of the kingdom, in turning their estates to the best advantage. Had these estates been susceptible of cultivation under a favourable climate, the proprietors would have found it their interest to clear them of the superfluous population, and to throw their multiplicity of small farms together into the hands of one or two farmers of capital and skill; agreeably to the remark of Dr Adam Smith, 'that the diminution of cottagers, and other small occupiers of land, has, in every part of Europe, been the immediate forerunner of improvement and better cultivation.' But the climate of the Highlands is adverse to the production of grain; and that mountainous region contains few mines that can attract knots of population, and is entirely destitute of coals, which might have encouraged the settlement of manufactures. In such a district, the most profitable employment of land is universally found to be the rearing of young cattle and sheep, which, at a proper age, are bought by farmers in more fertile countries, and fattened for the butcher. A few tracts in the north are adapted for the pasturing of black cattle; but sheep-farming must prevail over the range of mountains. The rapid and continual progress which this system is making, the great profits that have been reaped, and the increased rate of rents, sufficiently prove how well it is adapted to the natural circumstances of the Highlands. The few spots among the mountains that are susceptible of cultivation, are found to be more advantageously kept in grass, to afford a reserve of pasture and shelter to the flocks during the extreme rigour of winter. A few adventurous individuals, who had been accustomed to sheep-farming in the south of Scotland, saw the vast field which was opened in the Highlands to their capital and enterprize. The large profits, which soon rewarded their penetration and perseverance, as in the case of all those who introduce new and successful modes of agriculture, soon attracted others, and demonstrated to the proprietors themselves the benefits they might earn under this most suitable plan of management.

Such a revolution, however, in the system of landed property, must be accompanied by an entire change in the distribution of the inhabitants. The population must be cast into a new form. The class of small tenants will gradually disappear; the distinction will at length be marked out, between the station of farmer and that of labourer; and as many of the cotters as can remain in the country, will gradually fall into the various fixed employments that are necessary in the business of an extended farm. But the whole population on each farm will ultimately be re-

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duced to the number of families that are absolutely required for this necessary business. A few shepherds with their dogs, will be sufficient for all the work of many an extensive range. The produce will no longer be consumed wholly upon the spot, in affording a scanty subsistence to an indolent contented tribe; but will supply, at a distance, the wasteful luxury of industrious crowds.

During the operation of this change, and the temporary derangement it occasions, much individual distress will unavoidably be suffered. A great part of the inhabitants must, in one way or another, seek for means of livelihood totally different from those on which they have hitherto depended. But the country affords no means of living, without a possession of land; they must look for resources, therefore, where there is a prospect of employment, and must bring their mind to the resolution of removing at least from their native spot. Two prospects present themselves. In the Low Country of Scotland, the wages of manufacturing labour; in America, the easy acquisition of land in absolute property. Of these alternatives, it is easy to perceive which will best suit the inclination and habits of the Highlander. Each of these two changes would exact very nearly the same effort over the natural affections of the mind; but the execution of the latter plan must be attended with more expense than the other. It will be practicable, therefore, to those only who can afford this expense. The class of cotters may be distinguished, in this respect, from that of small tenants: though the line is not always exactly defined, some very opulent cotters being as well provided as the lowest of the tenants, yet there is a great difference, generally speaking, in the amount of their respective property, and consequently in the views which they entertain after being dispossessed of their land. The cotters have seldom property enough for the necessary expenses of emigration; and few of them have ever been able to emigrate: they have, in general, removed into the manufacturing districts of the Low Country of Scotland. But the population of the Highlands was composed, in a very large proportion, of the small tenants; and all of these are possessed of something that might be denominated capital. Most of them live much more wretchedly, as to habitation and diet, than the labourers who earn daily wages in other parts of the island; but they have property of greater value. A farmer of about thirty acres of arable land has perhaps property to the amount of about one hundred and sixteen pounds Sterling, while the annual consumption of provisions for his family and servants does not exceed fifteen pounds. In general, the small tenant, according to his share of the farm, has from three or four, to six or eight cows,

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with the proportionate number of young cattle; he has horses also, a few small sheep, implements of agriculture, and various household articles. By disposing of all this stock, especially if the price of cattle happens to be high, he is enabled to embark in undertakings which cannot be thought of by the cotter, and which are not within the reach of the peasantry, even in the more improved and richer parts of the island.

To those who can thus afford the expenses of the passage and first settlement, the low price of land in America presents the prospect of speedily attaining a situation and mode of life similar to that in which all their habits have been formed. Accustomed to possess land, to derive from it all the comforts they enjoy, to transmit their possessions from father to son, and to cherish all the prejudices of hereditary transmission, they most naturally consider themselves as born to a landed rank, and can form no idea of happiness separate from such a possession. Contrasted with such a situation, that of a day labourer in a manufacturing town appears contemptible and degrading. It would be a painful change, also, to the practice of sedentary continued labour, from that life of irregular exertions, and long intervals of indolence in which the Highlander enjoys almost the freedom of a savage. It is but a temporary effort that is demanded of him, to carry his family across the Atlantic; and whether he prefers this, or emigrates down into the Low Country of Scotland, he is forced to a change; his habits are broken; he must form himself to a new mode of life. Whether he shall enter upon one to which all his feelings are repugnant, or by a better exertion of courage, economy, and foresight, regain a prouder and more secure independence, is an alternative in which his choice will assuredly be determined by his ability. By their ability or inability to afford the expenses of their passage to America, the choice of the Highlanders, with a very few exceptions, has been entirely regulated. Even among those whose poverty forced them to go at first into the manufacturing towns, some of the most remarkable exertions of industry have been prompted, only by the desire of accumulating as much money as might enable them to join their friends beyond the Atlantic.

Thus it appears, that in the subversion of the feudal economy, and the gradual extension of the commercial system over that quarter of the island, emigration forms a necessary part of the general change. The race of cotters, after filling up the demand for menial labour that is still required under the new arrangement, are withdrawn into the manufacturing districts. A few of the small tenants, who, with some amount of capital, combine industry and good management, take a part in this new system,

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and grow up into farmers on a greater scale; but the rest of this class will be gradually and entirely drained off by emigration. And, in this manner, the commercial form of property and population will at length be fully established over the Highlands; and the peasantry placed in that relative station, which is best adapted to the purposes of national wealth. Emigration, it must always be recollected is one of the results or necessary conditions of this change, and which cannot be abstracted from its other concomitant effects.

There is some reason to believe, that while the emigrations operate this necessary change in the character and composition of the population, they do not ultimately reduce the numbers, even in the Highlands. A place, for example, has been pointed out upon the west coast by Mr Irvine, which, in 1790, contained 1900 inhabitants, of whom 500 emigrated the same year to America; in 1801, the same spot contained 1967, though it had furnished 87 men for the army and navy, and not a single stranger had settled in it. There is no part of the Highlands where the people have so strong a spirit of emigration as in Long Island; yet a population of 5268, at the time of Dr Webster's survey in the year 1755, was found increased to 8308 at the time of Sir John Sinclair's survey in 1792. Emigrations from the Isle of Sky to North Carolina, have continued to a great amount since the year 1770; to the amount of 4000, it has been computed, prior to the year 1791, besides an equal number that has come into the low country: in 1755, this island contained 11,252, inhabitants; and in 1792, it contained 14,470. That emigration does not necessarily imply a permanent diminution of local numbers, but, on the contrary, may leave resources for a larger increase of a different sort of inhabitants, will be admitted by all those who have examined the theory of population.

Even if the depopulation of the Highlands were proved, we ought to judge of the whole effect, by taking the whole kingdom into view. The produce raised upon the mountains under the grazing system, is assuredly not less than it was formerly, though it is not consumed upon the spot. There cannot be a doubt, indeed, that it is greatly augmented under the improved management. The diminution of tillage must be deducted from the whole increase of pasturage produce; but the tillage that is retained is of a much superior kind; and the introduction of pasture and the breeding system upon the mountains, will leave free, for an extended tillage, those arable plains of the south, which have been hitherto kept in grass for that purpose. The various climates, and all the different levels of the island, are

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thus formed into one connected plan of rural economy, distributing its produce through the whole family of the people.

Among the supposed effects of emigration, none has been more universally lamented than the loss of that valuable supply of soldiers which the public service has hitherto derived from the Highlands. But, independently altogether of emigration, the circumstances no longer exist which rendered the Highlands such a nursery of soldiers. Wherever the system of numerous dependants and very low rents was still adhered to, the chieftain had a double hold of the services of his tenantry, by their affections to the clan, and by his power of dispossessing them of their farms. The best of his tenantry were therefore the first to bring forward their sons, when the landlord undertook to raise men for the army. A body of men, so composed, was undoubtedly much superior to a regiment recruited in the ordinary manner; both by the hardihood of the breed, and much more by the feudal feelings of reverence for their officers, pride in their clan, and attachment to each other. But as soon as the feudal state of the country was supplanted by another system, these peculiarities vanished. The low rent of land was the whole foundation upon which they rested. When the chieftain exacts its full value, the relation between him and his tenants is the same as that of a landlord in any other part of the kingdom. The Highland regiments, accordingly, have been approaching, in their composition and character, to a similarity with the other regiments in the service, ever since the advance of rents began to be considerable. We must go back to the Seven-Years' war to find those regiments in their original purity, formed entirely on the feudal principle, and raised in the manner that has been described. Even as early as the American war, some tendency towards a different system was observable; and, during the late war, many regiments were Highland in little else than in name. Some corps were composed nearly in the ancient manner; but there were others, in which few of the men had any connexion whatever with the estates of their officers; being recruited, in the ordinary manner, at Glasgow and other manufacturing places, and consisting of all descriptions of men, Lowlanders and Irish, as well as Highlanders. There is no point, indeed, from which we can see so distinctly the change that has taken place in the whole system of the Highlands, as from this view of the history of the Highland regiments.

II. To such as have formed a correct apprehension of the nature of this essential change, and of the character and circumstances of the tenantry that have been dispossessed of their lands, all projects will appear unavailing to avert their emigra-

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tion, and all direct restrictions upon it by law, no better than violent injustice. Their removal from the country is a temporary loss, unquestionably, to the public, but one which accompanies the progress of general opulence, the extended establishment of protecting laws, and the consequent amelioration of property and produce. Those who are themselves under no necessity of seeking another home, always look upon emigration itself as the evil that is mixed with these confessed advantages; and they regard it as an evil, only because they imagine that it may have consequences that may possibly somehow or another impair their own perfect security and ease. They do not perceive that the real evil, occasioned by these starts in the general progress, when it suddenly takes a new course, is the disturbance and dispossession of a class of citizens, quite as important and deserving as themselves; quite as desirous, too, of enjoying unimpaired security and ease; but whose habits and attachments are swept away in a sacrifice to the general wealth. Emigration is not the evil, but the remedy; the sad, but single resource of those by whom the real evil is suffered. It can never repair it to them, but inadequately; and it requires such a conquest over the strongest prejudices of the heart, that only the last necessity can inspire sufficient resolution. The family of an hereditary farmer, which for ages has been fastening innumerable roots into the spot on which it grew, may be torn up by force; but when cast out from its native earth, will seek for some other soil that is most nearly congenial. The fate of such will not be indifferent to the statesman; but he will acknowledge that the sufferers must find, in their individual prudence, an alleviation which his rules cannot administer: While he feels for all his people, he will know the limits of his own beneficence; and while he eyes with exultation the spontaneous advancement of opulence and order, will forbear the ineffectual attempt to remove partial evils, or reconcile incompatible advantages.

In the case of the Highland emigrations, some schemes of alleviation have been proposed, out of a feeble and mistaken humanity,—while nothing short of direct restriction would have satisfied, in other persons;—a spirit of injustice which, in its selfishness, was equally mistaken. Agreeably to what often happens in the history of legislation, the only scheme that has been put in practice, was a compromise between the two, and seems to have been imposed by this mistaken self-interest upon that feeble humanity.

The undertaking of great public works in the north, the cultivation of waste lands, the encouragement of the fisheries, and the introduction of manufactures, have been considered by many benevolent and public-spirited persons as appropriate remedies and

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preventives of emigration. It is sufficient to observe, that not one of them is applicable to the circumstances of those who are inclined to emigrate, and can afford it. The cultivation of waste land, which might appear at first sight rather a promising scheme, only appears so while we forget the soil and climate, and tenures of the Highlands; and the attempts of this kind that have been made by a few proprietors, prove only, that, if conducted on a more judicious plan, it might retain, out of the class of poor cotters, a sufficient number to supply the country fully with day-labourers, but could never be rendered acceptable to tenants even of the lowest order. As to the expectations which have been entertained from the employment afforded by new public works, such as the Caledonian Canal and the Highland roads and bridges, the appropriate utility of those noble undertakings is sufficient praise, without ascribing effects to them for which they are quite inadequate. They may give a temporary relief to some of the peasantry, by bringing employment a little nearer than when it was to be sought in the low country of Scotland: but even the peasant must quit his residence, though not quite so far, to procure this temporary employment: and the tenant, who has been deprived of his land, will still have to ask himself the same question as before, whether he will remove into another part of the country to earn wages as a labourer, or into another country where he may become again a possessor of land. The same remark that has just been made with respect to the cultivation of waste lands, may be extended to the fisheries; they might, if freed from the obstacles by which they are at present discouraged, afford employment to a considerable number of the poorer sort of people. And it is an important reflection, that the general change in the management of the Highland estates, is likely to remove that connexion between fishing and the cultivation of land, which, in the opinion of the most competent judges, has been the greatest impediment to the progress of the fisheries upon the Western coast and Isles. The introduction of manufactures, if it were practicable, would obviously present no object of employment suitable to the displaced tenants. It is unnecessary, therefore, to consider, in this place, the circumstances which appear to render their introduction into the Highlands wholly impracticable.

In all the foregoing schemes it is implied, that the disposition to emigrate arises from unalterable causes, and that it must take its course in the mean while, though we may endeavour to devise measures that shall attract the displaced population into new channels of industry at home. They are dictated, all of them, by genuine motives of patriotism, but have not yet been contrived, nor are ever likely to be contrived in such a form as to render them

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really applicable to the case. But, upon the subject of the Highland emigrations, we have sometimes been shocked by language which expresses a different spirit, and in a quarter where it is quite as inconsistent and senseless as it is unfeeling. They, however, who have bestowed a slight reflection on the inconsistencies to which men are liable when their interest is involved in a complicated subject, cannot be very much surprised in this instance to find some proprietors, who would willingly profit by the great advance of rents, and at the same time retain the facility of raising a regiment; who like to receive the income of a sheep-farm, to spend in the metropolis, and would still find the splendour of many feudal dependants in the country. These active and most useful depopulators, are sometimes found very indignant declaimers against emigration. From them, but much more from their factors, and from neighbours of an inferior order, who conceive themselves to have an interest in a crowded population, on account of the low wages for which they can then manufacture their kelp, and carry on a few petty branches of traffic, we have sometimes heard such a clamour, as if emigration were a new species of sedition, and it were the duty of the legislature to suppress it by new and absolute restrictions. Our legislature is too well informed to be misled into any injustice so violent and so absurd; and we assuredly despair of convincing those factors that it would be an absurdity and injustice.

Our legislature, however, is not yet so perfectly well informed, as not to have been misled, in consequence of its humanity being imposed upon. During the administration of Mr Addington, an act was passed for regulating the transportation of the emigrants; and the professed object of these regulations was, to enforce a due care of the lives and health of the passengers, and to prevent an undue profit on the part of the owner of the vessel, by crowding it too much. For this purpose, the statute enacts, that no ship shall carry a greater number of persons than in the proportion of one passenger for every two ton; and that every passenger shall be obliged to take 3½ lib. of beef or pork weekly, besides a large allowance of farinaceous food, and that they themselves shall not be at liberty to dispense with any part of this. This attention to the comforts of the emigrants is a little too active: the bill, it is to be observed, went to London from the Highland Society. In the first place, the allowance of room, which is required as absolutely necessary for the health of the passengers, is nearly double that of the transport service; for 1½ ton, allotted for full grown men, is little more than half as much as two tons, allotted for passengers of all ages. The emigrants themselves, in the allowance of birth room, usually observed a rule, which had been the

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result of experience, that their whole number, including infants, might be reckoned equivalent to two thirds of that number of grown persons. Surely they might have been left to their own experience in this particular. But, in the second place, the quantity of provisions indispensably forced upon them, is beyond all reasonable proportion; the allowance of farinaceous food alone, exceeds the entire consumption of country labourers in any part of Scotland; and so large an allowance of butcher's meat as 3½ lib. for every passenger, even for infants at the breast, must appear strange to those who know that animal food is so rarely tasted in the Highlands by the lower order of tenantry, that, in the survey published by the Board of Agriculture, it is stated, that, among the farmers, there is not 5 lib. of meat consumed in the family throughout the year. And yet the Highland Society, in their instructions for the framing of this act, recommended 7 lib. a week as absolutely necessary for every passenger. Nobody, after attending to these enactments, will entertain a doubt that their real purpose was to enhance the expense of the voyage, and so render it less within the means of the poor tenants. Such a purpose was not altogether discovered by the Society, and afterwards afforded exultation to many individuals. In the real operation of the act, however, the difference of expense has no other effect but to encroach upon the little stock of cash collected by the emigrants from the sale of their property, and to land them on the foreign shore worse provided for their new exertions. It is superfluous to expose more at large the injustice of such a law. It may easily have been imposed upon the humanity of those who were wholly ignorant of the Highlands and the emigrations. But we cannot so readily acquit them, to whom the circumstances of that country and its dislodged inhabitants were perfectly well known.

III. Since emigration must go on from the Highlands, until the class of small tenants is drained off, it seems desirable that the overflowings of our own population should contribute to the strength and improvement of our own colonies. But, from circumstances, accidental at first, and perpetuated by the natural disposition of the emigrants to follow their relations and friends where almost another home was already formed, most of the emigrations are directed to settlements in the United States. Different districts of the Highlands have different corresponding settlements, to which their emigrants resort. The people in each district have a tolerably accurate knowledge of some particular settlement, where their own connexions have gone; for the Highlanders distrust all information about America that does not come from their own immediate connexions; and in a mountainous country, intelligence seldom spreads far beyond the valley

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where it is first received. Of every other settlement but their own, the people of each district are usually quite ignorant, or entertain very mistaken notions; and, in particular, those whose views have been directed to the southern States, have received very gloomy impressions of the climate of Canada and the northern colonies.

In Lord Selkirk's apprehension, the importance of securing these emigrants to our own colonies, instead of abandoning them to a foreign country, is rendered more urgent by the peculiar situation of our northern colonies in America. In some of them, it appears, settlers, of by no means a desirable description in respect of character and principles, have intruded themselves, and are fast approaching to a majority of numbers. Nothing would seem more expedient, therefore, for the preservation of these colonies to the mother country, than that a strong barrier should be formed against the contagion of American sentiments, by a body of settlers whose manners and language are distinct, and who inherit ancient feelings of loyalty and military valour.

In order to induce the Highlanders to change the course of their emigrations, determined (as has been already observed) by their gregarious affection, some strong encouragement, in Lord Selkirk's opinion, ought to be held out by Government. The encouragement must be sufficient to induce a considerable body of people, connected by the ties of blood and friendship, to try a new situation; and if such a settlement were once conducted through its first difficulties, till the adventurers felt confidence in their resources, the object might be considered as accomplished. It is not necessary that the inducements should be continued longer than this. But they ought to be of such a nature as to suit those who feel some difficulty, from the narrowness of their means, in executing their design. We perfectly acquiesce in Lord Selkirk's reasoning, that this might be done without increasing the spirit of emigration; or rather that, upon the principles of human nature, it could not be done in such a way as to increase that spirit in the least.

These views presented themselves to Lord Selkirk, upon the eve of the last war. The eventful period that followed, precluded all active prosecution of them; but their importance remained deeply impressed upon his mind, and their practicability was confirmed by all his maturer reflections. On the restoration of peace, the emigrations were recommenced with a spirit more determined and more widely diffused than upon any former occasion. All his views recurred upon him, as demanding immediate attention; and prompted him to represent, to some members of that Administration, the necessity of active interference, in order to attract

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the emigrants to our own colonies. This representation excited no corresponding interest. Unwilling to abandon the object altogether, Lord Selkirk was led to consider how far it was possible for him, as an individual, to follow it up on a more limited scale, to the effect at least of proving the practicability of the suggestion. Under the assurance of a grant of waste lands belonging to the Crown, upon such terms as promised an adequate return for the unavoidable expenses of the undertaking, he resolved, at his own risk, to try the experiment, and to engage some of the emigrants, who were preparing to go to the United States, to change their destination, and embark for our own colonies. He was given to understand, that it would be more satisfactory to Government, if the people he had engaged were settled in a maritime situation, instead of that which he had at first in contemplation. Though by no means satisfied that this suggestion was founded in just views of national policy, he felt it his duty to acquiesce, and determined on making his settlement in Prince Edward's Island in the Gulph of St Lawrence. To give the experiment a fair prospect of success, he yielded to the necessity of attending the colonists himself.

A description of the settlement, the difficulties that attended it, its progress and final success, forms the last chapter of this work. It does not admit of abridgement; every reader must have thought it too short. The candour with which the first obstacles are described, the practical and profound judgment with which the various means and arrangements appear to have been combined, and that tone of benevolence, without ostentation, and yet thoroughly systematic, which pervades the whole design, renders it the most pleasing and most useful history, that has been given to the world, of the establishment of a new colony. We shall merely enumerate the leading facts. His settlers, to the number of eight hundred persons of all ages, reached Prince Edward's Island in August 1803; and the spot selected upon this coast for the principal establishment, was almost desert, being separated by an arm of the sea and an interval of several miles from any older settlement. Before the middle of September, the people were dispersed upon their separate lots, and began the cultivation of their farms. The lots were laid out in such a manner, that four or five families built their houses in a little knot together; the distance between the adjacent hamlets seldom exceeding a mile. This social plan of settlement, besides other advantages to recommend it, resembled their style of living in their native country. They were allowed to purchase in fee-simple, and, to a certain extent, on credit: from 50 to 100 acres were allotted to each family at a moderate price, but none was given gratuitously.

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To accommodate those who had no superfluity of capital, they were not required to pay the price in full till the third or fourth year of their possession; and, in this time, an industrious man may have it in his power to discharge his debt out of the produce of the land. The same principle was adhered to in the distribution of provisions; though several of the poorer settlers could not go on without support, every assistance they received was as a loan, under strict obligations of repayment with interest. They formed their first houses upon the model of those of the American woodsmen. Before the winter set in, they had not only lodged themselves, but made some progress in cutting down the trees; and, upon the opening of the spring, the land was finally prepared for the seed. In September, however, Lord Selkirk quitted the island, leaving the settlement under the charge of a faithful agent, and did not return to it till the end of the same month in the following year. He found the settlers then engaged in securing their harvest; their crop of potatoes alone would have been sufficient for their entire support. Round the different hamlets, the extent of land in cultivation was, at an average, in the proportion of two acres to each able working hand. And several boats had been built, by means of which a considerable supply of fish had been obtained. In the whole settlement he met but two men who showed the least appearance of despondency. The further progress of these colonists is now to be left to their own guidance. Most of them have already proceeded to improve the construction of their houses, less perhaps from a personal desire of better accommodation, than from that pride of landed property which is natural to the human breast, and which, though repressed among the Highland tenantry by recent circumstances, is ready to resume its spring as soon as their situation will permit. Lord Selkirk concludes with observing, that no further doubt can now be entertained of the practicability of inducing the Highlanders to emigrate to our own colonies; and he flatters himself, with great justice, that no immaterial progress has already been made towards this object. In some considerable districts, the current appears already to be decidedly turned; and further exertions of the same kind might secure to our North American possessions all those among our countrymen who cannot be retained in the kingdom. But measures, on so extensive a scale as might be required, can only be accomplished by those to whom the interests of the nation are particularly entrusted.

Such of our readers as have not yet procured the original work, will be much more gratified, we are sure, with the foregoing analysis of its contents, than if we had attempted to throw the

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general discussions into a form of our own. Nor do we find ourselves provided with any remarks that we can venture to subjoin, either by way of criticism or confirmation. The author has unfolded his reasonings with so much perspicuity, that it would be difficult to lend them additional strength by any further illustrations; and in spite of all our vigilance, we cannot find an exception to any of the general doctrines which he has collaterally interweaved into his argument. There are, indeed, very few specimens of political investigation, more nearly approaching to absolute certainty in its conclusion, than that by which he has deduced the impolicy of attempting, by law, to prevent or to regulate such emigrations as those which have proceeded from the Highlands.

Considering the book in this aspect, it appears to us to possess a permanent value, beyond the effect it is calculated to produce in enlightening our own Government respecting the nature of this actual crisis. Other parts of our empire yet remain to undergo a similar change; and other countries in the world, at least all other countries that are destined to improve, and that include a sufficient extent of territory for the various branches of productive economy. Wherever cultivation may be heightened by the investing of new capital, the minute subdivision of land will be swept away for farmers of a different race; and wherever the extended territory of a thriving nation is diversified by a range of mountains, these will at length be appropriated to pasture walks. The particulars, therefore, which Lord Selkirk has related in the history of the Highlands, may be regarded as the description of a general change; for which, in all such countries, legislators ought to be prepared, that they may not, like our English statesmen of old, even Sir Thomas More and Lord Bacon, mistake, as symptoms of decay and devastation, the movements actually occasioned by the growth of wealth, enterprize, and industry. In this respect, we consider Lord Selkirk as having contributed a new article, very nearly finished in its form, to the general elements of political administration; and as having cast light on one of the most intricate parts of the science of Economy, that in which the theory of wealth and the theory of population are examined in connexion.

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ART. XIV. *The Works of Edmund Spenser, in Eight Volumes, with the principal Illustrations of various Commentators: To which are added, Notes; some Account of the Life of Spenser, and a Glossarial and other Indexes.* By the Reverend Henry John Todd, M. A. F. A. S. London. Publishers, F. C. & J. Rivington, T. Payne, Cadell & Davies, and R. H. Evans. 1805.

A COMPLETE and respectable edition of Spenser's works has been long a *desideratum* in English literature. Indeed, to what purpose do our antiquaries purchase at high rates, and peruse, at the cost of still more valuable leisure and labour, the treasures of the black letter, which in themselves, have usually so very little to repay their exertions? Surely, the only natural and proper use of the knowledge thus acquired, is to throw light, as well upon our early literature, as on the manners and language of our ancestors, by re-editing and explaining such of our ancient authors as have suffered by the change of both. Amongst these, Spenser must ever be reckoned one of the most eminent; for no author, perhaps, ever possessed and combined, in so brilliant a degree, the requisite qualities of a poet. Learned, according to the learning of his times, his erudition never appears to load or incumber his powers of imagination; but even the fictions of the classics, worn out as they are by the use of every pedant, become fresh and captivating themes, when adopted by his fancy, and accommodated to his plan. If that plan has now become to the reader of riper years somewhat tedious and involved, it must be allowed, on the other hand, that from Cowley downwards, every youth of imagination has been enchanted with the splendid legends of the Faery Queen. It was therefore with pleasure that we turned to the examination of a work, which promised to recal the delightful sensations of our earlier studies; and if we have been in some respects disappointed in the perusal, we do not impute it altogether to want of diligence or accuracy on the part of Mr Todd, whose commentary, so far as it goes, is in both respects commendable. In the Life of Spenser, which is the longest specimen of original composition, he has brought forward several new facts, and evinced a laudable anxiety to throw light upon the story, by comparison of dates, and investigation of contemporary documents. The result of his labours is stated in so modest a manner, as ought, in some degree, to disarm the harshness of criticism. He himself terms it 'a very humble account of the life of Spenser, drawn from authentic records, the curiosity and importance of which will, I trust, be admitted by the liberal and candid as an apology for the want of biographical

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elegance.' It is, however, our duty to point out some defects in the plan of this Memoir, by avoiding which, we apprehend, much might have been added to its perspicuity and elegance, without the least derogation from its authenticity.

The events of Spenser's earlier life are, in some measure, extracted from a correspondence betwixt the poet and Gabriel Harvey, the same against whom Nash wrote the satire, well known among collectors, entitled, 'Have with you to Saffron-Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunts up.' It was highly meritorious in Mr Todd to peruse these letters, and to consider them as proper materials for his biography. But we are disposed to blame him, first, because he has not republished an entire copy of this curious correspondence, which was of so much importance to the matter in hand; and, secondly, because, instead of printing the letters as an appendix to the life, he has thurst large extracts from them into the midst of his own narrative. Nothing, indeed, in our opinion, could have a more confused and inelegant effect than this medley of narrative and quotation. The biographer should always study to give his work the appearance of continuity. He may, and ought to refer distinctly to the sources of his information; and where there is doubt, the words of the original documents may be subjoined in a note to justify his inference; but the text ought to be expressed historically, and in the language of the author himself. It is extremely awkward to jump from the words of the narrator into those of Spenser, and has, besides, the effect of making one part of the Memoir bear a great disproportion to the other. For the letter-writer spends much more time in discussing the matter then immediately before him, than the biographer has probably an opportunity of bestowing upon incidents of much greater importance. Nevertheless, although these letters are thus thrust upon our hands in a disorderly manner, the extracts have afforded us amusement, and give room, as we have already hinted, to regret that they had not been printed separately, with such explanatory notes as Mr Todd's researches suggested. We perceive from thence, that Spenser had busied himself in the fruitless and unharmonious task of versifiying as it was then called, that is, of composing English verses according to the Latin prosody. He seems, at the same time, to have been fully sensible of the difficulty of the attempt; and we wonder at his perseverance, after the humour with which he describes its effects.

'I like your late Englishe hexameters so exceedingly well, that I also enure my penne sometime in that kinde: whyche I fynd indeede, as I have heard you often defende in worde, neither so harde nor so harshe, that it will easily and fairely yeelde it selfe to oure moother

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tongue. For the onely, or chiefest hardnesse, whyche seemeth, is in the accente; whyche sometime gapeth, and as it were yawneth ilfavouredly; comming shorte of that it should, and sometime exceeding the measure of the number, as in *Carpenter:* the middle sillable being used shorte in speache, when it shall be read long in verse, seemeth like a lame gosling, that draweth one legge after hir: and *Heaven*, beeing used shorte as one sillable when it is in verse, stretched out with a diastole, is like a lame dogge that holdes up one legge. But it is to be wonne with custome, and rough words must be subdued with use. For, why a God's name may not we, as else the Greekes, have the kingdome of our owne language, and measure our accentes by the sounde, reserving the quantitie to the verse? Loe here I let you see my olde use of toying in rymes, turned into your artificial straightnesse of verse by this *Tetrasticon.* I beseech you tell me your fancie, without parcialitie.

See yee the blindefoulded pretie god, that feathered archer,
Of lovers miseries which maketh his bloodie game?
Wote ye why his moother with a veale hath covered his face?
Truste me, least he my Loove happely chaunce to beholde?'

Vol. I. p. xxxiv—v.

We could hardly have suspected Spenser, the marshalled march of whose stanza is in general so harmonious, of drilling the stubborn and unmanageable words of the English language into such strange doggerel. The verses are truly 'lame and o'erburthened, and screaming their wretchedness.'

From another passage in this correspondence, the young poet may learn how little he ought to rely upon the taste even of the ablest counsellor. Harvey was a scholar, and, in some sense, even a poet; he was moreover Spenser's *long approved and singular good friend;* nevertheless, Gabriel had the assurance to write the following libel upon the Faery Queen, for the conceited pedantry of which he deserves a worse *Hunts up* than was played him by Nashe.

"In good faith I had once againe nigh forgotten *your Faerie Queene;* howbeit, by good chaunce I have nowe sent hir home at the laste, neither in better nor worse case than I founde hir. And must you, of necessitie, have my judgement of hir in deede? To be plaine; I am voyde of al judgement, if your * *nine Comœdies*, whereunto, in imitation of Herodotus, you give the names of the Nine Muses, (and

* "It is to be lamented," says Mr Cooper Walker in a letter to me [Mr Todd], "that Spenser's *nine Comedies*, so much extolled by Harvey, are lost. It is supposed they were not dramatic poems, but a series of lines, in nine divisions, like the *Teares of the Muses*, and that to each division was given the denomination of *Comedy;* the author using that term in the wide sense in which it was employed

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in one mans fansie not unworthily), come not neerer Ariostoes *Comœdies*, eyther for the finenesse of plausible elocution, or the rarenesse of poetical invention, than that *Elvish Queene* doth to his *Orlando Furioso;* which, notwithstanding, you wil needes seeme to emulate, and hope to overgo, as you flatly professed yourself in one of your last Letters. Besides that, you know it hath bene the usual practise of the most exquisite and odde wittes in all nations, and specially in *Italie*, rather to shewe and advaunce themselves that way than any other; as namely, those three dyscoursing heads, Bibiena, Machiavel, and Aretine, did, (to let Bembo and Ariosto passe), with the great admiration and wonderment of the whole countrey; being indeede reputed matchable in all points, both for conceyt of witte and eloquent decyphering of matters, either with Aristophanes and Menander in Greek, or with Plautus and Terence in Latin, or with any other in any other tong. But I wil not stand greatly with you in your owne matters. If so be the *Faerie Queene* be fairer in your eie than the Nine Muses, and Hobgoblin runne away with the garland from Apollo; marke what I saye; and yet I will not say that [which] I thought; but there an end for this once; and fare you well till God, or some good Aungell, putte you in *a better mind.*' p. xlv. xlvi.

There is another circumstance which gives Mr Todd's life of Spenser a more clumsy and ungainly appearance than the matter itself really deserves. It has been observed long ago, that the history of an author is the history of his works; and, therefore, Mr Todd has, with great propriety, regularly recorded the various publications of his author, in the order in which they were given to the world. But, from a want of arrangement, not peculiar to this editor, he has uniformly appended to his notices of these publications, a variety of circumstances, illustrative of their contents, which properly make no part of Spenser's life, although they ought to have been introduced as notes upon his writings. It certainly is not always easy to separate exactly the department of the biographer from that of the commentator; but it is obvious, that to interrupt the narrative, by notes critical and illustratory, must necessarily destroy the effect of both. To these preliminary observations, which affect rather the manner than the matter of Mr Todd's Memoir, we subjoin the leading incidents of Spenser's life, as they have been illustrated by his industry.

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ed by Dante, Boccacio, and other early Italian writers. But I think the words of Harvey are decisive in regard to the form of these pieces. For the Comedies of Ariosto, to which he compares the Comedies of Spenser, and to which he thinks they *come so near*, are *regular dramas;* as are the Comedies of Bibiena, Machiavelli, and Aretino, with which he classes them."

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The fame of this poet, however great during his lifetime, seems to have excited no inquiry into his parentage. He himself informs us that he was born in

——' merry London, my most kindly nurse,
That to me gave this life's first native source,
Though from another place I take my name,
A house of ancient fame.'

But although Spenser alludes repeatedly to his gentle birth, and claims kindred with several persons of rank, his parents are entirely unknown; a circumstance which Mr Todd, in beginning his life, passes over without commentary. It appears from a passage in one of the sonnets, that the Christian name of his mother was Elizabeth; and this is all we know of the matter. The birth of the poet is conjectured to have taken place about 1553; but the first event of his life which has been ascertained, is his admission as a sizer of Pembroke Hall in Cambridge in 1569, where he acquired the degree of Bachelor and Master of Arts in 1572-3 & 1576. Here commenced his intimacy with Gabriel Harvey. He seems to have been disappointed, either in his views of a fellowship, or of some other academical distinction, which has not prevented his gratitude to his *alma mater* from breaking forth in his account of the Ouze, who

——' doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge flit;
My mother Cambridge, whom, as with a crown,
He doth adorn, and is adorned of it,
With many a gentle muse, and many a learned wit.'

From the University, Spenser seems to have retired to some friends in the north. Of the cause of his journey, or his occupation while with them, we have no record. Here he composed, besides lesser poems, the Shepherd's Calendar; a work which, in some places, exhibits a beautiful model of pastoral poetry, and, in others, that turn for allegorizing and moralizing two meanings in the same tale, which afterwards gave rise to the Faery Queen.

It is supposed that some passages in these poems, of a nature rather political than pastoral, particularly a warm eulogium on Archbishop Grendal, drew down upon our author the wrath of the great Burleigh; the effects of which, although deprecated by Spenser, and exaggerated perhaps by former biographers, certainly continued to attend him through his life. It was in vain he ascribed to a commentary of the 'Blatant Beast, Slander,' that construction of his poetry which had drawn on him 'a mighty Peer's displeasure:' It was in vain that, among the worthies of Elizabeth's court; to whom he addressed separate sonnets with his Faery Queen, he distinguished Burleigh by the

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most flattering strain of adulation. We find, from repeated passages in his works, that his offence was never forgotten or forgiven. But the Shepherd's Calendar, although unfortunate in making our poet one powerful and inveterate enemy, secured him many active and distinguished friends. Its fame was the means of introducing him to the friendship of Sir Philip Sidney, —and to that of Leicester, a more powerful, if less discerning patron. The latter received Spenser into his house, though in what capacity does not precisely appear; perhaps in order to facilitate the composition of the *Stemmata Dudleiana*, an account of the Earl's genealogy, with which Spenser appears to have been busied in 1580. At this time the poet was also engaged with his Faery Queen, with the Dying Pellican, with the Visions, which he afterwards published in a more correct shape, and sundry less important labours. About July in the same year, he received, doubtless through the patronage of Lord Leicester, the honourable appointment of Secretary to Arthur Lord Grey, then nominated Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, which he held tell Lord Grey's return to England in 1582. Spenser appears to have been sincerely attached to this nobleman, whom he has distinguished in his Faery Queen under the character of Arthegal, or Justice. Lord Grey's course with the Irish was that of severity, for excess of which he seems to have been recalled to England. Hence Spenser describes Arthegal, when returning from the adventure of succouring Irene, as leaving his work unfinished.

'But, ere he could reform it thoroughly,
He through occasion was called away
To Faery Court, that of necessity
His course of justice he was forced to stay.'

On his return, the victorious knight is attacked by Envy, by Detraction, and by the Blatant Beast, or Slander, who railed against him;

'Saying that he had, with unmanly guile
And foul abusion, both his honour blent,
And that bright sword, the sword of Justice, lent,
Had stained, with reproachful cruelty,
In guiltless blood of many an innocent.
As for Grandtorto, him with treacherie
And traines having surprised, he foully did to die.'

This last accusation is referred by Upton to Lord Grey's putting to death the Spaniards who held out the fort of Smerwick after they had surrendered to him at discretion; which 'sharp execution' Spenser has justified at more length in his State of Ireland. After the recal of Lord Grey, the poet's services in the

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state, and perhaps also his poetical fame, was rewarded by the grant of the castle of Kilcolman in the county of Cork, and 3028 acres out of the forfeited estate of the Earl of Desmond. Mr Todd has copied, from Smith's History of the County of Cork, the following interesting account of our poet's residence upon this property, during the happiest period of his life.

"Two miles north-west of Doneraile is Kilcolman, a ruined castle of the Earls of Desmond; but more celebrated for being the residence of the immortal Spenser, where he composed his divine poem, *The Faerie Queene.* The castle is now almost level with the ground. It was situated on the north side of a fine lake, in the midst of a vast plain, terminated to the east by the county of Waterford mountains; Ballyhowra hills to the north, or, as Spenser terms them, the mountains of Mole; Nagle mountains to the south; and the mountains of Kerry to the west. It commanded a view of above half of the breadth of Ireland; and must have been, when the adjacent uplands were wooded, a most pleasant and romantic situation; from whence, no doubt, Spenser drew several parts of the scenery of his poem. The river Mulla, which he more than once has introduced in his poems, ran through his grounds." Here, indeed, the poet has described himself as keeping his flock under the foot of the mountain Mole, amongst the coolly shades of green alders, by the shore of Mulla; and charming his oaten pipe (as his custom was) to his fellow shepherd swains.' Life, p. l. li.

We are here tempted to copy two stanzas, descriptive of Spenser's tranquil retreat, and containing, especially the first, the most happy imitation of the rich and artful melody of his versification.

'Awake, ye west windes, through the lonely dale,
And Fancy to thy faerie bower betake;
Even now with balmie freshness breathes the gale,
Dimpling with downy wing the stilly lake;
Through the pale willows faultering whispers wake;
And evening comes with locks bedropt with dew;
On Desmond's mouldering turrets slowly shake
The trembling rie-grass and the hare-bell blew;
And ever and anon fair Mulla's plaints renew.

'O for the namelesse power to strike mine eare,
The power of charm by Naiads once possest!
Melodious Mulla! when full oft while eare
Thy gliding numbers soothed the gentle breast
Of haplesse Spenser, long with woes opprest,
Long with the drowzie patron's smiles decoyed,
Till in thy shades, no more with cares distrest,
No more with painful, anxious hopes accloyed,
The Sabbath of his life the mild good man enjoyed.'

The delight of these halcyon days was enhanced by a visit which Sir Walter Raleigh made to his estates in our author's vicinity,

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in 1589. To the criticism of the Shepherd of the Ocean, as Spenser elsewhere termed him, the poet submitted such books of the Faery Queen as he had then finished; and was determined, by his ardent approbation, immediately to prepare them for the press. For this purpose, he accompanied Sir Walter in his return to England; and in 1590, the three first books of this beautiful poem were given to the world. The author of a romantic poem did not remain long unrewarded in the romantic court of Elizabeth. The Earl of Essex, who replaced, as the flower of chivalry, the amiable Sydney, was now added to Spenser's former patrons; and, under their auspices, our poet received from Queen Elizabeth a pension of 50*l.* yearly: and perhaps the list of laureate dulness has some title to be illuminated by the name of Spenser. Some further advantages, probably a permanent establishment in Britain, appear to have been unsuccessfully solicited by our author; for the striking lines, describing the miseries of a suitor for court favour, have been always understood to refer to his own disappointments.

'Full little knowest thou that hast not tride,
What hell it is in suing long to bide:
To lose good days that might be better spent;
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
To have thy prince's grace, yet want her peere's;
To have thy asking, yet wait many years;
To frett thy soul with crosses and with cares;
To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to ronne;
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.'

Mother Hubbard's Tale.

In the same satire and elsewhere, Spenser has not hesitated to launch the darts of his satire against his powerful enemy Lord Burleigh. After the publication of the Faery Queen in 1590, Spenser seems to have returned to Ireland, where he was soon after married. The progress of his passion and its success, is celebrated in his sonnets and Epithalamion. Mr Todd supposes this happy event to have taken place in 1594. The surname of the beautiful Elizabeth has escaped the researches of the biographer. In the year 1595, to omit lesser particulars, the next three books of the Faery Queen made their appearance. There is an unauthorised story told by Sir James Ware, that about this time Spenser had written the remaining six cantos of that beautiful poem, which were afterwards lost by the carelessness of his servant in passing from Ireland. But it appears much more proba-

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ble, that the work was never completed by the author, especially when we consider how long he had dwelt upon the first three books. It is too certain, that if any fragments, excepting the two cantos of 'Mutabilitie,' did ever exist, they are entirely lost to the world, and were probably destroyed in the wreck of our author's fortune, when his house was pillaged by the rebels. Spenser visited England in 1596, when he appears to have presented to the Queen and her ministers his View of the State of Ireland; which probably induced Elizabeth to recommend him to the office of sheriff of Cork, by a letter dated in September 1598. But, in October following, Tyrone, who had been long in arms, obtained that signal victory over Sir Henry Bagnol, marshal of Ireland, which was long after remembered by the name of the defeat of Blackwater. He instantly summoned his secret confederates in Munster to imitate him in assailing the English settlers. The call was obeyed; and the insurrection, like those we have had the misfortune to witness in later times, broke out with the irresistible fury of a volcano. At the head of the Munster rebels was James Fitzthomas Geraldine, titular Earl of Desmond. It was natural that he and his followers should be inflamed with the most bitter indignation against 'the English Undertakers,' as they were called, to whom the forfeited estates of the Geraldines had been granted after Desmond's war. 'And to speak truth,' says Fynes Morrison, who had the best access to know the fact, 'the Munster undertakers were in great part cause of this defection, and of their own fatal miseries. For, whereas they should have built castles, and brought over colonies of English, and have admitted no Irish tenant, but only English, these and like covenants were in no part performed by them. Of whom the men of best quality never came over, but made profit of the land; others brought no more English than their own families; and all entertained Irish servants and tenants, which were now the first to betray them. If the covenants had been kept by them, they themselves might have made two thousand able men; whereas, the Lord President could not find above two hundred of English birth amongst them, when the rebels first entered the province. Neither did these gentle undertakers make any resistance to the rebels; but left their dwellings, and fled to walled towns; yea, when there was such danger in flight, as greater could not have been in defending their own, whereof many of them had woful experience, being surprised with their wives and families in flight.' We have been full in our account of this insurrection, because Mr Todd has not thought proper to explain to his readers, either the nature of the grants to the Munster undertakers, of whom Spenser was one, or the progress of the insurrection, by which our author was so

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great a sufferer. Indeed, he has always substituted *Tyrone*'s rebellion for that of *Desmond*, with dubious propriety, since that branch of the rebellion by which Spenser suffered, is allowed to have burst forth in October 1598; which is true of the Munster insurrection, but not of the original war of Tyrone, which had already raged in Ulster for several years. Spenser, who held the castle and estate of Kilcolman, an ancient appanage of the Geraldines, who had been clerk of council for the province, and who, in his View of Ireland, had advised that future lieutenants should follow the example of the severe and inflexible Grey, had little mercy to hope from the rebels. Accordingly, he fled with precipitation,—such precipitation, that an infant child of the poet's appears to have been left behind, who perished when the rebels burned his castle. He arrived in London in misery and indigence. The bounty of Essex, and of his other friends, might save him from the extremity of poverty; but, in proportion as the sufferers under a calamity are numerous, relief becomes more difficult, and individual distress is regarded with less commiseration. Spenser never subdued the impressions of sorrow and misfortune. He died of a broken heart at London in January 1599. And here we cannot but severely censure the late laureate, who may be almost said to have falsified a passage of Drummond of Hawthornden, in order to countenance an idea which he had taken up, that Spenser died in Ireland.* He was buried at the expense of his munificent patron the Earl of Essex. His melancholy fate is thus commemorated by Phineas Fletcher.

'Witness our Colin, whom, though all the Graces
And all the Muses loved; whose well taught song
Parnassus' self and Glorian embraces,
And all the learned and all the shepherd throng;
Yet all his hopes were crossed, all suits denyed,
Discouraged, scorned, his writings vilifyed.
Poorly, poor man, he lived; poorly, poor man, he dyed.'

'And

* 'Spenser himself,' says Mr Warton, 'died in *Ireland*, in the most wretched condition, amid the desolations of the rebellion in Munster; as appears from the following curious anecdote in Drummond, who has left us the heads of a conversation between himself and Ben Jonson. "B. Jonson told me that Spenser's goods were robbed by the Irish in Desmond's rebellion; his house, and a little child of his burnt, and he and his wife nearly escaped; that he afterwards died in King-street (*Dublin*), by absolute want of bread." Now, it does *not* appear from the passage quoted, that Spenser died in Ireland; because Dublin, the only word referring to that kingdom in the whole passage, has been inserted by the laureate himself.

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'And had not that great Hart * (whose honoured head,
Ah, lies full low) pitied thy woeful plight,
There hadst thou lain, unwept, unburied,
Unblest, nor graced with any common rite:
Yet thou shalt live when thy great foe shall sink
Beneath his mountain tomb, whose fame shall stink,
And Time his blacker name shall blurr with blackest ink.

'Oh let the Iambic Muse revenge that wrong,
Which cannot slumber in thy sheets of lead:
Let thy abused honour cry as long
As there be quills to write or eyes to read.
On his rank name let thine own votes be turned,
"Oh may that man that hath the Muses scorned,
"Alive nor dead be ever of a Muse adorned."

We have thus made a brief analysis of Todd's Life of Spenser, which is the principal portion of original matter contributed to this edition by the editor. The Memoir, in point of style, is of a dry, sober, and sleepy cast: elegance has not perhaps been aimed at; certainly it has not been attained.

To the Life is subjoined a list of the editions of Spenser, and of his professed imitators. To the latter might have been added the unknown author of the Battle of the Sexes, an allegorical poem, in the manner of Spenser, which, though now forgotten, contains some very striking passages.

The edition of the poems themselves is published *cum notis variorum;* so that instead of extracting from his predecessor's labours their spirit and essence, Mr Todd has overlaid poor Spenser with the unselected mass of their commentaries, in addition to his own; and, after all, we are much afraid the text is, in many instances, rather burthened than assisted. In fact, as no author deserved the commentary of a kindred spirit so much as Spenser, we are greatly surprised that the task has not been long since undertaken by some person better qualified than Upton, Hughes, Church, or even Tom Warton himself. As none merits, so perhaps few English authors so much require, the assistance of a skilful commentator. The plan of the Faery Queen is much more involved than appears at first sight to a common reader. Spenser, himself has intimated this in his letter to Sir Walter Raleigh prefixed to the poem. For he there mentions, that he has often a

* Essex, described by his cognizance. Thus again Fletcher says of Queen Elizabeth,

'But ah, no joy her dying heart contented,
Since she a dear Deer's side unwilling rented,
Whose death she all too late, too much lamented.'

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general and particular intention, as when he figures, under Gloriana, the general abstract idea of glory, but also the particular living person of Queen Elizabeth. This 'continued allegory or dark conceit,' therefore, contains, besides the general allegory or moral, many particular and minute allusions to persons and events in the court of Queen Elizabeth, as well as to points of general history. The ingenuity of a commentator would have been most usefully employed in decypbering what, 'for avoiding of jealous opinions and misconstructions,' our author did not chuse to leave too open to the contemporary reader. But although every thing belonging to the reign of the Virgin Queen carries with it a secret charm to Englishmen, no commentator of the Faery Queen has taken the trouble to go very deep into those annals, for the purpose of illustrating the secret, and, as it were, esoteric allusions of Spenser's poem. Upton is the only one who has pointed out some of these relations and allusions; but he has neither been sufficiently particular, nor is the low vulgar familiarity of his style a fit accompaniment to the lofty verse of Spenser. Church and Hughes both remain in the court of the Gentiles; and the present worthy commentator adds little to their labours, save a few crumbs of verbal criticism. We fear they have verified the saying of Hamlet, that a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear. Those political inuendos which Spenser wrapt up in mystery and allegory, may even remain like unexpounded oracles, for all the light these learned gentlemen can throw upon them. They have not even followed the clue thrown out by Upton. As for the late laureate, it is well known that he could never follow a clue of any kind. With a head abounding in multifarious lore, and a mind unquestionably imbued with true poetic fire, he wielded that most fatal of all implements to its possessor, a pen so scaturient and unretentive, that we think he himself must have been often astonished, not only at the extent of his lucubrations, but at their total and absolute want of connexion with the subject he had assigned to himself. Thus, instead of a history of poetry, he presented the world with three huge volumes of mingled and indigested quotations and remarks, in which the reader, like the antient alchemists in their researches, is sure to meet every thing but what he is seeking for. Had Mr Warton, therefore, sat down to explain the political allusions of Spenser, he would probably have commenced with an erudite history of Crœsus, king of Lydia. So useless are parts and erudition, when not directed soberly and steadily to the illustration of the point in hand. It may be expected that we should produce some examples of the crimes of omission imputable to Mr Todd and his predecessors.

The Red-Cross Knight, in the obvious and general interpreta-

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tion, signifies 'Holiness;' or, the perfection of the Spiritual Man in Religion. But, in the political and particular sense, the adventures of St George bear a peculiar and obvious, though not an uniform, reference to the history of the Church of England as established by Queen Elizabeth. Thus, we find the orthodox church, in its earlier history, surmounting the heresies of the Arians, and many others; as the Red-Cross Knight, while animated by the voice of Una, or Truth, destroys the monster Error and her brood. Again, he defeats Sans Foy, but falls into the snares of Duessa, the leman of the vanquished knight. Thus the Church, in the reign of Constantine, triumphed over Paganism, but was polluted by Error in consequence of its accession to temporal sovereignty. Hence its purity was affected by those vices which are described as inhabiting the house of Pride; and, becoming altogether relaxed in discipline, the Church was compelled to submit to the domination of the Pope. These events are distinctly figured out in the imprisonment of the Red-Cross Knight in the Castle of Orgoglio, and in Duessa's assuming the trappings and seven-headed palfrey of the Whore of Babylon. Here the poet also seems dimly to have shadowed forth what was not too plainly to be named—the persecution in the days of Queen Mary.

'But all the floor (too filthy to be told)
With blood of guiltless babes and innocents true,
Which there were slain as sheep out of the fold,
Defiled was, that dreadful was to view;
And sacred ashes over it was strowed new.'

The conquest of Orgoglio and Duessa do therefore plainly figure forth the downfal of Popery in England, as the enlargement of the Red-Cross Knight signifies the freedom of the Protestant Church, happily accomplished by the accession of Queen Elizabeth. Yet these obvious inferences have escaped the commentators of Spenser.

The affection of Timias for Belphœbe, is allowed, on all hands, to allude to Sir Walter Raleigh's pretended admiration of Queen Elizabeth; and his disgrace, on accout of a less platonic intrigue with the daughter of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, together with his restoration to favour, are plainly pointed out in the subsequent events. But no commentator has noticed the beautiful insinuation by which the poet points out the error of his friend, and of his friend's wife. Timias finds Amoret in the arms of Corflambo, or sensual passion; he combats the monster unsuccessfully, and wounds the lady in his arms. We have not time to go through many other minute circumstances alluding to the history and intrigues of Queen Elizabeth's reign. Many of them are noticed in Upton's notes; but, we think, without sufficiently detailing the

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authorities on which he grounds his explanation. The fiery spirit of the unfortunate Earl of Westmoreland is detected under the personage of Blandamour, fickle both in friendship and in love, and easily heated into brawls, even when an exile in the Prince of Parma's court;* of which, the instance in the note might with propriety have been quoted. Mr Todd has, however, added nothing to what Upton has done, in explanation of Spenser's historical allusions, although that poet himself hath told us,

'Of faery lond yet if he more inquire,
By certain signs, here set in sundry place,
He may it find; ne let him then admire,
But yield his sense to be too blunt and base,
That note without a hound fine footing trace.'

But there is another, and perhaps still more interesting source of inquiry, opened by the perusal of Spenser's poem. We allude to the state of Italian literature at the period when he wrote. That country had awakened from the sleep of barbarous ignorance, at least three centuries before the rest of Europe; and had already decorated, with classical imagery and allusions, many a story of Gothic origin. It would be necessary to plunge deep into the history of their poetry, to explain the extent to which Spenser has made it the object of his imitation; and in this Mr Todd appears to us to have failed in research or in success. In fact, that gentleman's ambition seems to have been limited to the humble task of choosing betwixt contested readings, in which he is generally guided by sound judgment, and in explaining obsolete words, in which he is sometimes insufferably and unnecessarily prolix. For example, the common word *port*, applied to personal carriage, is authorized by a note about the *port* and *countenance* of the Lord Mayor of London. There is another long note about the expression 'hurly-burly,' which elegant phrase he does us the honour to deduce from Scotland. There is also a prodigious long quotation from Don Quixote, to verify the fact, that knights-errant, like most other people, bestowed names upon their horses. We have also tedious discussions, not the less dull for being backed with classical authority, upon such questions as, whether Spenser did write, or ought to have written Acidalian, or Aridalian;

* 'The Lord of Westmoreland, according to him, went poor and careless of all the world. Being braved, a little before, at the Court of Bruges, by a Spanish cavalier, who reviled our nation—My said Lord, not able to endure such terms, drew upon him, and had surely murdered the Spanyard, had not the fray been taken up, for the present, by such as stood bye.' Letter to the Lords of Council, Strype's Annals, *ad ann.* 1596.

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and not a heathen god or goddess escapes, without a full account of their breed and generation—for which perhaps the reader might have been briefly referred to Tooke's Pantheon. On the other hand, many obscure references, which do not fall within the course of general study, are left unexplained, or perhaps the perplexed reader is coolly referred to some work of rare occurrence for the solution. Thus, for the prophecy concerning the 'fatal Welland,' we are in a great measure turned over to the instruction of Anthony a Wood; and no information at all is given concerning the ancient fabulous history of Britain, which Spenser so often refers to, and upon which every day is now throwing more light.

But it was chiefly in that very curious and interesting tract, the View of the State of Ireland, that Spenser required the aid of a commentator to elucidate his positions as a historian and antiquary, and very frequently to correct his answers. Hardly any picture is more interesting than that of the poet reviewing, at once, with fear and with some degree of respect, the manners of the rude natives by whom he was surrounded; and it is a shame to literature, that nothing has been added worth noticing, to what Sir James Ware has long since said on so curious a subject.

To conclude, we are well aware that the Trade find their advantage in publishing what are technically called Variorum Editions of celebrated authors. It saves copy-money, saves trouble, saves every thing but the credit of the unfortunate poet. Where the poet and commentator are fairly opposed to each other, the former has at least some chance of coming off victorious; but five to one would be odds even against Culley, or the Game Chicken; and it is absolutely impossible that an ordinary reader can form a just judgment of the text, which is absolutely borne down and overwhelmed by the dull, dubious, and contradictory commentaries of so many uncongenial spirits. Their regard for the author is expressed like the gratitude of the Gauls, who overwhelmed with their bucklers the virgins to whom they were indebted for the conquest of a city. We conclude with a single hint. Mr Todd is a man of learning and research. We wish he would write essays in the Archæologia, and renounce editing our ancient poets.

It is however but justice to add, that the text is correctly and judiciously edited, notwithstanding the learned lumber with which it is unnecessarily embarrassed.

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ART. XV. *Mes Souvenirs de Vingt Ans de Sejour à Berlin; ou, Frederic le Grand, sa Famille, sa Cour, son Gouvernement, ses Academies, ses Ecoles, et ses Amis Litterateurs et Philosophes.* Par Dieudonné Thiebault, de l'Academie Royale de Berlin, &c. &c. Seconde Edition. 5 tomes 8vo. pp. 1885. Paris, Buisson, 1805.

M. THIEBAULT was one of the many French *savans* whom Frederic II. invited to settle in his capital, to partake of the employments connected with science, and to enlarge or diversify that literary society in which he delighted to relax his mind after the fatigues of state affairs. He was recommended to the King's notice by d'Alembert and d'Olivet, as a person skilled in the French language, and well versed in various departments of the *belles-lettres*. He repaired to Berlin in 1765; and, during a period of twenty years, was occasionally employed in revising the royal author's French, conversing with him, or rather listening to his familiar discourses, reading his dissertations at the Academy, and performing the other little offices about his mind, which were required of his literary attendants. The inoffensive talents and supple manners of M. Thiebault, seem to have qualified him, in a peculiar degree, for this menial employment. Few of his dependants approached the King more nearly or more frequently; and the result of this long and close intercourse has been, a very satisfactory development of his character in the volumes now before us. As the author was admitted into all the best circles of Berlin, he has been enabled to collect a variety of interesting particulars relative to the many eminent persons, both natives and foreigners, who either figured in society during his residence there, or had left behind them a lively impression of their distinguishing qualities; so that, besides the full and elaborate portrait of Frederic, which forms the chief figure on the canvas, we are introduced to a various group of his contemporaries, some of whom are scarcely less interesting than himself.

Our author has but one mode of treating all the subjects that fall in his way. Upon each he pours out as many anecdotes as he has been able to preserve, either from his own recollection, or from the narratives of credible and well-informed persons. He writes with great ease, some powers of language, little compression, and no method. He seldom leaves the matter in hand, to give us either displays of learning, or declamatory remarks. If he shows no great turn for profound discussions, he at least has the wisdom, for the most part, to keep within his depth. We rarely find him quitting his subject to indulge in details flattering to his vanity, although no failing lyes more in the way of one

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who writes the history of his own times. Neither does he often narrate anecdotes of a description improper for publication. He has chiefly to do with men whose conspicuous parts in life entitle the world to examine their most private history; whose necessary publicity of station was so well described by Prince Henry, in his famous observation upon Mirabeau's defamatory memoirs of him—'*Par bonheur ou par malheur j'appartiens tout entier à l'histoire.*'

As there is in this book no pretensions to an arranged or systematic view of the celebrated character upon which its contents throw so much light, we conceive it may be deemed an acceptable service, if we attempt to supply this defect. It is not to Prussians or to Germans alone, that the life of Frederic presents an interesting retrospect. All Europe feels to this day, and, we fear, is likely long to feel, the effects of his unprincipled policy—the still more fatal consequences of the example held out by his success in seducing his neighbours from their duty, as well as by his impunity in spoiling them of their dominions. In the history of letters, too, the conduct of this once admired monarch forms a singular variety; and we are naturally curious to contemplate, how far the enthusiasm so easily excited by the living merit of princes, must suffer an abatement in the times of their successors; how far the dazzling talents of the scholar diverted the attention of his contemporaries from the more solid qualifications of sense and virtue; and how far the government of this *Philosophical King* formed an exception to his own saying, that if a province were to be mismanaged for a wager, it should be placed under the rule of philosophers.

It may be proper to remark, in the outset, that the circumstantial manner in which M. Thiebault's narratives are pursued, together with his unquestionable opportunities of correct information, afford strong presumptions in favour of his accuracy. He is, besides, pretty full, for the most part, on those particulars which tend to authenticate his statements—either giving the facts explicitly upon his own authority, frequently supported by appeals to living witnesses, or specifying the persons from whom his information was derived. There is, too, a general consistency in his details, and a degree of impartiality in producing many of them, which tends strongly to impress us in his favour. His own opinions seem to be formed with no great violence or extent of speculation; so that one seldom suspects him of either making the story yield to a theory, or of seeing and recollecting through a medium of prejudice. Indeed, the judgment which we are led to form of his hero, is diametrically opposite to his own view of the subject. The chief facts which we shall borrow from the

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work, may the more safely be trusted and reasoned upon, that they lead to a very low estimate of Frederic's character, while the author is a professed, though not a blind, eulogist of it.

It is well known, that the earlier years of Frederic's life were spent in the school of adversity. Whether the influence of this discipline, so commonly propitious to the character of great men, was exerted in chastening his principles, and in calling forth and regulating those feelings which the education of a court tends either to stifle or pervert, may be learnt not only from the private history of his reign, but from some anecdotes preserved in these volumes, of his conduct immediately after he came to the crown; while, as yet, his heart could not have become callous from the habits of uncontrolled dominion, nor his principles unsettled by the cares of his turbulent career. When William discovered his son's plan for escaping from Prussia, he caused him to be arrested, together with his confidential friend De Catt, and instantly brought to trial before a military commission. The interposition of Austria alone saved the prince's life; but he was thrown into prison at the fort of Custrin, where his friend was beheaded on a scaffold raised before his apartment to the level of the window, from which he was forced to view this afflicting spectacle. He was so much overpowered, that he sunk senseless into the chair which had been placed to keep him at the window, and only recovered to bewail, with every appearance of the most poignant feeling, the fate of this unhappy young man, who had fallen a sacrifice to his faithful attachment. The savage conduct of William, indeed, left him scarce any other occupation;—his confinement was as strict, and his treatment as harsh as that of the meanest felon. By degrees, however, his guards watched him less closely, and he was even permitted to steal out under cover of night, by circuitous paths, to a chateau in the neighbourhood, the residence of a very amiable nobleman's family, who received him with the greatest kindness, and exposed themselves to constant risk on his account. Among them he spent as much of his time for above a year, as he could gain from the humanity or treachery of his jailor. It was chiefly with music and reading that he consoled himself in the gloom of his prison; and they not only furnished him with books and candles, but made little concerts for him in the evenings, when he could escape to enjoy their society. The young Wrechs (for that was the name of this family) were sufficiently accomplished and sprightly to gain Frederic's esteem. He delighted much in their company; and though they were so numerous, that the Baron was kept in narrow circumstances by the necessary expenses of their maintenance and education, he contrived, by straitening himself still more,

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to scrape together supplies of money to the amount of above six thousand rixdollars, with which he assisted, from time to time, his royal guest.

Such were the obligations which Frederic owed, during this eventful period of his life, first to the House of Austria, whose spirited and decisive interference saved him from the scaffold; next, to the unfortunate de Catt, who had sacrificed his life in the attempt to aid his escape; and, lastly, to the amiable family of the Wrechs, who, at the imminent risk of their lives, and a certain expense little suited to their circumstanees, had tenderly alleviated the hardships of his confinement. As Frederic mounted the throne a short time after he was set at liberty, we might naturally expect that the impression of favours like these would outlive the ordinary period of royal memory. The first act of his reign was to invade the hereditary dominions of Austria, and reduce to the utmost distress the daughter and representative of the monarch whose timely interposition had saved his life, by heading a powerful combination against her, after stripping her of an invaluable province. The family relations of de Catt never received, during the whole of his reign, even a smile of royal favour. To the Wrechs he not only never repaid a creutzer of the money which they had pinched themselves to raise for his accommodation, but manifested a degree of coldness amounting to displeasure: so that this worthy and accomplished family were in a kind of disgrace during his time,—never received well at court,—nor promoted to any of the employments which form in some sort the patrimony of the aristocracy. They were favoured by Prince Henry; and all that they could boast of owing to the King, was, to use an expression of his panegyrist that, '*he did not persecute them*' on account of his brother's patronage. M. Thiebault observes, in defence of this base conduct, that Frederic, from the moment he became king, devoted every feeling of his mind to his royal station, and reduced himself to a mechanical observance of its strict duties. He reminds us, too, of the Prussian law, which prohibits the loan of money to princes of the blood, and declares all debts contracted by them null. But since the *King* was to govern himself by the enactments of this law, it would have been well if the *Prince* had considered them. We have heard of Lewis XII. proudly declaring that it was unworthy the King of France to revenge the wrongs of the Duke of Orleans. It was reserved for the unfeeling meanness of Frederic, to show us, that the King was not bound by the highest obligations of the Prince of Prussia—that he could shelter himself from the claims of honour and gratitude, by appealing to laws which had been generously violated in his behalf.

But it may be fair to mention the solitary instance of a con-

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trary description, which we can find in comparing his conduct on the throne with the favours received during his misfortunes. He had been assisted in his musical relaxations at Potsdam by the daughter of a citizen, who, without any personal charms, had the accomplishment most valuable to the Prince, secluded as he was from all society, and depending for amusement almost entirely on his flute. His father no sooner heard of this intimacy, then he supposed there must be some criminal intercourse between the young amateurs, and proceeded to meet the tender passion by the universal remedy which he was in the habit of administering to his subjects. The lady was seized, delivered over to the executioner, and publicly whipped through the streets of Potsdam. This cruel disgrace, of course put an end to the concerts, and to her estimation in society. When Frederic came to the throne, she was reduced to the humble station of a hackney coachman's wife; and, with a rare effort of gratitude and generosity, he was pleased to settle upon her a pension, of very little less than thirty-five pounds a year.

In the course of his subsequent life, we can discover nothing at all inconsistent with the traits of character which these beginnings disclosed. M. Thiebault has been at great pains to prove that he really possessed the common feelings of humanity. It is a point, indeed, which he formally proposes for discussion, in his own manner, by force of anecdote; and, accordingly, enters upon his bead-roll of stories, after a profusion of epithets lavished upon sensibility. 'Sentiment involontaire et toujours si cher, qui nous livre tout entiers à l'éstime et à l'amitié—cette affection douce et si touchante, qui nous lie à ceux qui nous paroissent en être dignes,' &c.—'germe heureux,' &c—'qui se nourrit de nos sacrifices les plus genereux—source delicieux et plus riche,' &c. Our author resists the force of the first anecdote which he recounts,—the well known story of Frederic keeping his friend Knobelsdorff's corpse in his room till it was half rotten. This he admits, is not an unequivocal proof of real sensibility: but, in the next, M. Thiebault himself had some share, and it quite decides his opinion. When one of Frederic's nephews, an amiable and accomplished prince, died suddenly of the small-pox, he composed a pompous *eloge*, which he intended for the Academy of Berlin. He accordingly sent for our author, and requested him to read it before that learned body, after correcting the French, and giving his further remarks, which meant expressing his admiration of it, in writing. But, first of all, he wished him to make a clean copy of it, and gave him particular directions to this effect. 'However,' added he, 'you don't know my hand, and may perhaps find it difficult to decypher; for I scrawl, rather

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than write; therefore, in order that you may guess my meaning more easily, I shall read this piece to you, such as it is.' The king then took the paper, and began to read, with the appearance, says our author, of a man who wishes to command himself. He spoke slowly, and made frequent pauses to strengthen his voice. He had scarcely turned a couple of pages, however, before his eyes were filled with tears, and his utterance began to fail; he went on with many interruptions, and tried every means to conceal his agitation; but before he could finish the fourth page, he was obliged to stop altogether, and hand the discourse to M. Thiebault, who stood admiring to see this great man accessible, like other mortals, to the feelings of humanity; and immediately exclaims, '*Mon probleme fût resolu!*' He adds, that many other facts which came to his knowledge, confirmed him in the same opinion. We have, however, only met with one more of this description in these volumes.—M. De Catt, entering his apartment during one of the most critical periods of the Seven-years' war, found him engaged in reading Bourdaloue; it was immediately after he had received the account of his eldest sister, the Margravine of Bareuth's death, and in two days he gave him a manuscript, desiring him to keep it;—M. De Catt, found it was a sermon which the king had composed.

Now, suppose we add to these anecdotes, the circumstance formerly noticed, of his grief for his friend De Catt's death; it does not appear that any evidence of a very unexceptionable kind is brought together for the decision of the question respecting this Prince's feelings. The physical effect produced upon a person's nerves, by the sight of some shocking spectacle, must be carefully distinguished from the changes which real grief works in the mind. Tears are at least as good evidence of a bodily or mental weakness, as of the tenderness of heart which we denominate sensibility. A man, whose feelings are abundantly callous, may weep copiously at seeing an intimate companion beheaded on the outside of his window, for an action in which he was himself the principal; and he may cherish this sorrow in the idleness of a dungeon, whom the most trifling interruption would have restored to his wonted gaiety or thoughtlessness, in the regions of the living world. But still more equivocal are the marks of feeling that are summoned by the exertions which a man voluntarily uses for procuring the luxurious indulgence of grief. And most of all are we disposed to question the purity of the tears which flow to the strains of the weeper's own eloquence. When an infidel scoffer, in some other mood of this sort, occupies himself with writing a sermon, we naturally conclude that there is more whim than feeling called forth by the occasion. And,

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after all, though we were to admit that Frederic could feel, because a few instances of this description are collected, the question recurs, why he so very seldom obeyed those impulses of his nature? why he constantly stifled them, except in two or three wretched cases, where no advantage was to be sacrificed by the indulgence, and no bad passions interfered? A worse picture surely cannot be figured, than that of a heart which beats by the calculations of interest; which is dead to the influence of feeling, and only wakes at the excitements of passion. We are afraid that more pages than one, of this eulogy of Frederic the Great, present such a portrait to our view.

In one of his battles, happening to turn his head round, he saw his nephew, the Hereditary Prince, fall to the ground, his horse being killed under him. Frederic, thinking the rider was shot, cried, without stopping, 'Ah! there's the Prince of Prussia killed; let his saddle and bridle be taken care of!' This incident we are willing to pass over without much comment, though, to be sure, one cannot easily read it without thinking of M. Thiebault's 'sentiment involontaire et toujours si cher, qui nous livre tout entiers à l'estime et à l'amitié'— his 'premier tresor de l'homme'— his 'germe heureux, qui se nourrit de nos sacrifices,' &c. and his various other epithets descriptive of Frederic's feelings. But, unhappily, the question does not require us to consider minutely this instance, or others of the same complexion. There are histories of a more extensive and decisive aspect, interwoven as it were with his whole life, and bearing a large proportion to the sum of his conduct, which are fully authenticated; and, though now for the first time given in their more copious details, were not unknown before M. Thiebault's publication appeared.

William Augustus, the King's elder brother, and heir apparent to the crown, had for many years been his principal favourite. He was a Prince of great abilities, and singularly amiable character—modest almost to timidity—and repaying the friendship of Frederic by a more than filial devotion. He had served near his person in all his campaigns, had constantly distinguished himself in war, and, after the disastrous battle of Collin, was entrusted with the command of half the retreating army. While the King succeeded in bringing off his own division safe into Saxony, the Prince, attacked on all hands by the whole force of the Austrians, suffered several inconsiderable losses on his march, and gained the neighbourhood of Dresden with some difficulty. He was received, as well as his whole staff, with the greatest marks of displeasure. For several days the King spoke to none of them; and then sent a message by one of his generals—'*que pour bien faire, il devoit*

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leur faire trancher la tête, excepté au general Winterfeldt.' The Prince was of too feeling a disposition not to suffer extremely from this treatment. He addressed a letter to the King, in which he stated, that the fatigues of the campaign, and his distress of mind, had totally injured his health; and received for answer a permission to retire, couched in the most bitter and humiliating reproaches. From this time he lived entirely in the bosom of his family, a prey to the deepest melancholy, but retaining for the King his sentiments of warm attachment, and respect bordering upon veneration, although never permitted to approach his person. One interview only brought the brothers together after their unhappy separation. The different members of the Royal family, during the most disastrous period of the Seven-years' war, when the existence of the house of Brandenburgh seemed to depend on a diminution in the number of its enemies, united their voices in exhorting the King to attempt making such a peace with France and Sweden, as might be consistent with the honour of his crown. Prince William was entreated to lay their wishes before him; and, oppressed as he was with disease, trembling to appear in his brother's presence, scarcely daring to hope even a decorous reception, he yet thought his duty required this effort, and supplicated an audience. Frederic allowed him to detail fully his whole views, and heard from him the unanimous prayer of his relations. 'Il prie,' says our author, 'il conjure, il emploie les larmes les plus abondantes; il embrasse les genoux de son frere.' No sentiment of pity for the cause he pleaded, nor any spark of his ancient affection kindled in Frederic's bosom at so touching a scene. He remained silent and stern during the whole interview, and then put an end to it by these words: '*Monsieur, vous partirez demain pour Berlin: allez faire des enfans: vous n'êtes bon qu'à cela.*' The Prince did not long survive this memorable audience.

Such was the fate of his favourite brother. The Princess Amelia was his youngest and most beloved sister. She is thus described by M. Thiebault.

'This Princess was in her youth the object of almost universal adoration; no less for the extreme beauty of her person, and the excellence of her understanding, than for the mild and benevolent virtues that formed her character. She possessed, besides, many distinguished accomplishments; and it was in my time still recollected, that at Berlin, where the science of music is generally cultivated, there was no one who had surpassed her in the knowledge and perfection of that arduous yet delightful art. Different pieces of music of her composition have been carefully preserved; and I was myself a witness to the admiration they excited at a period when certainly there existed no predilection in her favour.

'Amelia, more perhaps than any other member of the family, pos-

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sessed an understanding that resembled that of Frederic: she had the same subtlety, the same vivacity, the same propensity to sarcastic ridicule. With respect to the last of these qualities, I allude to the time in which I knew her; for in her youth, this feature of her character had on no occasion made its appearance.' II. 279.

The attachment of Frederic for this amiable person was so marked, as to excite the jealousy of his other relatives, and even in time to draw down upon her the public dislike; for she was viewed as a sort of emissary or spy to her brother. Their mutual affection, however, continued unimpaired; for the King subjected his friendships to his own caprices, and not to those of his family or courtiers. The Princess having been cajoled out of a match with the King of Sweden, by her eldest sister Ulrica, who succeeded in obtaining it for herself, unfortunately fixed her affections upon a young cavalier of singular accomplishments, who had just made his appearance at the court of Berlin, and become the object of general admiration. This was the Baron Trenck—a name since become almost proverbial for the expression of every accumulation of cruel treatment. But it is not so well known that his unparalleled calamities were entirely owing to the indiscreet passion of the Princess, and his inability, notwithstanding frequent hints, to tear himself from the object of his attachment. He was arrested, or rather kidnapped, upon a foreign territory, after various escapes from the prisons and forts of Prussia, and was thrown into a dungeon at Magdeburg, eighty feet below ground, carefully watched, and prevented equally from attempts to divert the gloom of his confinement, and to effect an escape from it. In this dreadful situation he remained for upwards of ten years. The effects which his sufferings produced upon the wretched Princess, are painted in very striking colours by the following simple statement.

'The lady, for whom he had sacrificed so much, had never lost sight of him: she had administered to him every possible assistance in his first prison; and while he was a fugitive abroad, and at the moment when Trenck was effecting the completion of their mutual ruin by his imprudence, he was indebted to her for the means of his subsistence. But, from the time of his being buried as it were in the fortress of Magdeburg, neither the most active zeal, nor the most persevering efforts, could find a passage to their miserable object.

'She now felt with double poignancy the conviction that she was the original cause of his sufferings, when she could no longer relieve them. To the mental tortures she endured, must be attributed those extraordinary and premature infirmities to which she was a victim. In the course of a few years her personal charms had wholly disappeared; her voice was gone; her eyes, once remarkable for their beauty, had now started from their sockets, and she was threatened with total blindness; she nearly lost the use of her arms and hands;

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scarcely could she with her left hand raise the right to a certain height, and even this not without extreme pain; and the weakness of her legs was excessive. Never did despair and grief produce such fatal effects on any one whose life they had spared; and as she survived these cruel attacks, it is natural to conclude that the desire and hope she felt of still being useful to him for whom she endured such sufferings, inspired her with a supernatural strength and resolution.

'A singular circumstance, and which proves how dark a veil was thrown over the whole of this affair, is, that the public, though witnesses of the physical afflictions she laboured under, had no idea of the cause, and sometimes even ascribed them to the eccentric cast of her character. "She has become what she is," people affirmed, "entirely by her own attempt to disfigure herself. Her character is so strange and eccentric, that she wilfully misapplied the remedies prescribed for her recovery, and this for the sole purpose of rendering herself hideous and infirm, even at the risk of her life."

'She was accused of extraordinary eccentricity of character, because, in fact, she possessed an extraordinary understanding; though, at the same time, it must be admitted that her temper, owing to the violence and duration of her afflictions, had altered considerably for the worse. A woman of more gentle and pleasing manners, or of a more ingenuous temper, than she had been in her early years, was not to be met with: but these qualities she had now exchanged for a severity that knew no intervals of indulgence; that was prompt to presume evil rather than good; and exerted its influence the more sensibly as her turn for epigram made her spleen more easily felt.

'Of all the predilections of her youth, her taste for reading was the only one she retained; with this variation, however, that she now read only books on philosophical or serious subjects, and entirely laid aside those of mere amusement. She had also abandoned her music, the art which she formerly more than any other cultivated, and in which she most excelled: a terrible example of the effects produced on the human frame by the constant disappointment of a violent passion!' IV. 220. *et seq.*

Such was the miserable object whom Frederic saw daily pining away before his eyes, under a complication of ills produced by his own conduct, while his affection for her remained as constant and tender as before. After Trenck had lingered in his dungeon for above ten years, the Empress Queen, at the instance of the Princess, applied for his liberation. The King could not refuse, and set him at liberty, with strict orders to quit the country for ever. The manner in which this interposition of Maria Theresa was effected, and the perpetual vigilance of the Princess to the case of the sufferer, form an affecting and curious part of these volumes. We shall only present our readers with the melancholy picture of the interview which he had with this cruelly injured woman, after the death of Frederic permitted him to return.

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'On arriving at Berlin, it may be easily imagined his first and most eager object was to visit the lady who had been the cause of his misfortunes. Alas! what language could describe the interview? It lasted for some hours, and was consecrated to mutual tears. The past, the present, the future was reviewed, without alleviation to their sorrows! What perplexities, what griefs were theirs! What a perspective lay before them! Trenck, his hair bleached with age; his body curved with the weight of sixty pounds of iron, which for ten years had hung from it; his features changed by grief: this was the man, who, in his youth, had displayed so superb a person, and whose image she had so faithfully preserved! He, on the other hand, beheld in her, for whom he had suffered so much, a female prematurely old like himself; a head entirely bald and shaking so as scarcely to support itself; a face disfigured and ghastly in its expression, and miserably wrinkled; eyes distorted, dim, and haggard; a form that tottered with feebleness upon limbs unable, through contortion and disease, any longer to perform their office. How, in so changed a being, was he to retrace the object of his affection, whom he had left in the bloom of youth, with features the most regular, a complexion the most dazzling, the most bewitching graces of air and person, all the charms and attractions of the most captivating physiognomy and most consummate beauty! And how, in the accents of austere affliction, the cold unfeeling train of reasoning, the words of desperation and distrust that now escaped her, in the harsh illiberal spirit in which she now judged of men and things,—could he recal the rich sallies of imagination which so often had enchanted him! Where were now the impetuosity of youthful gaiety, the sweetness of her manners, the enjoyment of the fleeting moment, and the rapturous dreams of future bliss! Alas! every thing now is dead! Each finds in the other a shrunk, emaciated form! What efforts were necessary on either side to sustain so dreadful a shock!

'In this moment of trial, the resolution of the lady proved superior to that of Trenck. She led the conversation in such a manner as to make it serve the purpose of diverting for the time their common sorrow, and mutually communicating the story of their past sufferings: she inquired into every particular of his situation; the nature of his present resources and his future hopes; how many children he had, and their different ages; what manner of education he adopted for them.—She next assured him she would do whatever lay in her power for them, and promised to take his eldest girl under her roof in quality of a companion. It was in this spirit that they separated, to see each other no more.' IV. 241. *et seq.*

Having contemplated this monarch in the relations of domestic life, it is now fit that we should view him among his friends. Of these, there was absolutely not one whom he did not treat with exemplary harshness, except Jordan, who indeed lived only a few

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years after Frederic came to the throne, while he was too much occupied with war to allow him time for mixing with that select society, in which he afterwards vainly hoped to enjoy the pleasures of entire equality, and where always, sooner or later, the King prevailed over the companion. Of all his friends, the Marquis d'Argens seems to have been the most cordially and respectfully attached to his person.

'On the occurrence of any difficulty, and on the eve of every battle, the solicitude of this loyal courtier was extreme: he might even be said to be beside himself. His correspondence with the king was as regular as circumstances would allow of, and they usually passed their time in each other's company when Frederic was in winter quarters. At one time the monarch had no confident but d'Argens, to whose sympathy he could open his heart; his old associates being for the most part dead, and his relations on bad terms with him, because he persisted firmly in refusing their united and earnest request that he should demand a peace of France.

'It was in this painful state of things that Frederic, seeing Prussia and Pomerania in the hands of the Russians, Silesia and Brandenburg in great part occupied by the Austrians, and Westphalia by the French; finding himself, too, but feebly assisted by his allies; his armies nearly annihilated, no less through his victories than his defeats; himself without money or resources;—resolved on committing an act of suicide. This measure he communicated to the Marquis d'Argens, in a letter which he called his farewell letter. D'Argens, on the receipt of it, shut himself in his closet, and passed the night in framing a reply, which he sent off before day-break. In this epistle, which was written with all the overflowing of the warmest friendship, Frederic contemplated at once the language of philosophy; the resources and the hopes held out to him by political science; in fine, the fortitude and energy with which the love of glory and of virtue can inspire a truly noble mind.

'The preparations for death were laid aside: a new battle was hazarded, in which Frederic gained a complete victory, and afterward found means to provide for his most pressing necessities, again to become the dread of his enemies, and to conclude a peace upon his own terms.' V. p. 333.

Our author enumerates the causes which prepared the termination of this exemplary friendship. They chiefly resolve themselves into that unbounded familiarity with which the King delighted to treat his associates for a certain time, but which he was always sure to abuse, when he saw that they received it as he intended they should. The pretext for finally discarding his antient companion, was poor in the extreme. When the Marquis consented to come into Frederic's service, and leave his own country, it was upon the express condition that he should have permission to return home when he reached the age of seventy.

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He had a brother in France, to whom he was tenderly attached, and owed many obligations. As he approached this period of life, his brother prepared a house and establishment for his reception; and nothing was wanting but the King's leave to make him retire from a service to which he was now ill adapted by his years, and rendered averse by the coldness daily more apparent in the treatment he received. But Frederic, notwithstanding the bargain, and in spite of his diminished attachment to this faithful follower, peremptorily refused to grant his discharge: he allowed him a sort of furlough to see his brother, and took his promise to return in six months. When the visit was paid, and the Marquis had arrived at Bourg on his return, the exertions which he made to get back within the stipulated time, threw him into a dangerous illness. As soon as the six months expired, Frederic receiving no letter, and hearing nothing of him, became violently enraged, ordered his pensions to be stopped, and his name to be struck off the lists with disgrace. The account of these precipitate measures reached the Marquis as he was on the point of continuing his journey after his recovery. And when he died, the King caused a monument to be raised to his memory, as a proof that he repented of his harsh and hasty proceedings against him.

The treatment which Marshal Schwerin met with for gaining the battle of Molwitz, is well known. In order to execute the manœuvre upon which the victory depended, it was necessary that the King should retire from the field at a moment when success was almost despaired of. He consented; the tide was turned by the consummate skill of the General. Ever after, Frederic treated him with marked coldness; neglected him as far as the necessity of claiming assistance from his genius would permit; and, finally, was the cause of his exposing himself to certain destruction at the battle of Prague, where this great master of the art of war fell undistinguished in the crowd, leaving his family to the neglect of an ungrateful sovereign, and his memory to be honoured by the enemy whom he conquered. *

After Frederic had quarrelled with Voltaire, he heard of a Chevalier Masson, whose wit and accomplishments were represented as sufficient to replace those which he had just lost by his vanity and caprice. It was with difficulty that this gentleman could be induced to quit the French service, in which he stood high; and when he arrived at Berlin, though it very soon

* The monument erected in the neighbourhood of Prague, upon the spot where the greatest of the Prussian captains fell, was raised by the Emperor Joseph II.

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became apparent that Voltaire's place was not one of those which are so easily supplied, yet he had qualities sufficient to recommend him, and was admitted instantly to the royal circles. A single indiscreet sally of wit ruined him in the King's favour. He retired in disgust to his study, where he lived the life of a hermit for many years,—his existence unknown to the world, and the most important of its concerns equally unknown to him. As he had thus sacrificed all his prospects to accept of Frederic's patronage, and had wasted the prime of his life in attending upon his capricious pleasure, it might have been expected that he would at least have been permitted to enjoy his poor pension, so dearly purchased, to the end of his inoffensive days. But after twenty years of seclusion, such as we have described, he had his name suddenly struck from the lists, and his appointments stopped, and was obliged to seek his own country with the savings which his parsimony had enabled him to make.

The same selfish spirit, or carelessness towards the feelings and claims of others, which marked Frederic's conduct to his family and friends, was equally conspicuous in his treatment of inferior dependants, both in the relations of society and of business In his familiar intercourse with those whom he permitted to approach him, we can find no line steadily drawn for the regulation of his own demeanour, or of theirs. His inclination seems to have been, that he should always maintain the manifest superiority, without owing it in appearance to his exalted station; but as soon as he lost, or was near losing, this first place in a contest upon fair terms, he was ready suddenly to call in the aid of the King. Thus it perpetually happened, that a conversation, begun upon an equal footing, was terminated by a single look of authority from the Royal companion. He never failed to indulge his sarcastic humour and high spirits in sallies directed with little delicacy or discrimination against all around him; and unless he happened to have, at the moment, such answers as might, without any possibility of resistance, crush those whom his railleries had forced into a repartee, he was sure to supply the defect by an appeal to weapons which he alone of the circle could use. It is not describing his behaviour correctly, to say that in the hours of relaxation he was fond of forgetting the monarch, provided his company never forgot him. This would at least have been one general rule, one principle of behaviour to which all might conform as soon as it was made known. But Frederic laid down and took up his sceptre at moments which his guests could never divine; and, far from insisting that they should always have it in their eyes, it would often have been a ground for his using it to stop the colloquy, if he had perceived them persevere in addressing the sovereign, when he was deter-

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mined they should talk to a comrade. The only rule then of his society, was entire submission to his caprices; not merely a passive obedience, but a compliance with every whim and turn of his mind; sometimes requiring to be met with exertions, sometimes to be received in quiet. It was impossible for the most harmless and unresisting of mortals always to escape the effects of his unmanly temper; and even M. Thiebault himself was sometimes the object of his sallies, though he adopted one rule invariably, to keep his eyes and ears all open when the king either listened or spoke, and, at the first semblance of rising humour, to assume 'a modest and humble attitude,' and sink into silence. That we may form some idea of the nature and extent of this meanness, so poor in one who called himself a Royal Philosopher, it is proper to remark, that all those wits or other dependants with whom he passed his time, were entirely supported by his pensions; and that, besides the dangers of a fortress, any resistance was sure to cost them and their families their daily bread.

His ordinary mode of enjoying society was, to send for a few of the philosophers, who were always in readiness, either when he dined, or had an hour's leisure from business, which he wished to beguile by the recreations of talking and receiving worship. On one of these occasions, the *savans* in waiting were, Quintus Icilius * and Thiebault; and it happened that the king, after giving his opinion at great length, and with his usual freedom, upon the arrangement of Providence, which conceals from mortals the period of their lives, called upon them to urge whatever could be stated in its defence. Quintus, unwarily supposing that he really wished to hear the question discussed, gave a reason, which appears completely satisfactory. The Philosopher of Sans-Souci, however, only desired his guests to take the opposite side of the argument, in the conviction that they were not to invalidate his own reasoning. And when Quintus fairly destroyed the force of it, by suggesting, that the certain knowledge of our latter end would infallibly diminish the ardour of our exertions for a considerable period beforehand, the king thought proper to break out into a violent personal invective. 'Ici,' says Thiebault, 'la foudre partit aussi subite qu'imprevue.' '*Cette façon de juger*,' lui dit le Roi, '*est bonne pour vous, âme de boue et de fange! Mais apprenez, si toutefois vous le pouvez, que ceux qui ont*

* This was a Leyden professor, originally named Guichard, who being fond of military science, had been transformed into a colonel of chasseurs by the king; and then, from his admiration of Cæsar's aid-du-camp, had been ordered to assume the name of Quintus Icilius.

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l'âme noble, élevée, et sensible aux charmes de la vertu, ne raisonnent point sur des maximes aussi miserables et aussi honteuses! Apprenez, Monsieur, que l'honnête homme fait toujours le bien tant qu'il peut le faire, et uniquement parce que c'est le bien, sans rechercher quels sont ceux qui en profiteront; mais vous ne sentez point ces choses; vous n'êtes point fait pour les sentir.' It may convey almost as exact an idea of M. Thiebault, as the above anecdote does of Frederic, if we add the words with which he concludes it: 'Cette terrible apostrophe m'aneantit presqu'autant que celui qui en étoit l'objet. J'en fus d'autant plus troublé que le Colonel n'avoit rien dit que je n'approuvasse dans le fond de l'âme.' Vol. I. p. 84.

When he submitted to our author's correction the language of a discourse which he had composed for the Academy, and received his observations in a private audience, there was one solecism so glaring that he utterly lost his temper, and defended it bitterly. M. Thiebault, whose professional character being at stake, gave him an unusual courage upon this occasion, ventured to hold out against all his arguments. The king, in a rage, seized his pen, and violently substituted another phrase, which unluckily was still worse French. Our author again dared to remonstrate. The following extract presents a curious sketch, both of the king and the subject.

'This new criticism set him off altogether; he instantly became red with anger; his whole physiognomy assumed a furious and menacing expression, like that of a man who is about to commit the greatest excesses. He threw down the pen, saying, "Then the phrase must be left as it is." I am persuaded he was never more completely beside himself on the occasions when he so far forgot his dignity as to kick the shins of the persons about him. I however had no apprehensions of receiving from him a similar outrage, for I relied for my protection on the circumstance of my being a foreigner, Frederic never having committed it but upon his own subjects. But I did expect that he would have sent me from his presence, never again to be recalled. My situation was extremely painful; but I preserved both my composure and tranquillity, conscious that I was performing my duty: it was therefore not very difficult to accomplish the resolution I made of justifying my conduct, and showing myself for what I really was, previous to my dismissal. To this effect my exterior appearance indicated that I confined myself within the bounds which decorum prescribed; my manner expressed sorrow without dejection; my voice was that of a man deeply affected, but inflexible; and in a low, deliberate, tone, my eyes fixed on the ground, and my body in a modest, simple, and fixed attitude, I said, "I most humbly and earnestly entreat your majesty to have the goodness to consider that I have neither calling nor means of subsistence for the support of myself and my family but through your majesty. From your bounty, Sire, it is that I derive all I possess." &c. I. 151.

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This most submissive expostulation, which lasted for some time, brought the king to himself, and he coldly adopted the emendation of M. Thiebault, who does not fail to express his admiration of such greatness of soul, and his satisfaction at his own narrow escape.

At one of his literary entertainments, when, in order to promote free conversation, he reminded the circle that there was no monarch present, and that every one might think aloud, the conversation chanced to turn upon the faults of different governments and rulers. General censures were passing from mouth to mouth, with the kind of freedom which such hints were calculated, and apparently intended to inspire. But Frederic suddenly put a stop to the topic by these words—'*Paix! paix! Messieurs; prenez garde, voilà le roi qui arrive; il ne faut pas qu'il vous entend, car peut-être se croiroit-il obligé d'être encore plus méchant que vous.*' V. p. 329.

These sketches may serve to illustrate the conduct of Frederic in *society*, and to show how far he could forget his power in his familiar intercourse with inferiors. As yet, we have seen only caprice, and that meanness, or, to call it by the right name, cowardice, which consists in trampling upon the fallen, and fighting with those who are bound. His treatment of persons employed in his *service*, and his manner of transacting business with them, presents us with equal proofs of a tyrannical disposition, and examples of injustice and cruelty, altogether unparalleled in the history of civilized monarchies. It is well known, that a large proportion of the Prussian army owes its origin to a system of crimping, which the recruiting officers carry on in foreign states, and chiefly in the distant parts of the empire. As Frederic II. did not introduce this odious practice, he might, perhaps, be allowed to escape severe censure for not abolishing it in general; but there can be only one opinion upon his conduct in those particular cases which came to his knowledge, and where his attention was specifically called to the grievous injuries sustained by individuals. Of the many anecdotes which M. Thiebault has preserved, relative to this point, we shall only refer to one as a specimen. A French captain of cavalry, returning to his native country, after a long absence in the West Indies, was seized, in his journey along the Rhine, by some Prussian recruiting officers: his servant was spirited away, and he was himself sent to the army as a private soldier, in which capacity he was forced to serve during the rest of the Seven-years' war, against the cause, be it remarked, of his own country. In vain he addressed letter after letter to his friends, acquainting them of his cruel situation: the Prussian post-office was too well

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regulated to let any of these pass. His constant memorials to the King were received indeed, but not answered. After the peace was concluded, he was marched with his regiment into garrison; and, at the next review, the King, coming up to his Colonel, inquired if a person named M——— was still in the corps. Upon his being produced, the King offered him a commission: he declined it, and received his discharge. It was thus that Frederic obtained, by kidnapping, the troops whom he used in plundering his neighbours. His finances were frequently indebted to similar means for their supply. M. Thiebault inserts several curious details on the operations which the Prussian coin underwent during his reign; and one of the anecdotes well deserves a place here. The King's favourite secretary M. Galser, by his orders, caused fifteen millions of ducats to be made in a very secret manner, with a third of base metal in their composition. This sum was then entrusted to a son of the Jew Ephraim, so well known in the history of Frederic's coinage, for the purpose of having it circulated in Poland, where it was accordingly employed in buying up every portable article of value that could be found. The Poles, however, soon discovered that they had been imposed upon, and contrived to transfer the loss to their neighbours, by purchasing with the new ducats whatever they could procure in Russia. The Russians, in like manner, found out the cheat, and complained so loudly, that the Empress interfered, and made inquiries, which led to a discovery of the quarter whence the issue had originally come. She then ordered the bad money to be brought into her treasury, and exchanged it for good coin. She insisted upon Frederic taking the false ducats at their nominal value, which he did not dare to refuse, but denied that he had any concern in the transaction; and to prove this, sent for his agent Galser to whom he communicated the dilemma in which he was, and the necessity of giving him up as the author of the imposture. Galser objected to so dishonourable a proposal. The King flew into a passion; kicked him violently on the shins, according to his custom; sent him to the fortress of Spandaw for a year and a half, and then banished him to a remote village of Mecklenburg. M. Thiebault praises his hero for the choice of this place: it was the residence of Galser's brother, to whom he had behaved rather ill during his prosperity; 'and the King thus testified,' says our author, 'his respect for good morals, in punishing unbrotherly conduct.' It must, indeed, have been very edifying to this unfortunate person, to receive such a lesson from so pure a quarter.

Frederic acted towards his officers upon a principle the most unjust, as well as unfeeling, that can be imagined. It was his aim,

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to encourage military service among the higher ranks: the commonalty, he conceived, were adapted for all the meaner employments in the state, and should not occupy those stations in the army, which were, he thought, the birthright of the aristocracy. But instead of carrying this view into effect, by the only arrangement which was reconcileable with good faith—establishing a certain standard of rank below which no one should be admitted to hold a commission either in peace or war—he allowed persons of all descriptions to enter the army as officers, when there was any occasion for their services, and, after the necessity had ceased, dismissed those whose nobility appeared questionable. Thus, nothing could be more terrible to the brave men, who for years had led his troops to victory, or shared in their distresses, than the return of peace. After sacrificing their prospects in life, their best years, their health, with their ease, to the most painful service, and sought, through toils and wounds, and misery, the provision which a certain rank in the profession affords, they were liable, at a moment's warning, to be turned ignominiously out of the army, whose fortunes they had followed, because the King either discovered, or fancied, that their family was deficient in rank. M. Thiebault affirms, that when he pursued his pityless system after the termination of the Seven-years' war, only one *roturier* was left in commission, to his knowledge; and this plan of clearing the army was so rigorously followed, that at each review the King examined those who had been promoted since the last; inquired into the circumstances of their families; and unless they were either foreigners, or noble, deprived them of their rank on the spot. Nor was a parentage the most respectable of any avail: even authenticated documents of their titles did not always save them. This father of his people would often return such proofs to the veterans who had bled for his crown, and saucily tell them, '*que ces paperasses ne signifioient rien; qu'il savoit à quoi s'en tenir; et qu'en un mot ils n'etoient que roturiers.*'

We shall pass over the extreme jealousy with which the king treated all those in whom he was forced to confide any matters of state. Nothing, in the history of eastern manners, exceeds the rigorous confinement of the cabinet secretaries. But we shall proceed to an example of the respect which the Justinian of the North, the author of the Frederician code, paid to the persons of those entrusted with the administration of justice in his dominions. This great legislator seems never to have discovered the propriety of leaving his judges to investigate the claims of suitors, any more than he could see the advantage of committing to tradesmen and farmers the management of their private affairs. In the progress which he made round his states at the season of the re-

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views, he used to receive from all quarters the complaints of those who thought themselves aggrieved by the course of justice; and because he had to consider the whole of these cases, in addition to all the other branches of his employment, he concluded that he must be a more competent arbiter than they whose lives are devoted to the settlement of a part of such disputes. In one of his excursions, a miller, a tenant of his own, complained to him that his stream was injured by a neighbouring proprietor; and the king ordered his chancellor to have the complaint investigated. The suit was brought in form, and given against the miller. Next year, he renewed his application, and affirmed that his narrative of the facts was perfectly true; yet the court had nonsuited him. The king remitted the cause to the second tribunal, with injunctions to be careful in doing the man justice: he was, however, again cast; and once more complained bitterly to the king, who secretly sent a major of his army to examine on the spot the question upon which his two highest judicatures had decided, and to report. The gallant officer, who was also a neighbour of the miller, reported in his favour; and two other persons, commissioned in the same private manner, returned with similar answers. Frederic immediately summoned his chancellor and the three judges who had determined the cause: he received them in a passion; would not allow them to speak a word in their defence; upbraided them as unjust judges and miscreants; and wrote out with his own hand a sentence in favour of the miller, with full costs, and a kind of damages which he had never claimed. He then dismissed the chancellor from his office, with language too abusive to be repeated; and, after violently kicking the three judges in the shins, pushed them out of his closet, and sent them to prison at the fortress of Spandaw. All the other judges and ministers of justice were clearly of opinion, that the sentence against the miller was a right one, and that the case admitted of no doubt. As for the chancellor, it was universally allowed that the matter came not within his jurisdiction; and that he could not possibly have known any thing of the decision. At last a foreign journalist undertook the investigation of the business; and being placed beyond the limits of the royal philosopher's caprice, he published a statement which left no shadow of argument in the miller's favour. As Frederic attended to what was written abroad, and in French, Linguet's production quickly opened his eyes. Not a word was said in public;—none of those measures were adopted, by which a great mind would have rejoiced to acknowledge such errors, and offer some atonement to outraged justice. An irritable vanity alone seemed poorly to regulate the ceremony of propitiation; and he who had been mean enough to insult the per-

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sons of his judges in the blindness of anger, could scarcely be expected, after his eyes were opened, to have that pride, which makes men cease to deserve blame, by avowing, while they atone for their faults. Orders were *secretly* given to the miller's adversary, that he should not obey the sentence. With the same *secrecy*, a compensation was made to the miller himself. The three judges, after lingering many months in prison, were *quietly* liberated: the chancellor was allowed to remain in disgrace, because he had been most of all injured: and the faithful subjects of his majesty knew too well their duty, and his power, to interrupt this paltry silence by any whispers upon what had passed.

From a view of the effects which attended the interference of the King with the business of the judicial department, we are naturally led to consider the grand error of his whole internal administration,—his intermeddling and controlling siprit. This is indeed a mistake, into which governors are always apt to fall, when they avoid the contrary, and perhaps safer, extreme of indifference to their duties. And he was not the most likely to steer a middle course, whose power had no limits; whose ideas of government were taken from the mechanical discipline of an army; and whose abilities so far exceeded the ordinary lot of royal understandings, that he seemed to have some grounds for thinking himself capable of every thing, while he despised the talents of every body else. Yet must it be allowed, that if all other proofs were wanting, this one undoubted imperfection in Frederic's nature, is a sufficient ground for ranking him among inferior minds, and for denying him those higher qualities of the understanding which render such faculties beneficial, as he unquestionably possessed. A truly great genius will be the first to prescribe limits for its own exertions; to discover the sphere within which its powers must be concentrated in order to work; beyond which their diffusion can only uselessly dazzle. But this was a knowledge, and a self-command, that Frederic never attained. Though the ignorance and weakness which he displayed, in the excessive government of his kingdom, were thrown into the shade by his military glory, or partially covered by his cleverness and activity, they require only to be viewed apart, in order to excite as much ridicule as was ever bestowed on the Emperor Joseph, whose system of administration indeed greatly resembled his neighbour's, unless that he had more leisure to show his good intentions by his blunders, and was guided by better principles in the prosecution of his never-ending plans. Like him, the Prussian ruler conceived that it was his duty to be eternally at work; to take every concern in his dominions upon his own shoulders; seldom to think men's inte-

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rests safe when committed to themselves, much less to delegate to his ministers any portion of the superintending power, which must yet be every where present, and constantly on the watch. Both of these princes knew enough of detail to give them a relish for affairs; but they were always wasting their exemplary activity in marring the concerns which belonged not to their department; and extending their knowledge of other people's trades, instead of forming an acquaintance with their own. While other monarchs were making a business of pleasure, they made a pleasure of business; but, utterly ignorant how much of their professional duties resolved into a wise choice of agents, with all their industry and wit, they were only mismanaging a part of the work, and leaving the rest undone; so that it may fairly be questioned whether their dominions would not have gained by the exchange, had their lives been squandered in the seraglio, and their affairs entrusted to cabinets of more quiet understandings. But although these eminent men were equally fond of planning and regulating, as they indulged their propensity under different circumstances, so their schemes were not pursued in the same manner, and have certainly been attended with different effects. Joseph was a legislator and a projector: From the restlessness of his spirit, and the want of pressing affairs to employ his portion of talent, his measures were often rather busy and needless, than seriously hurtful; and as the conception of a plan resulted from his activity and idleness, he was still vacant and restless after the steps had been taken for its execution, and generally strangled it by his impatience to witness the fruits of his wisdom; like the child who plants a bean, and plucks it up when it has scarcely sprouted, to see how it is growing. Thus it happened, that many of his innovations were done away by himself, while others had no tendency to operate a change. Those which were opposed, he only pushed to a certain length, and then knew how to yield, after mischief had been done by the struggle; but few of them survived his own day; chiefly such as anticipated, by a slight advance, the natural course of events. Frederic, on the other hand, was not placed in easy circumstances; he was active from necessity, as much as from vanity; he was an adventurer, whose projects must be turned to some account; not an idle amateur, who can amuse himself with forming a new scheme, after the others have failed. Although, then, like Joseph, he could afford his designs little time to ripen, he forced something out of them by new applications of power; thus bringing to a premature effect, operations in their own nature violent and untimely. Hence, his necessities, like his rival's idle impatience, allowed his plans no

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chance of coming to perfection; but while Joseph destroyed the scheme of yesterday to make a new one, Frederic carried it forcibly into an imperfect execution before it was well laid. Add to this, that the power of the latter being more absolute, and of a description the best adapted for enforcing detailed commands, he was better enabled to carry his regulating and interfering system against whatever opposition it might encounter, while his superior firmness of character, and his freedom from the various checks which principle or feeling imposed upon the Austrian monarch, precluded all escape from the rigour of his administration by any other than fraudulent means. Thus, the consequences of his too much governing, of his miserable views in finance, and his constant errors in the principles of commercial legislation, are to be traced at this day through the various departments of the Prussian states. Nor can it be asserted in the present instance, that the powers of individual interest have sufficed to produce their natural effects upon human industry in spite of the shackles by which it has been cramped.

The view, which every thing formerly known in the history of Europe, had led us to take of Frederic's administration, receives some very striking illustrations from the anecdotes recorded in these volumes, with the uniform purpose of sounding his praises. If any one is desirous of seeing how certainly a government is unsuccessful in trade and manufactures, he may consult the sketches of this boasted statesman's speculations in that line, as profitably as the accounts which have been published of the Royal works in Spain. But there are particulars in the policy of Frederic, exceeding, for absurdity and violence, whatever is to be met with in the descriptions of Spanish economy. We have only room for running over a few detached examples.—When a china manufactory was to be set a going at Berlin on the royal account, it was thought necessary to begin by forcing a market for the wares. Accordingly, the Jews, who cannot marry without the royal permission, were obliged to pay for their licenses by purchasing a certain quantity of the King's cups and saucers at a fixed price. The introduction of the silk culture was a favourite scheme with Frederick; and to make silkworms spin, and mulberry-trees grow in the Prussian sands, no expense must be spared. Vast houses and manufactories were built for such as chose to engage in the speculation; a direct premium was granted on the exportation of silk stuffs; and medals awarded to the workmen who produced above five pounds of the article in a year. But nature is very powerful, even among Prussian grenadiers. In the lists of exports we find no mention made of silk, while it forms a considerable, and a regu-

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lar branch of the goods imported. The settlement of colonists in waste lands, was another object of eminent attention, and proportionate expense. Foreign families were enticed and transported by the crimps whom he employed all over Europe for recruiting his forces; they received grants of land; were provided with houses, implements and live-stock, and furnished with subsistence, until their farms became sufficiently productive to support them. Frederic called this supplying the blanks which war made in his population. His rage for encouraging the introduction of new speculations was quite ungovernable. No sooner did his emissaries inform him of any ingenious manufacturer or mechanic, in France or elsewhere, than he bribed him to settle in Berlin, by the most extravagant terms. When he found the success of the project too slow, or its gains, from the necessity of circumstances, fell short of expectation, he had only one way of getting out of the scrape;—he broke his bargain with the undertaker, and generally sent him to a fortress; in the course of which transaction, it always happened that somebody interfered, under the character of a minister, a favourite, &c. to pillage both parties. Experience never seemed to correct this propensity. It was at an advanced period of his reign that he sent orders to his ambassadors to find him a general projector, a man who might be employed wholly in fancying new schemes, and discussing those which should be submitted to him. Such a one was accordingly procured, and tempted, by large bribes, to settle at Potsdam. Frederic's grand instrument in political economy was the establishment of monopolies. Whether an art was to be encouraged, or a public taste modified, or a revenue gleaned, or the balance of trade adjusted, a monopoly was the expedient. Thus the exclusive privilege was granted to one family, of supplying Berlin and Potsdam with firewood; the price was instantly doubled; and the King received no more than eight thousand a year of the profits. Well did the celebrated Helvetius remark of some applications for such contracts, upon which the King demanded his sentiments, 'Sire, you need not trouble yourself with reading them through; —they all speak the same language—"*We beseech your Majesty to grant us leave to rob your people of such a sum; in consideration of which, we engage to pay you a certain share of the pillage.*" Frederic was led to conceive that his subjects drank too much coffee in proportion to their means, and ate too little nourishing food. The universal remedy was applied; and the supply of all the coffee used within his dominions given exclusively to a company. The price was thus, as he had wished, greatly raised, and some of the spoil shared with his treasury; but the taste of the

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people remained as determined in favour of coffee as before; and, of course, was much more detrimental to their living. Tobacco, in like manner, he subjected to a strict monopoly; and when he wished to have arms furnished very cheap to his troops, he had again recourse to his usual expedient:—he conferred upon the house of Daum and Splikberg, armourers, the exclusive privilege of refining sugar, on condition that they should sell him muskets and caps at a very low price. In all his fiscal policy, he was an anxious observer of the balance of trade, and never failed to cast a pensive eye upon the tables of exports and imports. 'Every year' (says his panegyrist) 'did he calculate with extreme attention the sums which came into his states, and those which went out; and he saw, with uneasiness, that the balance was not so favourable as it ought to be.' (IV. 127.) After all his monopolies and premiums for the encouragement of production, he found, it seems, that the exports of his kingdom could not be augmented. 'Therefore,' adds our author, 'he had only one resource left—to diminish the importation,' (p. 128.); which he accordingly attempted, by new monopolies and prohibitions. We shall conclude this sketch of the domestic economy of Frederic, in the words of M. Thiebault, premising only, that they are intended for the picture of a perfect administration.

'Tous les ans des conseillers parcourent tous les villages, et examinent si chaque habitant cultive la portion de son terrain qu'il est tenu de cultiver d'après les ordonnances. Chaque habitant est obligé de mettre tous les ans en culture telle quantité d'arpens sur le nombre total qu'il en a. Ainsi tout est vu, surveillé, protegé et maintenu en bon ordre; et tout ce qui interesse l'administration proprement dite, irent se concentrer au grand directoire.' IV. 47.

It remains, before completing our estimate of Frederic's character, that we should recollect his public conduct in the commonwealth of Europe, where he was born to hold so conspicuous a station. And here, while we wonder at the abilities which led him to success, it is impossible not to admit that they belonged to that inferior order which can brook an alliance with profligacy of principle. The history of the Prussian monarchy, indeed, is that of an empire scraped together by industry, and fraud, and violence, from neighbouring states. By barter, and conquest, and imposture, its manifold districts have been gradually brought under one dynasty: not a patch of the motley mass, but recals the venality or weakness of the surrounding powers, and the unprincipled usurpations of the house of Brandenburgh. But it was Frederic II. whose strides so far surpassed those of his ancestors, as raised his family to the rank of a primary power; enabled him to baffle the coalition which his ambition had raised

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against him; and to form, himself, a new conspiracy for the destruction of whatever principles had been held most sacred by the potentates of modern times. It is in vain that we dissemble with ourselves, and endeavour to forget our own conduct at that fatal crisis. We may rail at Jacobinism, and the French Revolution—impute to the timidity of the other powers the insolent dominion of France—and exhaust our effeminate license of tongue upon the chief, who, by wielding her destinies, is master of half the world. Europe is now suffering for the partition of Poland. Then it was, that public principles were torn up and scattered before the usurpers of the day;—then it was, that England and France poorly refused to suspend their mutual animosities, and associate in support of right, when other states, forgetting greater jealousies, were combined to violate the law;—then it was, that power became the measure of duty—that ambition learnt all the lessons which it has since been practising, of *arrondissements*, and equivalents, and indemnities—that an assurance of impunity and success were held out to those who might afterwards abandon all principles, provided they were content with a share of the plunder. While we look back with detestation, then, to the conduct of those powers who perpetrated the crime, and most of all to Frederic who contrived it, let us also reflect, with shame, on the pusillanimity of those who saw, yet helped not; and, in justice to the memory of a truly *great* man, let us bear in mind, that he, who afterwards warned us against the usurpations of France at their nearer approach, raised his voice against the dereliction of principle which paved the way for them in the partition of Poland.

In the work before us, we find little light thrown upon this most criminal part of Frederic's character. The trick upon which he grounded his reason for drawing an army round the frontiers, is narrated with much complacency. It took so well, says our author, that the citizens of Berlin prepared themselves against the plague, as if it had been at their gates. We are told, too, that Prince Henry highly disapproved of the second partition, on motives of policy; and, indeed, the reasons which suggested themselves to him, will probably, ere long, be felt by his nephew. But this is the punishment due to the power which hatched that wickedness; and if, which is most likely, Frederic William had no choice in the last acts of it, this should have been foreseen by him who began it. There is one passage in his life, recorded by M. Thiebault, which struck us as sufficiently illustrative of the extreme want of principle that marked this Prince's conduct to foreign states. In the instructions, written with his own hand, for his favourite academy of nobles and offi-

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cers, he tells the professor of public law, 'Toutefois il avertira la jeunesse que ce droit public, manquant de puissance corrective pour le faire observer, n'est qu'un vain fantôme que les souverains etalent dans leurs manifestes, lors même qu'ils le violent.' V. 159.

Upon the whole, then, we turn from a minute view of this famous personage, impressed with no veneration for his character, either as a member of society, a ruler of the people, or a part of the European community. That he possessed the talents of an accomplished warrior, and an elegant wit, it would be absurd either to deny, or to demonstrate. He has left us, in his victories and his writings, the best proofs; and from the work before us, we are even led to think that his conversation surpassed his more careful efforts. His administration was singularly marked by promptitude and energy. Wherever active exertion was required, or could secure success, he was likely to prevail; and as he was in all things a master of those inferior abilities, which constitute what we denominate address, it is not wonderful that he was uniformly fortunate in the cabinets of his neighbours. The encouragements which he lavished on learned men were useful, though not always skilfully bestowed; and in this, as in all the departments of his government, we see him constantly working mischief by working too much. His academy was no less under command than the best disciplined regiment in his service; and did not refuse to acknowledge his authority upon matters of opinion or taste. His own literary acquirements were limited to the *belles lettres*, and moral science; even, of these, he was far from being completely master. His practice, as an administrator, is inconsistent with an extensive or sound political knowledge; and his acquaintance with the classics was derived from French translations: he knew very little Latin, and no Greek. To his sprightliness in society, and his love of literary company, so rare in princes, he owes the reputation of a philosopher; and to the success of his intrigues and his arms, the appellation of Great:—a title which is the less honourable, that mankind have generally agreed to bestow it upon those to whom gratitude was least of all due.

ART. XVI. *The Horrors of the Negro Slavery existing in our West India Islands, demonstrated from Official Documents recently presented to the House of Commons.* 8vo. Hatchard. London. 1805.

WE have so frequently had occasion to enter at length into the important questions of West Indian policy, and have, in particular, taken so many opportunities of considering the great argument upon the Slave Trade, that we shall henceforth only deem it

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necessary to direct the attention of our readers to such new facts of importance, as may be brought to light in the course of this momentous discussion. The tract before us alludes to discoveries of that description; and we have made it the subject of an article, for the purpose of earnestly recommending its contents to the notice of all who wish to have a full view of the consequences that may be expected, from leaving the correction of the West Indian system to the West Indians themselves.

The papers, of which it gives an able and faithful analysis, were laid before the House of Commons during the last Session of Parliament. They consist of extracts from a correspondence between the Secretary of State for the colonial department, and the Governors of the several West Indian islands. The facts stated in these afflicting documents, are too solemnly authenticated to leave those who feel for the honour of the species any hopes that the recital may have been exaggerated. We cannot bring ourselves to shock our readers by even a sketch of the details: we shall only point out to what part of the question they bear reference.

Early in 1802, Ministers received a letter from Lord Seaforth, Governor of Barbadoes, in which he stated, that he had highly offended the legislature of the island, by exhorting them to pass a law, making the murder of a slave felony; that crime being at present only punishable by a fine of eleven pounds four shillings Sterling.* We are unwilling to dwell much on the circumstance; but we do think it somewhat singular, that no notice of this communication was ever taken during Mr Addington's administration, and that it was only laid before Parliament in 1804; as if the sentiments of men in England, upon the subject of murder, could be influenced by their general opinions on the question of the slave

* We regret that the very judicious and temperate author of this tract did not give the words of the law to which Lord Seaforth must allude in his correspondence. It is, indeed, the only one in the code of Barbadoes upon this subject. In Act 329. § xxii. it is provided, that if any master kills or maims his slave in punishing him, or ordering him to be punished ('which,' says the act, 'seldom happens'), no person shall be liable to fine; '*but if any man, of wantonness, or only of bloody-mindedness, or cruel intention, wilfully kill a negro or other slave,*' he shall pay 15*l.* currency (11*l.* 4s.)!—Thus we see, that the fine was considered as something extraordinary and severe, requiring to be fenced with much care. The legislature of Bermuda passed a law, expressly after the example of this, unless that the penalty is only 10*l.* currency, and is introduced as an exception to the general enactment; for the title of the statute is, '*An act for the security of the subject, to prevent the forfeiture of life and estate upon killing a negro or other slave.*'—See Report of Committee 1789, part III., and Laws of Barbadoes and Bermuda, printed in separate Volumes.

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trade. The correspondence was, however, printed immediately upon Mr Pitt's accession to office, and made public as soon as possible. Lord Seaforth transmits the account of several recent cases of most atrocious murders, perpetrated upon negroes with a much greater wantonness than is shown in the treatment of the lower animals by the people of this country; and witnessed by the public in the island of Barbadoes, with only a surprise that such incidents should excite any feeling among strangers. These cases, his Lordship says, are selected from a number, as specimens; and he has authenticated them by the letters of the judges and crown lawyers of the colony. In none of them could any punishment be inflicted beyond the paltry fine abovementioned; and yet Lord Seaforth expresses no hopes of being able to procure an alteration of the law, since he cannot, by any means, induce the Assembly (that is, the men of property and rank in the community) to view the murder of a negro in the light of a crime, with whatever circumstances of barbarity it may be attended. Here then is the answer to all those who refer us to the enlightened legislatures of the islands for the abolition of the slave trade, or the remedy of the glaring evils in the colonial system. If any thing could add to the force with which such facts strike home to the question, it would be the circumstance that Barbadoes is the oldest and most civilized of our colonies; and if the guilt of the Barbadians were susceptible of aggravation, we might recollect, that they inhabit the island farthest removed from the danger of insurrection, both by its local situation, and the great disproportion of its black population.

But the official documents laid before Parliament have thrown light upon another part of the argument;—they have proved incontestably the truth of all that the friends of abolition ever urged, against the efficacy of any regulations which the colonial legislatures might adopt, or pretend to adopt, for improving the treatment of slaves. His Majesty's Ministers, upon being made acquainted with the facts respecting Barbadoes, which, we have already observed, were known to their predecessors, lost no time in extending their inquiries to the other islands. Although the murder of a slave has, in these, been for some years capital, and that protecting laws for the negroes have frequently been passed when there was any question of abolishing the trade in the mother country; yet we find, as was always predicted, that such statutes were mere pretences, and never meant to be acted upon. Dominica is the only island from which Government has been able to obtain any returns to the circular queries which were despatched, respecting the execution of the colonial slave laws. That settlement is known to have been the most forward in its provisions for the safety of the negroes; and a letter from the Governor (General Prevost), dated last January, admits that they are *not enforced;*

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adding, that 'they were considered, from the moment of passing them until the present hour, as *political measures to avert the interference of the mother country.*' Such evidence as this renders all commentary unnecessary. When the island which is best peopled with whites refuses to declare slave-murder a crime, and that which has made the most regulations for checking the minor abuses of the system, is proved to have been playing false—to have manufactured mock laws for the purpose of deceiving us; what remains for the mother country, but to apply the only effectual remedy, and instantly abolish the iniquitous traffic?

After the unexpected, and, we are convinced, accidental loss of the question in the House of Commons last session, we trust that its friends will be too watchful and active to expose their cause once more to any chance of a defeat. It is with perfect confidence, therefore, that we look forward to the event of the ensuing discussion. But, in the mean time, we must take this opportunity of congratulating them upon the very important measure which has been carried into execution since Parliament rose, and which, we are astonished to observe, has excited so little attention in the country. We allude to the Order in Council, bearing date August 15th, and published in the London Gazette of the 27th, for preventing the further introduction of slaves into the colonies which have been ceded to his Majesty's arms during the present war. This wise and salutary proclamation forbids the importation of slaves into these settlements after the 1st of December next, on pain of forfeiting the ship and cargo, as well as the slaves; and awards the same penalty against all vessels which may be found at sea, after the 1st of January 1807, with slaves on board, bound to any of the conquered colonies. But as losses from casualties may from time to time diminish the black population, the Governors are empowered to grant licenses for importing a number, not exceeding three *per cent.* upon the stock in hand, upon proof being brought that a diminution to this amount has taken place, 'from extraordinary and unavoidable causes,' during the foregoing year. If any slave vessel touch at the conquered settlements without such a license, it is to be forfeited, with its whole cargo, unless it has been driven in by stress of weather; in which case the slaves must be sent off within ten days; and one-third of all forfeitures is given to the Governor of the colony—one third to the informer.

It is only necessary to recollect what possessions have been conquered during the war, that we may be able to estimate the vast importance of this measure. Besides the islands of Tobago and St Lucia, we have captured the whole of the Dutch colonies on the continent of South America—Surinam, Demerary, Berbice, and Issequibo. In all these settlements, therefore, the slave trade has

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been abolished by the Order of Council; and it need scarcely by remarked, how great a proportion of the whole traffic was destined for their supply. Before the American war, the Dutch used to carry, in their own bottoms, from Africa to Guiana, ten thousand negroes annually; and it is proved, by papers laid before Parliament, but which, we believe, have not yet been printed, that this importation was greatly increased during the last war, when those possessions were in the hands of Great Britain. It is certainly not overrating its present amount, to estimate the yearly supply of negroes carried to our conquered colonies at fifteen thousand,—about one-half the supply of our own islands, which is the subject of the abolition question. The destruction of this great branch of the slave trade, therefore, is an affair of infinite importance, considered in itself. But its consequences upon the general question are scarcely less material. Our Government has given a proof that it holds the traffic in abhorrence, by abolishing the only branch which is under its power, without consulting the pretended rights of the West Indian body: and, so long at least as the war continues, an opportunity is afforded to to the Guiana planters, of showing how futile all the clamour has been, about the necessity of the African trade to the existence of the colonies. It is no less important in another view, that the investment of capital should be prevented, which has uniformly been the consequence of such conquests, and has proved so detrimental both to the mother country and the old settlements, at the restoration of peace. This investment could only be accomplished by means of the slave trade; as we have formerly had occasion to explain.

There is only one part of the Order in Council which somewhat impairs the general satisfaction we derive from it. We allude to the provision respecting licenses. A door is certainly left open for the continuation of the trade, though on a very narrow scale, and under restraints which there is every care taken to have rigorously enforced. We could perhaps have wished, that the measure had been absolute, and unaccommodating; yet it is fair, at the same time, to consider, that so long as the Legislature permits an unlimited slave trade to flourish in our own islands, the difficulty of totally preventing it in the conquered settlements must be extreme; and that some such permission as we have just now alluded to, may have been deemed the best method of preventing a contraband slave trade in Guiana from rising out of the regular traffic carried on for the supply of the British planters. We trust, however, that the ministers who have effected this great change, will be vigilant in superintending its execution; and thus prove, that the imperfection which they have left in their measure, was only a necessary consequence of Parliament having hitherto refused to take its share in the work.

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THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

JANUARY 1806.

No. XIV.

ART. I. *A Treatise on the Coins of the Realm, in a Letter to the King.* By Charles Earl of Liverpool. Oxford, at the University Press, for Cadell & Davies, London. 1805. 4to. pp. 268.

BY the publication of this volume, Lord Liverpool has rendered an acceptable service to the student of political economy, and to the nation at large. It contains a concise and luminous statement of almost all the facts that deserve our notice in the history of the British coinage; a considerable body of information upon this interesting topic, derived from original sources to which few authors can have access; a reference, for the most part exceedingly correct, to the general principles of political science which bear upon the questions regarding currency; and some counsels relative to the further reformation of the circulating medium, which highly merit the consideration of the exalted personage to whom the tract is addressed, as well as of the people committed to his care. It is now upwards of thirty years since the noble author's attention was directed to these subjects. He had a principal share in forming the plan which was adopted in 1774 for the reform of the gold coinage. The success of the measures then pursued is well known; and they were intended only as part of a more general system of reformation. Various accidents, however, prevented the further prosecution of the design, until the year 1798, when it was revived, and a committee of the Privy-Council appointed to consider the state of the coins, and propose such improvements as might appear salutary. Among the members of this commission, Lord Liverpool was deservedly included; and he had begun to take that lead in their deliberations which his experience qualified him to assume.

'At this period, I was seized with a violent disease, which has now confined me to my house, and generally to my couch, for more than four years;—unable to hold a pen, or to turn over the leaves of a book, from which I might derive information. At intervals, however,

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when I have of late providentially obtained some respite from pain and extreme weakness, I have endeavoured to revise so much as I had before occasionally written;—to arrange other materials previously collected;—and to reduce the whole to a form not unfit for perusal. A Treatise, written on so abstruse and complicated a subject, by one exposed to great infirmities, must contain some repetitions, slight inaccuracies, and other imperfections. Arrived as I now am on the verge of life, I hasten to present what I have thus written, though not exempt from errors, to Your Majesty, as my last service,—if it shall deserve that name;—in grateful remembrance of the generous protection, which Your Majesty has never ceased to afford me, and of the many and great favours, which You have graciously conferred upon me.' p. 7. 8.

A work, written under such circumstances, deserves a large share of indulgence. But we have really found so few occasions on which lenity might be shewn, and so much reason in general to commend, that we shall disregard our author's peculiar claims to favour, and both indicate, without any scruple, the faults which present themselves, and specify very plainly the points where we differ from him, while we endeavour to guide our readers through the various information contained in his performance. The subject, we acknowledge, is somewhat dry, and not often fruitful in general discussions. Its importance, however, can in nowise be questioned; and some of its parts will be found to afford the materials of more enlarged speculation.

The use of metals, as a medium of exchange, was obviously no improvement upon the rude kinds of barter by which commerce had previously been conducted, unless the practice of assaying, as well as of weighing or measuring the masses of those metals, was at the same time introduced. Each transaction of buying and selling must therefore have involved a difficult and expensive experiment upon the fineness of the commodity in which the price was paid; and thus an improvement, scarcely less necessary than the former, was to manufacture a number of pieces of a known fineness, which might pass in exchange by weight, the quality having been previously determined once for all. It is probable that this step in the division of employments, was, like all the rest, first made by individuals; that persons of approved respectability and known skill betook themselves to the occupation of refining the precious metals, and affixed to the bars into which they fashioned them, a certain mark, denoting the quality of the mass. In process of time, however, the governors of the community found sufficient inducements to take this branch of industry exclusively into their own hands. They were always the chief consumers and principal creditors in the country: they had, therefore, more concern in the accuracy of the standard than any other individuals. Besides, where there were mines, they had generally found means to appropriate

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propriate them; and where there were none, they saw that various benefits, similar to the gains of the mines, might be derived from a controul over the preparation of the currency. The difficulty of preventing great imposture upon the public, so long as a matter of this nicety was left in the hands of private individuals, afforded a plausible pretence for introducing the monopoly, and, in the early stages of commerce, at least, was even a reason of some real weight. By these steps, the history of which is in all countries entirely lost, the sovereign of every civilized state has become the sole assayer of the metals used in commercial exchanges. The other branches of the coinage have, in almost all cases, been introduced by himself, at a subsequent period. The profits of dividing the metals into pieces of a known weight, were not at first very obvious. The power of regulating their fineness was much more beneficial, and its abuses more difficult to be checked. But the advantages of fixing the quantity of metal in pieces of a certain denomination, or of fixing the denomination of certain pieces, were soon found to be considerable, at least where the rulers had come under obligations to any of their subjects, and wished to relieve themselves without an act of open and violent injustice. Hence, in all civilized countries, the exclusive management of the coinage in every branch, and, in general, the regulation of all things relating to the medium of exchange, has become a favourite prerogative of the Sovereign. Lord Liverpool details, in the outset of the work before us, the particulars of this part of the Royal prerogative in England.

In ancient times, the right of coinage was sometimes usurped by the more powerful barons; but Henry II. appears finally to have suppressed this abuse; and, since his time, no subject has ever interfered with the coinage, except in so far as the Crown has, at different periods, delegated the right of coining to certain great corporations, who were always bound to exercise it according to the rules prescribed in the grant, and were never permitted to vary either the alloy, the denomination, or the device. This practice of devolving the coinage upon subjects, has, however, been entirely relinquished since the reign of Edward VI. Various statutes have recognised the rights of the Crown, both to fix the value of the coins as issued from the mint, and to alter that value after they have become current. In particular, the 19th Hen. VII. c. 5. enacts, that 'all gold and silver coins shall pass for the sum they were coined for;' and the 5th and 6th Edward VI. c. 19. prohibits the exchanging of any coined gold or silver for more than the King's proclamation has or shall have declared to be its value. Nor is it necessary, in general, that the Sovereign should publish his notices with respect to the rate of the currency which he issues. Whatever

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Whatever coins come from his mint, with his stamp or other authenticated marks, are held, in the ordinary case, to be of the value affixed to them in the indentures which he enters into with the officers of the mint. A royal proclamation is only necessary when base coins, or money below the standard of sterling, are to be made current; when coins already in circulation are to be raised or lowered in nominal value, or decried altogether; and, lastly, when foreign coins are to be rendered legal currency at a certain rate. But, although the prerogative regarding coinage is thus ample, and apparently well fixed by the theory of the constitution, our author admits, that it ought, in practice, to be exercised with the most scrupulous caution; and, notwithstanding the more recent instances of its exertion without consulting Parliament, particularly in 1717, when guineas were lowered from 21s. 6d. to 21s. by proclamation, he observes, that the Crown should, in all important operations affecting the coin, proceed according to the advice of the great national council.

We are fully aware of the futility of abstract discussions of constitutional right, more especially in times when no prospect whatever exists of any actual conflict, between the different branches of the government upon such grounds. But we must be permitted to offer one remark on this part of the subject, which has not been attended to, probably because no practical consequences have appeared likely to flow from the prerogative under consideration. It seems to us eminently absurd to state the alteration of the nominal value of coins, already current, as a branch of prerogative. The Crown may certainly ordain that certain coins shall, for the future, pass by different names, and that obligations incurred subsequent to the ordinance, shall be interpreted according to the new significations annexed to those names. But if it gives a new valuation to the currency absolutely, it exercises a retrospective influence, and puts a new interpretation upon conditions previously made. It, in effect, ordains that A shall owe B five, when he borrowed ten; or commands the parties *to have done* one thing when they did another; which is evidently not of the nature of power at all, and is truly a contradiction in terms. We might as well assert, that the Crown or the government (for the case is the same) has the prerogative of making two and two equal to six. When, therefore, a government absolves contracting parties from their obligations, by what is called changing the denomination of the currency, it is committing an act of violent injustice,—not exerting a power;—and, instead of saying that it alters the nominal value of money, we should say that it forcibly breaks certain contracts existing among individuals. To range such acts under the title of any prerogative, is an evident abuse of terms. Were the Crown

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Crown or the legislature (for it is the same thing) to enact that a guinea should be reckoned equal to two pounds Sterling, our courts of justice would not be bound in law to absolve a debtor who owed two pounds, and paid a guinea: they would be obliged to take the sense of the contracting parties for the rule of payment, in the same manner as they would be bound to recur to the original meaning of the words, if custom should have altered it since the contract was made.

Before entering upon the sketch which we propose to give of the history of English currency, it may be proper to premise, that the old standard of fineness for silver coin is 11 oz. 2 dwts., with 18 dwts. of alloy, and that this has been uniformly the proportion, most probably from the Conquest, with the exception of a short period, from 34th Henry VIII. to 2d Elizabeth; that the old standard for gold was 23 carats $3\frac{1}{2}$ grains, with $\frac{1}{2}$ a grain of alloy; and that this proportion continued till 18th Henry VIII., when the new standard was introduced of crown gold, or 22 carats 2 grains, which has been the only proportion used in our gold coinage since the 15th Charles II.

Silver coins were, till nearly two centuries after the Conquest, the only money of British manufacture. Henry III. towards the end of his reign, coined a few gold pieces, which were so little circulated, that, until an accident brought the fact to light in the year 1732, Edward III. had always been supposed the first of our kings who made gold money. At the Conquest, the pound Sterling was equal to a Tower pound * of silver of the old standard, and it continued of this weight till the 28th of Edward I. It was divided into twenty shillings, and each shilling into twelve pennies, of the weight of twenty-four grains each. Nothing, therefore, could have been more simple or convenient in every respect than this system of coinage, which subsisted unaltered for two centuries, and till several years after a second metal had been introduced into the circulation. The successive and rapid changes which were, from this period, made in the currency, may be ranged advantageously under three heads;—the debasement of the silver coins by diminishing their weight, their denomination being retained;—the debasement of the gold coins, both by diminishing the weight of new issues, and by raising the denomination of those in circulation;—lastly, the violent changes made on both silver and gold coins, chiefly by alterations in the standard of the metals, during the period which elapsed from the 34th Henry VIII. to

* The Tower or Rochelle pound, used in our mint until 18th Henry VIII., was $\frac{1}{4}$ of an ounce less than the pound Troy. Since that year the pound Troy has been used.

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to the 6th Edward VI., or rather to the 2d of Elizabeth, and which our author justly regards as a sort of convulsion in the monetary system.

1. Edward I. first debased the pound sterling, by coining it into twenty shillings and threepence. Edward III. by three several reductions, brought it to twenty-five shillings in tale; Henry IV. reduced it to thirty; Edward IV. to thirty-seven and sixpence; Henry VIII. to 42s. 2¼d. in the 18th year of his reign. Passing over the changes which happened between this and the second of Elizabeth, she, by two reductions, brought the Tower pound to 58s. 1½d., or the pound Troy to 62 shillings, at which it still remains. Other operations of the same kind have since been in agitation at different periods; James I. had taken measures for a new reduction, when he was induced to give it up, chiefly by the sage counsels of Lord Bacon. The speech of Sir Robert Cotton to the same purpose, in the reign of Charles I., and its salutary effects, are well known; and Mr Locke had the honour of crushing the last attempt of this nature, which has been made with any prospect of success, by his celebrated treatise on the value of money.

2. The debasements of the gold coin have been made both by a diminution of their weight, and an increase of their denomination; but principally in the latter way, and with the view of adjusting them to the value of the silver currency during its successive changes, both real and nominal. The adjustment was made in the former way, at the two last debasements of silver in Edward III's reign, and at the debasement of Henry IV. In the subsequent debasements it has been made by the latter method; but when the nominal value of the current gold was raised, the Sovereign generally found it expedient to issue new gold coins of the former nominal value. Thus, when Edward IV. debased his silver, he raised the gold noble from 6s. 8d. to 8s. 4d.; but he soon after coined *angels* at 6s. 8d. the old value of the noble, and *angelets* equal to the former half nobles; and when Henry VIII. first raised the angel from 6s. 8d. to 7s. 6d., he coined *george-nobles* of 6s. 8d. When the last reduction of the silver took place in Elizabeth's reign, she fixed the rate of gold to silver in coins of the old standard, at $10\frac{5}{39}$ to 1, and in those of the new (or of crown gold) at $10\frac{61}{65}$ to 1. Since that period, the changes in the gold coin have only been calculated to keep pace with the gradual alterations in the relative real values of the two precious metals. It is remarkable that no such alteration seems to have called for a readjustment of the coinage till the beginning of James I.'s reign, although America had been discovered above a century, and even the richest of the silver mines, those of Potosi,

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tosi, upwards of fifty years; nay, Elizabeth, about the beginning of the seventeenth century, valued the gold at a lower rate, in proportion to the silver, than Edward III. had done; yet it is well known that the average silver price of wheat, during the last half of the sixteenth century, was nearly five times its silver price during the first half. (See the digression concerning the value of silver in the Wealth of Nations, particularly the tables at the end of Book I. chap. 11.) We should expect to find the whole gold coin exported, therefore, during this period, in consequence of the mint prices of the two metals being so much nearer each other than their market prices. But although no great exportation of gold seems to have been the result of this discrepancy, soon after James's accession, it was found necessary to raise the mint price of gold; and, by three several operations, that prince brought the proportion between gold and silver to $13\frac{10}{11}$ to 1, in coins of the old standard, and $13\frac{11}{14}$ to 1, in those of the new. After the Restoration it was raised still further; and the whole rise, during sixty years from the union of the crowns, was $32\frac{5}{8}$ *per cent.* But notwithstanding the great depreciation of silver, from the middle of the sixteenth to the middle of the seventeenth century, the silver price of gold seems to have risen with a very unaccountable slowness. The first reduction in the weight of the gold coin which James I. made, was found sufficient to create an unprecedented abundance of that currency for several years; yet it amounted to no more than 10 *per cent.* of rise in the mint price of that metal. This was indeed, in some years more, found to be insufficient; and in the ninth year of his reign, he augmented the mint price 10 *per cent.* further, by raising the nominal value. No sooner had this measure been adopted, than it was found that the rise was much too great; the silver coin began to disappear, and continued diminishing rapidly for many years, to the great discomfiture of the government, as we find by various proclamations against the manufacture of plate and the exportation of bullion, '*in respect of the excesse of forraigne commodities, which is a thing in itselfe intolerable.*' Yet the price of silver was all this time continuing to fall, and did not, in fact, reach its lowest point before the year 1640 or 1650. It was not till this last period, or about the time of the Commonwealth, that the depreciation of silver was able to counteract the effects of the too great rise in the mint price of gold, effected by the two operations of James, and by another reduction which he very injudiciously made at the time when silver was most quickly disappearing. After this, the market silver price of gold continued to rise, so that Charles II. once more reduced the weight of the gold coin; the guinea was issued at 20 shillings value, but it

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it became current at a higher rate, and was allowed to vary with the relative market prices of the two metals. The silver coin, during the remaining part of the century, suffered extremely from clipping; and at last this evil rose to such a height, that the guinea passed for 30 shillings; all commodities became dear in proportion; and silver bullion was exported to buy gold. The recoinage was now undertaken at a great expence; and during the interval, the people became more accustomed to gold than to silver coins, which were besides disliked in general on account of their late degradation. Guineas were at the same time prohibited from passing for more than 22 shillings; they soon fell to 21s. 6d.; but this was still higher than the market price of gold bullion, and the new silver coins were accordingly exported; so that in 1717, when government referred the consideration of the matter to Sir Isaac Newton, he was of opinion that, in a short time, payments in silver would not be made without a premium. In pursuance of this great man's advice, the nominal value of the guinea was reduced to 21s., and it was fixed at this rate as legal tender. Still it was somewhat too high; he had been perfectly aware that the diminution might be too small, and had only recommended it as the first step, and for the sake of experiment. But since that time no further change has taken place; the mint silver price of gold has been always kept higher than its market silver price, by about $1\frac{19}{21}$ *per cent.*; the good silver coin has of consequence been all melted down or exported; what remains of it is imperfect in an extraordinary degree; scarce any silver bullion has been brought to the mint; and gold has become the substantial currency of the realm.

In tracing the history of our present gold coin, we have taken occasion to remark the slowness with which the diminution of the value of silver affected the relative values of the precious metals in coin, as a fact of which no explanation whatever is offered by Lord Liverpool. We shall afterwards have an opportunity of recurring to this point; but, in the mean time, we must stop to notice a general observation of considerable moment, suggested by the details which his volume furnishes. We allude to the constant inefficacy of all the measures taken by the government, with a view to create any sudden or violent changes in the state of the circulating medium, and the care with which it was always found necessary to consult the public opinions or prejudices. When Henry III. first issued gold coins, the people refused to give them currency. A precept was directed to the Mayor and Sheriffs of London to enforce their circulation. Soon after, the citizens made representations against the money, and a proclamation was published by the King, declaring that nobody was obliged to take the

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the pieces, and that the holders of them should receive the full value from the treasury, deducting the charges of coinage. The first gold coins which Edward III. made were thought to be overvalued, and therefore refused. A proclamation was issued, ordering them to be taken only with the consent of the receiver; and another was soon after published to call them in. A new coinage was then made, in which the gold was, if any thing, undervalued; but still the people, unaccustomed to gold coins, refused them; and they were ordered only to pass in large payments. The prejudice, however, wore away; and they were then ordered not to be refused in any payment. We have already stated the particulars of another fact belonging to the same class, viz. the issue of new coins, of the old nominal value, as often as any change was made in the denomination of the old coins. The effects of the debasement of the silver coin by clipping, during the latter part of the seventeenth century, illustrate the same general remark. It should seem that coins of that sort then came into bad repute; and this prejudice, assisted by the scarcity of silver during the recoinage, as well as by the increasing wealth of the country, ultimately changed the circulating medium from silver to gold. For the government, after the recoinage, only fixed the *maximum* of 22s. as the price of the guinea, originally estimated at 20s. and it fell to 21s. 6d., which was still so much higher than the market silver price of gold, that the new and good silver was soon driven out of circulation; and thus the prejudice against silver coins, now rendered quite groundless, kept up the mint price of gold, without any law to derange the natural level.

3. The violent changes which took place in the monetary system during the interval between the 34th Henry VIII. and the 6th Edward VI., were of a different description from those hitherto under consideration. They consisted in alterations of the standard. By three several debasements, Henry VIII. reduced the standard of silver from 11 oz. 2 dwt. and 18 grs. alloy, to 4 oz. and 8 oz. alloy; and Edward VI. brought it down to 3 oz. and 9 oz. alloy; so that the pound of old standard silver was now coined into 13l. 6s. $4\frac{3}{4}$d. Nor was any regard paid to the relative values of gold and silver during these alterations. The proportion in 36th Henry VIII. was $6\frac{9}{11}$ to 1; in 3d Edward VI. it was $5\frac{5}{33}$ to 1; and in 5th Edward VI. it was only $2\frac{1}{3}$ to 1: So that enormous profits, sometimes above 350 per cent., were made by melting and exporting the gold coin; and accordingly it all disappeared from circulation in a very short time. The following passage describes some of the evil consequences which these operations on the coin produced.

'All commerce was nearly at a stand. The farmers were unwilling to

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to bring provisions to market; and when they offered them to sale, they did not know what price to set upon them. Merchants and tradesmen also greatly increased the price of every article which they had to sell. The government tried every method to keep up the value of the debased coins then in circulation; and proclamations were issued for that purpose, which were not obeyed. To enforce obedience, Parliament passed a law, already quoted, for inflicting penalties on those "who should exchange any coined gold or coined silver at a greater value than the same was, or should be, declared by his Majesty's proclamation to be current for, within his dominions." Other proclamations were issued, for obliging persons, under severe penalties, to bring their corn and provisions to market, and for setting prices on all the necessary articles of consumption. The Parliament passed laws for regulating the manner of buying and selling all sorts of beasts and cattle, as well as butter and cheese; and for limiting the prices at which all sorts of wine should be sold. There was an act also subjecting fuel to an assize, which, in order to exclude from this trade such as were disposed to monopolize, forbade any person to buy fuel, "except such as burn it, or retail the same." The law against regraters, forestallers, and engrossers, which has some time since been repealed, was passed on that occasion, and owed its origin to the obstructions to which every species of internal traffic was at that time exposed. The farmers were disposed to export to foreign countries many of the most necessary articles of life, rather than bring them to the country markets to be sold and exchanged for the base coin; and on this account the exportation of these articles was prohibited.' p. 91. 92.

For these complicated evils, it appeared that a reform of the coin was the only remedy; and it was undertaken at the end of Edward's reign, upon very judicious principles, and to the fullest extent. He left this salutary change nearly completed; and Elizabeth, by putting the last hand to so great a work, obtained, as often happens in such cases, the glory of the whole enterprize. Indeed, there is nothing really admirable in the general policy of this renowned Princess with respect to the coinage. If she finished the reform of her brother, she departed from some of its wisest principles; and, after restoring the standard of fineness, she reduced the weight of the currency by several operations, and was only prevented from executing still greater changes, by the firmness and sagacity of Burleigh. The issue of base coin in Ireland during Tyrone's rebellion, is a measure scarcely to be paralleled in the history of public frauds, and leaves us in doubt whether most to admire at its violence, its impolicy, or its signal failure. If we except the extravagant imitation by James II., it stands unmatched in the annals of the coinage. *

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* The inefficacy of the plan was remarkable. The Irish were ready for every species of submission after the defeat of the insurrection; but the

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It is scarcely necessary to conclude this sketch of the history of our currency, by stating the motives that produced all the changes which it has undergone. Not content with levying a sum sufficient to defray the expences of the coinage, or, as it was anciently termed, a *brassage*, the sovereigns of all countries have wished to increase this income, and, by the right of seignorage, to render it one of the ordinary branches of revenue. From raising a small regulated sum in this way, they have proceeded to extort large and sudden supplies, by fraudulently adulterating the coin, or openly and compulsorily raising its nominal value. Lord Liverpool has collected a number of curious facts illustrative of this leading view. But the false theory of political economy, which frequently assisted its operations, and was the subject of a controversy at different periods of the eighteenth century, though more honest, was marked with a stubborn blindness altogether unpardonable, even in the infancy of political science. Our readers will recollect, that not only Mr Locke's two masterly treatises upon money, were called forth by the prevalence of such gross errors among statesmen of a higher order; but also, so late as the Seven-years' war, the same doctrines appear to have been broached with an alarming frequency, and gave rise to the second part of Mr Harris's able work upon coins. That part is wholly occupied with an examination of the evils resulting from alterations in the established standard of money.* But, notwithstanding the long subsistence of such opinions, and the various unjustifiable measures which we have been contemplating in the history of British coinage, it is satisfactory to observe, that no nation has erred so little in these matters as ourselves. Our present pound Sterling is somewhat more than one-third its original value; the florin, the money of account in most parts of Germany, has suffered less than that of any other foreign state; yet it is now six times less than it originally was. Scotland, prior to the Union, had debased its pound to a thirty-sixth part; the French livre has been reduced to a seventy-fourth of its original value; the Spanish

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the base coin was universally rejected, and would not pass, even at its real value. See *Pacata Hibernia*, and *Rice Vaughan's Discourse*, p. 53. James II., after the revolution in England, forced a copper and pewter coinage upon the Irish, at the rate of above 660 times its intrinsic value.

* It was published in 1758, and dedicated to Mr Legge. It contains much valuable matter and satisfactory argument, mixed with some incorrect and confused views of the nature of currency. Rice Vaughan was, we believe, the first who distinctly stated the argument in this question, in 1675.

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nish maravedi to less than the thousandth; and the Portuguese re has suffered still more. The superiority of England, in this respect, can only be ascribed to the early commercial prosperity, and the ancient liberty of the realm.

We now come to what will probably be considered as the most able and original part of this work,—the general principles of coinage laid down by the noble author, and the practical rules which he recommends to be adopted in the present state of our economy. We willingly admit the truth of a large proportion of his doctrines; and, through the whole course of them, we find every reason to commend the perspicuity of his statements, and the forcible manner in which he illustrates his positions. On certain material points, however, it is our chance to differ from him; and we shall frankly submit our reasons of dissent as we proceed. He divides this branch of the subject into three heads. Under the first, he proves that the current coin, which is to be the measure of property, and instrument of commerce, should be made of one metal only; in the second, he inquires what metal this should be; and the last is occupied with remarks upon the coinage of the other metals.

I. It is perfectly evident, that as the precious metals vary continually in their relative value at the bullion market, the coins, which are only those metals in a manufactured state, must likewise change continually in their proportions to each other. If gold bullion is fifteen times as dear as silver bullion to-day, and the former is coined according to that proportion, into guineas, say of twenty shillings value:—to-morrow, when gold may be sixteen times dearer than silver, the guinea must be worth more than twenty shillings. The merchant who contracted to pay a hundred of those guineas, and would have performed his contract as readily in gold as in silver, had the relative value of the metals remained stationary, will now gain by paying in silver upon the former footing, and his creditors will lose in proportion. Therefore, when they bargained about a hundred guineas, they must have meant either gold or silver money, or some other money, valued at a known rate, and not any of those metals indifferently. In the one case, they used a definite and fixed,—in the other, a variable and uncertain language. No man will bargain to be paid for his labour in so much West India produce, generally, unless he means to receive the cheapest kind, and to take his chance of all changes of price to the term of payment: and if a hogshead of sugar were worth two hogsheads of rum at the time of contracting, and then rose to three hogsheads; should he bargain to be paid a hogshead of sugar, or its value in rum, he would naturally demand three hogsheads of rum, and not two, if his debtor refused

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refused to pay in sugar. There is, indeed, one variation inseparable from all such measures of value: Though the coin be made only of a single metal, its relative value to other commodities must vary from time to time. This is quite unavoidable; but, by introducing two metals, and fixing their rates at the mint, a new source of uncertainty is added; and besides the variations of either metal in respect of other commodities, we are encumbered with their variations in respect of each other. We, in fact, give a double meaning to the words expressing sums of money of account. The two meanings may coincide at the moment that the rate is established; but there is an absolute certainty that they will very soon change, and keep always varying to a greater or less distance from one another. Now, suppose that, after a relative value has been affixed to gold and silver at the mint, and both coins have been declared legal tender according to this rate, a change takes place in their relative market prices; it is clear that the coins of the metal which has become dearer in the market than at the mint, will disappear; they will be melted down, in order to be sold at the market price for the other metal. When both coins are legal tender, no man will pay his debts in the metal which is undervalued; because, by doing so, he would lose the difference between the mint price and the market price of that metal, estimated in terms of the other. Thus it has always happened, that a change in the relative market prices of the precious metals has caused one of them almost entirely to disappear from the circulation; and this, we conceive, must ever continue to happen, so long as government fixes the rates at which those metals, when coined, shall be exchanged for one another. We shall presently see how far Lord Liverpool limits this inference, although he is clearly of opinion that only one of the metals can constitute the standard measure of property, as he calls it, or general instrument of commerce; a proposition which, to our minds, conveys no meaning whatever, unless in the sense to which, following the doctrine of Mr Locke, we have just now pushed it.

II. Our author's attention is mainly directed to demonstrate, that gold coin has now become, in this country, the measure of property. In order to make out this point, he first takes a view of the law respecting tenders of payment. It is quite manifest, that, immediately upon the introduction of gold coins, in the reign of Henry III., they were made legal tender equally with silver, at the rate established in the mint indentures. Lord Liverpool says they continued to be so till the 15th of Charles II.; but in this there is some inaccuracy; for he has himself stated, in the history of the coinage, that Henry III., finding the people averse to the innovation, ordered the new coins only to be taken at the option

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option of the receiver; in other words, he declared them not to be legal tender; and on this footing they remained, if they continued at all in circulation, till the 19th of Edward III. Since that time, they have been legal tender at the mint rate, till 15th Charles II.; and from that year to the 3d George I., at any rate above a certain *minimum* fixed by law. They were then once more made legal tender at a fixed rate, equally with silver; and in the 14th of the King, the silver coins were ordered to be legal tender for sums exceeding twenty-five pounds, only according to their weight, at the rate of 5s. 2d. an ounce. This regulation was renewed in 1798, and continues in force. The copper coins are only legal tender for sums not exceeding a shilling; some of them only for sums not exceeding sixpence. We may remark, in passing, that the statutes which limit the sum for which silver coin shall be legal tender, do by no means enact that silver itself shall not be legal tender to any amount. Silver coin, in fact, is still legal tender for all sums, only not by tale; and it cannot even be said to pass as bullion; for the price at which it shall be received is specified, and not left to the market standard. An ounce of this coin is to pass for the nominal sum of 5s. 2d., or for a quarter of a guinea wanting $\frac{1}{373}$ of a guinea. We do not therefore see what our author's argument gains by the view of the subject, which considers it 'as a question of law.' No one can doubt that gold coins have long been legal tender; he has not disproved that silver coins are so likewise. There cannot be a doubt that they were originally the sole tender, and that, to this day, the money of account here, as well as on the Continent, bears reference, in its name at least, to the weight of silver, of which it once consisted. But, considering the discussion as a question of fact, Lord Liverpool has a better argument. We have already traced the change which happened about the beginning of last century, in the customs and opinions of the community, regarding coins. Partly from that circumstance, and partly from the overvaluation of the guinea in 1717, which soon banished the greater part of the silver coin from circulation, the gold currency has, for a hundred years past, formed the great bulk of our specie, and regulated all the rest. The complete revolution which has thus taken place in the kind of the circulating medium, is very happily illustrated by our author from a variety of topics. Before the recoinage in King William's reign, the defective state of the silver coins produced the utmost inconvenience. All prices were raised, and a guinea sold for thirty shillings. Now, when the silver is as defective as it was then, prices are not at all affected by its deficiency, and the value of the guinea suffers no change. Before the recoinage of King William, foreign exchange was kept constantly

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constantly at least 20 *per cent.* against this country, by the state of the silver. Nothing of this kind has happened in consequence of the present imperfections of our silver coin, though, prior to the recoinage of 1774, the deficiency of the gold coins constantly and materially influenced the rate of exchange. In like manner, the price of both gold and silver bullion has been regulated by the state, not of the silver, but of the gold coins. It never was affected by the deficiency of the former; but it rose when the latter were defective, and fell again after the last recoinage. 'Thus it appears,' says Lord Liverpool, 'that not only the people of Great Britain, but the merchants of foreign nations who have any intercourse with us, and even those who deal in the precious metals of which our coins are made, concur in opinion, that the gold coins are now the principal measure of property in this kingdom.'

This change, our author imputes to the increased affluence and commercial prosperity of the country; remarking, that in the early and less wealthy stages of society, copper coins alone are known; that by degrees silver is introduced, and, as mercantile transactions become more frequent and important, silver coins of a greater value are used; that gold then takes its place; and even this precious metal being found burthensome for constant use, in the most refined state of commerce, a substitute is provided by the resources of paper credit.

The history of the English specie throws great light on this view of the subject; and one observation which it furnishes, is so appropriate to the illustration of the foregoing deductions, that we cannot forbear stating it more particularly. At the Conquest, the value of silver, compared with other commodities, was not much less than that of gold is at the present day. Commodities have since risen to fifteen times their nominal silver price in that early period. Our author infers from thence, that there was nearly the same difference between goods and silver then, that there is between silver and gold now. He forgets, however, that the rise of fifteen times includes the alteration in the real value of the currency, and that therefore the intrinsic value of silver was only five times greater than it is now. But this difference is sufficient to illustrate the connexion between the progress of wealth, and the change of the currency, and to shew that a gold circulation is not much more costly now than a circulation of silver was formerly.

But, not only has the gold coin become in fact the circulating medium of this country, and for that reason, according to our author, deserves to be retained in the same function;—there is another point in which he thinks it possesses a decided preeminence over

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silver coin, as a measure of property:—its value is much less liable to variation. The proofs of this material proposition are drawn partly from the records of the Bank of England, and partly from the information of a respectable dealer in bullion, Mr Garbett of Birmingham, and of some other well-informed persons. By the former, it appears, that the bank has purchased gold during twenty years, ending 1797, with no more than a half *per cent.* variation of price at any time. By Mr Garbett's account, gold purchased with, or sold for bank notes, has varied during forty years no more than $5\frac{1}{2}$ *per cent.* in the London market; while silver exchanged for the same article has varied in ten years, ending 1793, more than $19\frac{1}{4}$ *per cent.* By other information, it is shewn, that the price of dollars varied during 41 years, ending 1796, nearly $16\frac{1}{3}$ *per cent.*, and during 22 years, ending 1797, nearly 12 *per cent.* Whence, Lord Liverpool infers, that gold varies a great deal less in its price from time to time than silver, and is on this account the most proper of the precious metals for a standard of value and instrument of commerce, and that the others should only be used in exchanges below the value of the gold currency.

Without examining, for the present, what is really meant by the advice here offered, 'to make gold the principal measure of property in our coinage;' and before entering on the remaining parts of our author's plan, we shall stop to notice the great fallacy of the demonstration just now analyzed, to establish the proposition that gold varies more than silver in its market price. When the bank purchased gold bullion, it must have paid for it either in silver or in notes, or in some other kind of paper currency or stock. If the equivalent was silver, then the variation in the price of that metal, was the very same with the variation stated to have taken place in the price of gold, and no other. Consequently, the proposition that gold varied only one half *per cent.* in its value during twenty years, means equally that silver varied no more during the same period, or that the relative values of the two metals continued steady within those limits. If the gold was bought with notes, or any other paper currency, it is clear that, previous to the restriction (and the statement refers to twenty years before 1797), the paper medium was altogether regulated by the specie, either gold or silver, for which it was exchangeable, but principally by the gold coin; and as long as it continued easily exchangeable for gold, its price could never vary considerably from the price of that coin; therefore, the price of gold bullion, estimated in paper currency, must have been always, in those circumstances, nearly the same, being in truth the price of gold bullion estimated in gold coin; and, in so

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so far as the paper may be supposed to have been influenced by the silver currency, the former argument applies. As for any kind of stock in which the bank may have paid for gold, its value is always resolvable into specie or paper: whence we may infer, that the stationary rate of the bank prices of gold, proves only one of two things,—either that the gold coin and gold bullion kept nearly equal in value, as must always happen,—or that the silver varied as little in price as the gold. But Mr Garbett found that gold bought with bank notes varied only $5\frac{1}{2}$ *per cent.* during forty years; whereas, silver purchased in the same way, varied $19\frac{1}{4}$ *per cent.* during ten years. The forty years must have included a period of twenty-one years before the recoinage of gold in 1774, for it was forty years ending 1793. This variation of $5\frac{1}{2}$ *per cent.* in the paper price of gold, then, only shews, either that the paper was affected by the state of the gold coin at that time, or, in general, that the circulation was not so little influenced by the silver as it has been since. But when we are told that the paper price of silver varied $19\frac{1}{4}$ *per cent.* during ten years ending 1793, while the paper was entirely regulated by the gold currency; we are told at the same time that the gold varied precisely as much in its silver price. And so of the statement regarding the price of dollars from 1774 to 1797:* it must either have been paid in paper or gold. It is rather singular, that so acute an observer as Lord Liverpool almost always shews himself, did not consider, that in stating the accounts of the purchasers of silver bullion, he was always stating at the same time the accounts of the sellers of gold, or of that which is regulated by the gold coin; and that a person could not buy silver much dearer or cheaper than he had formerly done, unless another person at the same time bought gold, or the representative of gold, at a price equally different from its former price. It is manifest from the whole, then, that no proof whatever has been offered of the superior steadiness of gold. The bank directors, indeed, are said to keep its price somewhat more upon a level, by their rule of only purchasing at a certain price; but if the proportion between its supply and the demand for it, were to vary considerably, this rule must be broke through. In that case, the price of gold might be said to vary; and the same might be said of the silver given for it. The ease with which the bank has maintained its rule in ordinary times, may, on the other hand, be accounted a proof, that the proportion between the supply and demand of gold,

* It is worthy of remark, that the year of greatest variation in this period was 1797, when the state of the bank paper was changed. *See* p. 150.

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or its real price, has been steady; and the very same may be affirmed of the real price of the silver given for it. No account stated between the two metals can ever prove any thing respecting either exclusively. We must have a comparison instituted between the relative value of silver and corn, for example, as well as between silver and gold, or paper, in order to prove that the one metal has fluctuated in price more than the other.

It may perhaps be thought, that certain general considerations, alluded to by Lord Liverpool, furnish a safer criterion for determining the question,—as, the greater use of silver in manufactures, and its annual exportation to the East,—which circumstances tend to make it more an article of commerce than gold. But we must not forget, that, in proportion as any article is much used in commerce, the supply is always more likely to accommodate itself to the demand, and to retain that adjustment. The supply of the silver mines is probably much more constant than that of the gold; because the silver ore is disposed in large veins, varying little in richness; and the gold, chiefly found in a virgin state, is scattered up and down in sand, or masses of clay, where it is found by a kind of random search; it is, in fact, less the produce of regular industry than any other metal. But, independent of this difference, the demand for silver is peculiarly constant. Not only is a regular exportation carried on to the East, but the money of most countries is made of this metal. With the exception of England and Portugal, by far the greatest part of the specie in the European markets, consists of silver coin. These circumstances, therefore, render silver rather a more steady measure of value than gold. It should seem, indeed, that within the last ten or twelve years the value of silver has been falling considerably. There is scarce any other mode of explaining the universal, and, in general, proportionate rise in the money price of commodities; and, no doubt, the improvements which have been introduced into the Spanish American mines, may suggest an easy explanation of this fact.* But if the supply of silver has thus exceeded the demand for it, a great quantity of gold has, within the same period, been thrown loose, by means of the increased paper currency of this country, which had formerly absorbed the greatest portion of that metal; and this has certainly prevented any rise in the silver price of gold, or any greater fluctuation in the price of silver, than in that of the

* We allude to the adoption of the amalgamation process, particularly, borrowed from the admirable establishments of Baron Born in the Hungarian mines. A specimen of this improvement may be seen at the silver mines of Freyberg, near Dresden, where a great increase of produce has been effected by it.

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the more costly metal. Upon the whole, therefore, we see no reason whatever to conclude, that gold is a better standard of comparison than silver, for the estimation of other commodities, in consequence of its superior steadiness of price; and if there is any difference in this respect, we are pretty clear that it is in favour of silver.

III. Having maintained, by the reasoning which we have just now analyzed, that the gold coin ought to be the measure of property in this country, the noble author proceeds to state the details of his plan for reforming the monetary system. The gold coin should be kept, he thinks, as perfect as possible, and should be made at the public expence, without any charge in the manner of a *brassage*; much less with any deduction for *seignorage*. The silver coins, on the contrary, should pay for the charges of manufacture; they should only be a legal tender as change for single pieces of the gold coin; and the copper should bear the same relation to the silver. The inferior coins ought to be regulated by the relative value of the metals of which they are made to gold, obtained from a comparison of many years, and of the bullion prices in foreign countries, as well as at home. But it is strongly maintained, that this value should be fixed at the mint, and not left to the regulation of the market,—partly because persons residing at a distance from the bullion market, and, in general, the poorer orders, must be ignorant of the changes in the relative value of the precious metals,—partly for a very singular reason, because, allowing the comparative prices of the coins to be fixed in the market, is 'contrary to law, and transferring the right of setting a rate or value on the coins from the Sovereign to individuals.' In adjusting the rate at the mint, he wisely conceives that the present denominations and nominal proportions should be retained, but that any alteration which the real market price of the metals may render proper, should be effected by a change in the weight of the new silver coin. He closes his statement with a variety of details respecting the present state of the circulating medium, and the particulars of the measures required for its reformation upon the general principles previously laid down. The amount of the gold in circulation, he endeavours to compute from the returns of coinage since 1774, and from certain general considerations relative to the increased trade of the country. There were recoined, at that time, nearly twenty millions and a half, and five millions might remain in currency. Since that time, upwards of 36 millions have been coined, of which above 18,700,000 were of gold recoined from having become deficient; of the remaining 17,500,000, our author estimates, that only four millions and a half have been clear addition to the gold coinage as it stood immediately after 1777; the rest

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rest of the bullion, he thinks, was our own guineas exported and brought back; so that, according to this statement, he 'cannot venture to estimate the quantity of gold coins now in his Majesty's dominions at more than thirty millions in nominal value.'

How Lord Liverpool could bring himself to admit so high a statement, entirely surpasses our comprehension. After all the changes that the new system of paper credit has introduced into our circulation—when the number of country banks has increased within eight years from 230 to 517—when the issues of bank paper in England, and still more in Ireland, have been altogether unexampled—when country bankers' notes have confined the circulation of the London and Dublin bank notes almost entirely to those two cities—when country bankers are only obliged to pay in bank paper, and the great banks themselves are absolved from paying at all—when no material difference has arisen between the commodity price of paper currency, and that of gold, the only means by which any considerable quantity of the latter could have been retained in circulation under all the foregoing circumstances;—truly it is surprising, that Lord Liverpool should adventure so hardy an estimate of the amount of our gold currency, and maintain that it has increased nearly a fifth part since the general recoinage. We have no desire to hazard a computation on a subject where the *data* are necessarily so imperfect; but, rather than call the quantity of gold now in circulation thirty millions, we should be disposed to deny that it can possibly amount to one million. The cash paid by London bankers, we are informed by the noble author himself, does not in some cases exceed a thirtieth, in others a fortieth, and in others a hundred and fortieth, of what they pay in notes; and, in many parts of the kingdom, guineas are scarcely ever seen.

After this extraordinary calculation, which has forced us to stop in our abstract, Lord Liverpool mentions some particulars in the art of assaying, as practised at the mint, which show how accurately it is carried on, and how perfect both the weight and standard of our gold are kept. The remedy is indeed forty grains, which is certainly too large; but in several trials of the pix, made upon issues of twenty-eight millions, no deviation has been detected in the standard, and not above four grains in the weight. The admirable experiments of Messrs Cavendish and Hatchett, which we formerly gave an account of (No. VI.), proved that the nature of the alloy at present in use was, if not the best that could be adopted, at least so near it, as to preclude all temptation to alter it. The quantity of silver now in circulation cannot, our author thinks, exceed four millions in nominal value, and is probably much less. The deficiency of these coins in weight is very considerable. In

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1798, it amounted to $3\frac{1}{7}$ *per cent.* in crowns, $9\frac{9}{17}$ in half-crowns, $24\frac{1}{7}$ in shillings, and $38\frac{1}{4}$ in sixpences; in 1787, it was smaller, and has therefore, in all probability, increased since 1798. Yet so great is the want of these coins, that a premium is sometimes given for them above their nominal value. What compensation should be made to the holders of the clipped silver, in the event of a recoinage, our author does not precisely state; but from the precedents which he discusses, it should seem as if he thought a small relief sufficient. Indeed, any large compensation, such as was made in King William's time, would not only cost a great sum to the nation, but operate as a powerful encouragement to coiners of base metal, and clippers of the lawful coin. The issue of bank dollars,* he vindicates upon the necessity of the case; and says, that 'the blame, if any such is to be imputed, falls not on those who permitted these dollars to be issued, but on those who neglected to supply your Majesty's subjects with a sufficient quantity of legal silver coins:'—a proposition which we must confess is not intelligible to us. The amount of the copper coins in circulation, he thinks, may be from half a million to 550,000 nominal value; and the counterfeits of this description amount to a much greater sum: So great is the deficiency of that coin for the purposes

* The objections which were stated, in the session 1804, to the issue of bank dollars, always appeared to us considerably exaggerated. They came in the form of arguments against the bill for punishing the counterfeiting of those tokens; and there can be no doubt, that, considering the bank merely as a trading company, the crime of falsifying the dollars was as great as that of forging their notes, or any common bills of exchange. Besides, the bank was answerable for them at par; so that they were only new bank notes for ninepence, with this difference, that nobody was compelled to receive them in payment. It is another question, how far they were likely to remain in circulation, while the other currency of the country was in its present situation. In 1798, shillings were current for $24\frac{1}{7}$ *per cent.*, and sixpences for $38\frac{1}{4}$, above their intrinsic value. If the clipping has gone on since that time at its former rate, shillings are now current for 28 *per cent.*, and sixpences for 40 *per cent.* above their value. But the dollars were only current for 15 *per cent.* more than their value: it was difficult, therefore, to conceive how they should retain their place in a silver circulation, composed chiefly of coins, the metal of which was so much more overrated. Almost all the crowns coined in King William's time have disappeared, though they might now pass for nearly 4 *per cent.* above their value; and a similar premium of 11 *per cent.* has not retained, perhaps, above one-third of the half-crowns coined at the same time. The effects of the diminution of the inferior coins could scarcely be less considerable upon the bank dollars.

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purposes of the retail trade. Before any recoinage can be effected, some alterations must be made in the establishment of the mint. The standard requires no rectification, as was already noticed, and the alloy is sufficiently perfect. The machinery, however, is on all hands allowed to be very faulty. While the greatest progress has been making in every mechanical contrivance used by individuals, and more especially in the very department of stamping and coining, the machinery of the mint, alone, moves on in the old and clumsy fashion, and fulfils the common fate of government manufactories, by remaining stationary in the midst of universal improvement. The adoption of Mr Boulton's admirable inventions, which foreign states have been eager to naturalize in their mints, would both increase the beauty and accuracy of our money, and enable a recoinage to be effected with at least tenfold dispatch. It would enable the government to regulate the profits of the officers employed in the monetary establishment, and give room to a dynasty of talents and learning in that important department. Our author most laudably inculcates the necessity of calling forth the first scientific abilities in the nation to the assistance of the executive in these reforms; and lays it down as a maxim, 'that the mint of every country should be a sort of college, composed of men of science in the superior departments, and, in the inferior, of eminent artisans in their respective branches of business.'

When the coinage shall have been placed on a perfect footing, by the reforms already sketched out, it will be necessary to make such arrangements, as may prevent the recurrence of the present evils, from the practices of clippers, and other unfair dealers in the precious metals. An estimate may be formed of the low profits on which these persons will trade, from some facts stated by Sir Isaac Newton in his report of 1717. It appears that the louis-d'or was brought into general circulation during King William's reign, from being rated at $5\frac{1}{2}$d. above its real value, compared with our coins; and that a similar profit of 5d. on the moidore inundated the west of England with those pieces. The louis-d'ors were utterly banished from circulation, by being decried to three farthings below their real value; and the moidores by being brought to one penny below that value. Where men will trade on such slender gains, it is scarcely possible entirely to prevent the injuries with which their operations affect our coins. The only remedy for this evil seems to consist in some regulations for constantly weighing the currency given in payments. In the early periods of our history, when the pounds by weight and by tale coincided, a method of this sort was adopted for keeping the money entire. The '*compensatio ad pensum* was only a practice of receiving specie by weight, when the currency had

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had become debased; and the *compensatio ad scalam* was a certain general allowance made without weighing, in consideration of the damage sustained by the currency, and calculated upon an average. In after times, various laws were made for preventing the circulation of money which should have suffered more than a certain diminution by wear, and for enforcing the weighing of coins received in payments. The diminution was frequently denominated, generally, 'reasonable wear,' and left to be determined by the magistrate of the district. But, in the year 1776, a more definite rule was promulgated by a proclamation, (founded on the 14th of the King, cap. 70.), declaring that the guinea should not pass, if it weighed less than 5 gr. 8 dwt.; the half-guinea, 2 gr. 16 dwt.; and so of the other coins in proportion. This regulation has certainly not been duly enforced at the great public offices where specie is received and paid out in the greatest quantities; and much of its good tendency has in consequence been defeated. But our author seems to think that it furnishes the only unexceptionable remedy for the evil in question, by affording a constant check to the arts of those who tamper with the specie of the country, and by causing a gradual renewal of the coins as they happen to be worn in the ordinary course of circulation. He conceives, too, that an allowance, after the manner of the ancient *compensatio*, might be established in the case of coins much worn; twopence might be deducted for every grain which the gold coin wanted; and so in proportion for silver—a *minimum* being fixed, below which neither should be current at all. This arrangement would, on the one hand, remove the necessity of too frequent a recoinage, and prevent, on the other, the extreme degradation of our specie.

This work concludes with some general remarks upon the present state of our paper circulation. A pretty decided opinion is delivered against the extent of this currency, which has almost banished the precious metals from the retail trade of the country. It is, however, to the issues of small notes, and the currency of the country banks, that our author chiefly objects. The former interfere most with the coins of the realm; and as the latter only pass within particular districts, a person cannot travel through different parts of the kingdom without changing his money several times over. Nor has the market price of bullion fallen in consequence of the coin being thrown out of circulation; it has, on the contrary, risen considerably above the mint price; and thus all influx of bullion into the mint has necessarily been stopped. Now, the Bank of England, he contends, is the great repository of unemployed cash, and must always be called upon for supplies when the failures of private bankers or other

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other causes contract the circulation. 'It is thereby responsible not only for the value of its own notes, but in a certain degree for such as may be issued by every private banker in the kingdom, let the substance, credit, or discretion of such a banker be what it may.' But when the market price of gold is so much higher than its mint price, the bank cannot afford to purchase that metal for coinage; and if it could, whatever was coined would be melted again; so that until this evil is remedied, the bank cannot safely resume its cash payments. And Lord Liverpool confirms his unfavourable view of country banks, and the excess of our present paper currency, by a sketch of the history of paper credit; in the whole of which, he can find nothing at all resembling it, not even in the late history of France; for there the government, or the great corporate bodies of the state, and not private individuals, issued the new paper money. No specific method of checking this practice is pointed out. We are only left to conclude, in general, that according to his Lordship's sentiments, the legislature should interfere, and that the reform of the coinage, the great object of his plans, can never be completely effected until some check is given to the traffic of the country banks.

We have now finished the analysis of all the speculations into which Lord Liverpool enters, upon the system of British currency; and have, in passing, stated such subordinate objections as required a more immediate attention while going through the details to which they refer. We proceed to bring under a separate head, those more general and fundamental exceptions which we must take to several of his positions. And although he has anticipated some few objections, and given answers to them, yet, as they happen not to be those to which we think him chiefly liable, we have deemed it unnecessary to detain our readers with any account of them. They are to be found at p. 163, *et seqq.* Ours are of a different complexion, and relate to the following points:—the scheme for making gold the 'chief measure of property'—the relation proposed to be established between that and the other coins—the opinions delivered respecting brassage and seignorage—and the arguments upon paper currency.

In the *first* place, we apprehend that a considerable incorrectness prevails through all the reasonings by which Lord Liverpool recommends it to the government to make one of the metals, rather than any of the others, a standard, or, as he calls it, a measure of property. In opposition to Mr Locke, who contended that silver was the money of account all the world over, our author maintains that, in this country, gold has become the standard money; and having, by the natural course of events, usurped in

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in fact the place of silver, ought, he thinks, to be confirmed in its new capacity by the public authority. We suspect there is no small inaccuracy of language in this dispute; and that the combatants, as often happens, were their terms defined, would be much nearer one opinion than they are aware. If regard is had to the origin and etymology of the language in which all modern contracts are conceived, and if this is allowed to be a fair test of the sense in which the words are taken; then, no doubt, silver is the commodity meant to be conveyed away in every bargain of sale, and referred to as an equivalent or common measure in all comparative estimates of value. In this case, he who promises to pay so many pounds sterling, or livres, promises a certain quantity of precious metal, in the words which once signified that precise weight of silver, when no other precious metals were in use, but which custom or law has since transferred to mean, indiscriminately, a much smaller weight of silver, or a certain weight of gold. Thus, too, a Roman would promise to pay so many pounds of copper, (the only commodity that originally he could have exchanged), when in fact he meant to promise those substitutes which the increased wealth and varying institutions of the state had provided for it. It happens always then, that the words used to denote pecuniary value, are retained from the commodity of which money was first made. What new meanings they shall in the course of time acquire, must depend altogether on the change of circumstances. These must determine as well the quality as the quantity of the commodity really expressed by the antiquated terms. Since Mr Locke wrote, certain events, formerly related, have almost banished silver from the circulation of this country, and substituted gold in its place. But we still contract to pay pounds sterling; only, we bind ourselves to pay optionally either so much silver, or its value in gold, at a rate fixed and known at the time of making the bargain. The proportion between the supply of, and demand for gold, too, will regulate the price of that article, and fix the real value of the money alluded to in the contract, more or less exclusively as it may happen more or less completely to have usurped the place of silver in the currency; and thus, the case may occur in every country which has occurred here, that in bargaining nominally for silver, the seller will have the real value of gold only in his eye, knowing that his price will be paid in that metal. And the case is precisely the same with paper money.

There are, however, some occasions on which the new names are used in contracting or in keeping accounts. All gambling transactions are stated in guineas, and so are many contracts of insurance; nay, in some parts of the country, particularly in Scotland,

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Scotland, where bank paper has long formed the bulk of the currency, the lower people are accustomed to reckon in '*notes*,' meaning '*pounds*.' In these cases, there is an end to the question; for the money of account coincides with the medium actually circulating. Yet, still, he who promised to pay twenty guineas, may perform his contract by giving twenty-one pounds in silver currency; and he who became bound for twenty-one *notes*, will find his creditor very ready to accept twenty guineas. It is, therefore, a matter of mere indifference in what language bargains are made and accounts kept, provided the terms used are always defined. So long as there is a double circulation in any country, when we talk of one metal, we in truth mean either of the two at a known relative valuation, which may be fixed by law, or left to be settled in the market; and when we call one of them the common measure of property, we can only mean to assert, that the other having nearly disappeared from the circulation, the real price of the one which remains is alone attended to in all contracts. It is absurd to call one a standard or measure rather than the other, if both continue in circulation. They are both measures and standards. Each of them may be compared with all other commodities; and they may both be compared together. The value of either may thus be measured by the other; and the value of ordinary property may be measured in either, or in terms applicable to both. A guinea is equal in value to twenty-one shillings; and a certain quantity of wheat is equal in value to twenty shillings; or to $\frac{20}{21}$ of a guinea, or to a pound, which, though it once signified only so much silver, now signifies indifferently twenty shillings, or $\frac{21}{20}$ of a guinea, or, finally, a piece of paper equivalent to either. But what do we mean by 'appointing' one of the metals 'the standard or measure of property?' If both metals are to be allowed circulation, both must equally measure; and all that government can do, is to order that certain words should be used in expressing transfers or valuations —a command which will probably be little attended to. If one metal forms the bulk of the circulation, all prices will be regulated by it, whether the government orders those prices to be stated in terms of this metal or of the other, or of some third which is scarcely in actual use. The government may, indeed, attempt to drive a metal out of circulation, by ordering that it shall no longer be a legal tender; but though such a measure might produce much injustice toward the debtors in existing contracts, it would only make men alter the language of their future transactions, so as to retain the use of that metal which was previously found the most convenient. Nor would any other effect follow from the measure proposed by Lord Liverpool, with the view of limiting the use of silver

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ver to the smaller transactions of trade. The proposition, therefore, that only one metal can be the standard of value, appears to us quite unintelligible, if it means any thing more than that only one metal can have its value fixed in reference to the money of account, or any other third mean of comparison. But if either gold or silver (it matters not which, in any conceivable state of the circulation) is valued, or reckoned, or named, (for that is all the matter at issue) with reference to the ideal commodity, a pound sterling, which has long been the language of our accounts, and if the coins of the other metal are allowed to take their value in reference to the same pound sterling, by their real value in reference to the metal already named, we have a complete standard or measure, composed of parts, but of parts whose proportions never vary. We have two measures, but only in the sense in which every one commodity is a measure of all others. The absurdity is, to attempt fixing the relative value of the two metals used as measures.

But, in the *second* place, we may observe, that Lord Liverpool has to a considerable degree admitted this absurdity into his system. He is for fixing the number of shillings in a guinea, as well as the quantity of silver in a shilling. And though he would try to limit the use of the silver coins, yet so long as he retains this fundamental error, that is altogether beyond his power. When the comparative value of the precious metals is constantly varying, the government will in vain attempt to regulate their relative prices by any mint arrangements, or public laws. Admitting, what the whole history of our coinage proves to be scarcely practicable, that, at the moment of coining, the executive should be able accurately to adjust those prices according to the market rates; in a short time these will vary; one of the metals will be overvalued, and the coins of the other will of course be driven out of circulation. The facts already stated, more particularly the history of James I.'s operations, may convince us how hopeless a task it is for a government to attempt following the changes of the bullion market, and how much better it would be to save at once the double expence of coining in two metals, than to coin in such a manner as must ensure the speedy banishment of one of them. But Lord Liverpool argues, that the idea of leaving the coins to find their relative values, is a mere speculative notion, and quite unauthorised by practice. It may be so; and accordingly we find, upon looking to practice, that by fixing the relative mint prices of the precious metals, and fixing them wrong, which is almost the same thing, we have lost the benefits of a double circulation, and acquired our present silver currency. While this *practice* continues, we can no more expect to see silver carried to the mint, or retained in circulation after government has coined

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coined it, than we could hope for a supply of foreign wheat, were we to follow out the principle, and fix its price below the level of the home market.

Still the noble author contends, that the relative prices of gold and silver should be fixed, because the lower orders of the community, and especially those residing in distant parts of the country, cannot possibly know the variations of the bullion market; and this is indeed a reason by which many have been seduced. But nothing can be less solid. The bullion market exists every where, and all men are traders in it. Why should the lower orders, according to Lord Liverpool, be left exposed to the same ignorance in buying their bread and selling their labour, both of which are exchanged for silver? He proposes, indeed, that the guinea should be made the standard; in other words, that twenty real guineas should be denominated by authority equal to twenty-one ideal pounds sterling; for this we have shown to be the only intelligible sense of the proposition. And therefore, he concludes, that if the shillings are left to find their relative value to the guinea, much more confusion will be introduced among the lower people, than if the shilling were fixed in relation to the pound sterling, and the guinea left to take its relative value to them. But this is very inaccurate. It is manifestly precisely the same thing in reality, whether the shilling is called the twentieth part of a pound, and the guinea left to find its value in terms of the shilling, or whether the guinea is denominated the $\frac{21}{20}$ of a pound, and the shilling left to find its price in terms of the guinea. So long as the real value of the pieces is retained, their proportions to each other, however named, cannot affect any person; and, even supposing a real difference, the labourer will both demand and receive as many good shillings of wages when the price of gold has made the guinea worth 20 shillings, as he did when that metal was a little dearer. It is the business of government to coin both guineas and shillings of the known fineness; and, to save trouble, the weight also of the pieces should be retained. A regulation respecting wear might probably be added with advantage; and it should be understood, either that the guinea is $\frac{21}{20}$, or that the shilling is $\frac{1}{20}$ of a pound sterling; it is absolutely indifferent which. Government has then done all which it ought to attempt; and the number of shillings in a guinea must afterwards be regulated by the market. It might be an additional convenience, if the relative prices of the metals were from time to time investigated, as matter of fact, for the ascertainment of contracts made indefinitely, and for the general publication of such information. This plan might be pursued on the model of the fiars or corn prices in Scotland, which are examined twice a-year by the Sheriffs, with the assistance

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assistance of juries.—We can divine no other remedy for the present evils of our smaller circulation, than leaving the silver and gold to find their relative value, under these regulations.

In the *third* place, we do not entirely agree with Lord Liverpool upon the subject of *seignorage*, or rather of *brassage*; the part of seignorage set apart for defraying the expences of the coinage. That the government should wave all ideas of a clear profit from this source, we may admit; though, it will be recollected, that Dr Smith was rather disposed to favour this branch of revenue. But we are not aware of any solid reasons against ranking coins with every other manufactured commodity, and charging for working up, as well as for the cost of the raw material. At present, the coin is manufactured entirely by taxes levied from the whole community; and they who use it most, are certainly not those who contribute the most towards its cost. We are aware but of one objection, and that only a comparative one, to the introduction of a *brassage*—the new issues would be valued differently from the coins now current, and a general recoinage might be necessary; or the old ones would be clipped down to the weight of the new ones. But Lord Liverpool's plan of making the silver coins pay for the charges of the mint, and coining the gold as formerly at the public expence, is in every respect objectionable. Such an arrangement would in fact be the introduction of a constant error into the mint estimation of the relative values of the metals. The silver would always be rated higher than its real value, by the amount of the *brassage*; the gold would either be driven from circulation, or a new adjustment of its value would be necessary in order to retain it; and this would be exactly the operation, so long ago exposed, of violently altering the denomination of the current coin. Whatever scruples, then, we might have about introducing a general brassage, we can have no hesitation in rejecting Lord Liverpool's scheme of a partial one.

In the *last* place, we must be permitted to enter our protest against the noble author's opinions relative to the actual state of paper currency in this island. They are, indeed, the portion of his speculations which we admire the least, and almost the only part* where

* There is one other opinion maintained, perhaps from oversight, which comes within this description. In order to obviate any danger which might arise from his new silver coinage, of too great an issue of that metal, he suggests the idea of allowing only certain persons or corporations, as the Bank, for example, to carry their silver to the mint, and to have, in this way, the monopoly of the silver coinage. (p. 169—173.) But, surely, what he calls 'too much silver coin,' can have no real existence, so long as the precious metals are exportable and fusible; unless, indeed, another undue interference of government fixes their relative prices.

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where we can accuse him of inattention to the best doctrines of modern political science. Any general and permanent reform of our coinage, we are ready to admit, would be a vain attempt in the present unnatural circumstances of the paper circulation. But the danger, or the inconvenience, does not come from the quarter to which Lord Liverpool looks. It is not at all from the country banks that any mischief is to be apprehended: these are entirely under the controul of the Bank of England, whose paper is to them, what specie formerly was to all bankers. The virtual '*responsibility*' of that great corporation for the issues of all the private traders, is something beyond our comprehension. What risk can the Bank run from the most unqualified responsibility, when it has, at the same time, the most absolute controul? Even the paper of the joint-stock bank in Scotland is not legal tender; and that company is bound to discount it in English bank notes. But we have, on former occasions, discussed so fully the general prejudices against country banks, that we must now be content with referring the reader to the remarks then delivered. The substance of the argument will be found in the conclusion of our review of Mr Wheatley's tract on Currency and Commerce, (No. V.) Lord Liverpool, indeed, has added an objection of a subordinate kind, which we have not had before an opportunity of considering; but it will not occupy us long. He complains of the inconvenience arising from the varieties of the circulating medium; and says, that England is now as ill off in that respect as the petty states of Germany. We regret that he should have overlooked two circumstances which fully answer this objection. First, the currency in this country, however various, is all of equal value, and the same denomination; which reduces the utmost inconvenience to the very trifling operation of changing bank notes or guineas now and then for country paper; and, secondly, there is no quarter of the island where Bank of England notes are not legal tender, or where any other currency can possibly come into competition with them.

But, instead of wondering that Lord Liverpool has, in one or two particulars, been inattentive to the later improvements of the science, we should rather admire that this has occurred so rarely. It is, indeed, pleasing to find one who must necessarily have been bred among the exploded doctrines of the elder economists, shaking himself almost quite loose from their influence at an advanced period of life, and betraying, while he resumes the favourite speculations of his early years, so little bias towards errors which he must once have imbibed. It is no less gratifying to observe one who has been educated in the walks of practical policy, and grown old amidst the bustle of public employments, embellishing the decline of life by pursuits which unite the dignity of science with the usefulness

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usefulness of active exertion. Under the impression of such sentiments, we take our leave of this valuable work, and may be permitted to express our hopes, that it will not prove his last contribution to the science of political economy.

ART. II. *An Analytical Inquiry into the Principles of Taste.* By Richard Payne Knight. 8vo. London. 1805.

IT is a striking characteristic of those pleasures, which the exercise of a cultivated taste supplies to us, that they greatly exceed in intensity the unpleasant sensations which correspond to them. In the bodily organs, pain, far less exquisite than what man is sometimes doomed to endure, would be ill purchased by all that the most refined voluptuousness could suggest; the rewards of ambition and industry are sought through care and trouble, and commonly fail us when possessed; even in the walks of science, weariness and disappointment may perhaps wait upon that labour, for which the high price of our health and time shall have been thrown away. But while the delight which a susceptible mind enjoys in reading an excellent poem, is most keen, the uneasiness of reading a bad one (besides that it is seldom necessary), is very trifling; the lover of painting is charmed with a masterpiece, and turns away with no real pain from an indifferent picture; the beautiful and magnificent objects of nature fill us with emotions of joy, but we feel no distress in travelling among straight hedges and corn fields. Surely this is no feeble argument in favour of the pursuit of those pleasures, and of that education by which we are best prepared for their enjoyment: especially if we remember to chastise those feelings to which they give birth, and guard against certain ill effects on the mind, which may spring from their unlimited indulgence, by the more hardy discipline of serious and scientific research.

Whether Taste, in the sense in which we have been using the term, is a distinct faculty, or a mode of judgment, has been a subject of much controversy. The facts seem to be; that pleasurable emotions are excited by certain objects or conceptions; and that, when we embody our feelings in words, we use expressions of comparison, and reference to a standard, as in other propositions. Feeling and judgment therefore go together; but to which the word *taste* should be peculiarly applied, we shall not say: the primary sense of the word, and of its equivalents in modern languages, seems to imply the former; as the word *criticism* manifestly refers to the latter meaning. Taste may certainly be applied to the works of nature; but the fine arts are its peculiar

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province, and to those we shall chiefly confine ourselves. The arts which are its objects, seem to be principally the eight following: 1. Poetry. 2. Eloquence, including all sorts of prose composition. 3. Music. 4. Painting. 5. Sculpture. 6. Architecture. 7. Gardening, including the art of improving grounds. 8. The Stage. Those arts are distinguished from those which are merely mechanical, as well as from the speculative sciences, by this; that their main end is neither utility, in the common sense of the word, nor instruction; but to minister to the pleasures of the imagination, by means of words, or of sensible images, or of both of those combined. But their most eminent characteristic, perhaps, which runs through all of them, is, that many of their principles, though in one sense founded upon nature, since their only object is to delight the imagination of man, are yet not derived from ordinary nature; but require a good deal of attention, and the formation of habits, before they can be relished or understood. This is the case even in those which are strictly arts of imitation; in which, strange as it may seem, the utmost exactness of resemblance is not deemed the highest excellence, by those whose taste has been refined, and, as it were, sublimated by practice. It is the case more conspicuously in poetry and eloquence; the higher styles of which lie so much out of the beat of ordinary minds, that they are apt to consider the pleasure expressed by men of cultivated understandings as unintelligible, if not affected.

When we say, however, that these eight arts are the proper objects of taste, it is not to be understood that their principles are altogether in common; or that he, who is thoroughly acquainted, for example, with the theory of painting, will be necessarily a good judge of poetry or architecture: since all of them have a great number of rules originally arbitrary, the accurate knowledge of which has become indispensable to the man of taste; and which, in many cases, suggest pleasures to the imagination, not inferior to those which appear more directly natural. We do think nevertheless, that a man who has applied that niceness of discrimination, delicacy of feeling, and habitual reference to an acknowledged standard, in which the exercise of taste consists, to any one of these arts, can hardly fail, by sufficient attention and experience, to become a judge of all the rest.* It is of importance,

* An exception should be here made for music, which no one, whose ear is naturally very imperfect, can ever come to understand. We take this occasion of confessing, that many other limitations and explanations are wanting in different parts of this article; but we hope the candid reader will pardon our unwillingness to encumber an argument, which will, as it is, perhaps, seem too parenthetical and diffuse.

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tance, in our opinion, to keep in sight this extended view of the objects of taste; because many definitions, and many trains of reasoning, in works of philosophical criticism, have been rendered defective, by regarding only one of the fine arts; poetry, for instance, or painting; even while the conclusions were laid down very broadly, as to the nature and properties of taste in general. In an inductive process, it is surely desirable to have as great a variety of experiments as possible; and our confidence in the results at which we arrive, will be the greater, when we find them verified in all those arts, which bear a manifest relation to each other.

Before an inquiry can be undertaken into the principles of taste, the first question is, whether taste has any principles at all. This question, which is rendered obscure by the equivocal meaning of the words, *taste* and *principles*, may be reduced to the following: Whether, when Caius thinks the poetry of Milton better than that of Blackmore, the Banqueting House a finer piece of architecture than the Horse-Guards, and the Transfiguration a more excellent picture than the sign of the Red Lion, and Titius thinks directly the contrary, there is any ground for saying, that the taste of the one is better than that of the other. We cannot see any unfairness in this statement of the question, because those, who deny *any* positive standard of taste, must submit to the most extreme cases. If this is determined in the negative; if we can go no farther than to say, that Caius thinks one thing, and Titius another; it is quite an idle waste of time to make any researches about taste; which, like an indeterminate problem in algebra, would give us only a heap of solutions, from which nothing could be learned. We were surprised, therefore, that the learned author of the book before us, a fair-sized octavo volume about taste and its principles, should set out with an introduction, the scope of which, as far as we understand it, is to shew, that taste is perpetually fluctuating, and that nothing positive is to be laid down about it. There is something in this, like dismissing us through the ivory gate; it carries an intimation, that all the fair fabric of the book is but a dream and a delusion, and will leave us at the end as unprovided with substantial truth as we were at first. We have hinted above, that the word *taste* is highly equivocal. It is used in at least three distinct acceptations. It sometimes means, that peculiar mode of sensation, which resides in the tongue and palate; sometimes, the power of discrimination in the fine arts, or the feeling associated with it; sometimes, in a sense derived from the latter, it means liking or opinion in general. It is obvious, that we have no concern at present but with its second sense (which is itself twofold), and to

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that we should cautiously limit ourselves. Mr Knight, however, in his 'Introduction, containing a sceptical view of the subject,' has taken the ground which Hume occupied before him; and descanted on the variations of sentiment, which have occurred in different ages, and among different nations, as to personal beauty, dress, furniture, &c.

'There is scarcely any subject, upon which men differ more, than concerning the objects of their pleasures and amusements; and this difference subsists, not only among individuals, but among ages and nations; almost every generation accusing that which immediately preceded it, of bad taste in building, furniture, and dress; and almost every nation having its own peculiar modes and ideas of excellence in these matters, to which it pertinaciously adheres, until one particular people has acquired such an ascendancy in power and reputation, as to set what is called the *fashion;* when this *fashion* is universally and indiscriminately adopted upon the blind principle of imitation, and without any consideration of the differences of climates, constitution, or habits of life; and every one, who presumes to deviate from it, is thought an *odd mortal—a humourist* void of all just feeling, taste, or elegance. This fashion continues in the full exercise of its tyranny for a few years or months; when another, perhaps still more whimsical and unmeaning, starts into being, and deposes it; all are then instantly astonished that they could ever have been pleased, even for a moment, with any thing so tasteless, barbarous, and absurd. The revolutions in dress only, not to mention those in building, furnishing, gardening, &c. which have taken place within the last two centuries, afford ample illustration; and it is not the least extraordinary circumstance in these revolutions, that they have been the most violent, sudden, and extravagant in the personal decorations of that part of the species; which, having most natural, has least need of artificial charms; which is always most decorated when least adorned; and which, as it addresses its attractions to the primordial sentiments and innate affections of man, would, it might reasonably be supposed, never have attempted to increase them by distortion and disguise. Yet art has been wearied, and nature ransacked; tortures have been endured, and health sacrificed; and all to enable this lovely part of the creation to appear in shapes as remote as possible from that in which its native loveliness consists. Only a few years ago, a beauty equipped for conquest, was a heterogeneous combination of incoherent forms, which nature could never have united in one animal, nor art blended in one composition: it consisted of a head, disguised so as to resemble that of no living creature, placed upon an inverted cone, the point of which rested upon the centre of the curve of a semi-elliptic base, more than three times the diameter of its own. Yet, if high-dressed heads, tight-laced stays, and wide hoops, had not been thought really ornamental, how came they to be worn by all who could afford them? Let no one imagine that he solves the question by saying, that there have been errors in taste, as there have been in religion and philosophy:

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losophy: for the cases are totally different; religion and philosophy being matters of belief, reason, and opinion; but taste being a matter of feeling, so that whatever was really and considerately *thought* to be ornamental, must have been previously *felt* to be so: and though opinions may, by argument or demonstration, be proved to be wrong, how shall an individual pretend to prove the feelings of a whole age or nation wrong, when the only just criterion which he can apply to ascertain the rectitude of his own, is their congruity with those of the generality of his species?' p. 1.

He comes afterwards to personal beauty, especially of the fair sex; and assures us, that the most perfect beauty of St James's would excite disgust at Tombuctoo, her skin being 'unnaturally bleached by shade and seclusion, and the baneful influence of a cold humid climate.' In answer to all this, we first call in question the universality of the facts. It is neither true, that the fashions of our ancestors in dress were *universally* approved while they were prevalent, nor that they appear *universally* ridiculous at present. But we do not wish to dwell on this; because we readily admit, that in a plurality of instances, the opinions of men as to *these* subjects have depended upon the particular customs of their age. But we do not allow, that dress and furniture are, generally speaking, the objects of that mode of judgment or feeling, which we call taste. We do not see that there is any thing naturally gratifying to the imagination, in the shape and workmanship of a chair or a chest of drawers, a pelisse or a petticoat. Though ruffs have given way to lawn handkerchiefs, and velvet suits to plain broad cloth, it may still be true that Homer was the best of Grecian poets, and that the tragedies of Shakespeare excel those of Dryden. What then? Are there no real grounds, in such matters as these, for preferring one fashion to another? There are very frequently; and for the following reasons. Good sense, which is a necessary ingredient in good taste, prescribes that every work of human art should be calculated to promote its own proper end; whether that be pleasure, as in the fine arts; or the prevention of evil, as in most of the mechanical. Every thing therefore in the decorations of dress, building, or furniture, which is repugnant to health, comfort or convenience, is clearly wrong; and such fashions have seldom been permanent, even with the multitude. And it may be observed of such of the fine arts themselves, as are connected with purposes of utility; to wit, eloquence, architecture, and gardening; that any palpable deviation from those purposes, even though attended with pleasure to the imagination, is offensive to taste itself. Furthermore, if articles of furniture or dress can be so ordered, as to suggest delightful trains of ideas to the cultivated

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cultivated mind; ideas, for example, connected with classical or feudal antiquity; or to present graceful forms and agreeable combinations of colour to the lover of painting; they become, in the strictest sense, objects of taste; because they aim at that end, the pleasure of the imagination, their tendency towards which it is the province of taste to estimate. Fifty years since, this seems to have been little more thought of in Great Britain, than ornamental architecture in the days of Alfred; and it is as unreasonable to bring either of these *improvements* as proofs of mutability and caprice in matters of taste, as to infer a like caprice in agriculture and manufactures, from the introduction of the drill-plough and the steam-engine. The high state of practical art in this country; and, much more, our increasing attention to the sculpture, great and small, of that marvellous people, from whom our knowledge of excellence, in almost all the objects of taste, has been derived, have wrought an uncommon revolution in our decorations of every species. But this is rather like a newly-acquired sense, than a change of taste: for it should ever be remembered, that neither an individual nor a nation can be said to shew a preference, in point of taste, to one thing above another, unless the two have been fairly set before them at the same time. Let us now come to consider the difference of opinion, which is alleged to exist, as to personal beauty. Here again we might dispute the facts; for the preference given by the African to his own colour is not, perhaps, quite so unquestionable as it is commonly assumed to be.* But let that be as it may, we are loath that our British fair, the pride and boast of their country, should be displaced, by any cold-blooded philosophy, from that rank among the daughters of Eve, which they have ever possessed. Even if they must resign all hopes of pleasing at the Court of Tombuctoo, the suffrage of Europe, we trust, will console them for the mortification. The features and complexion of many European nations are very dissimilar from those of our countrywomen; yet their beauty is acknowledged, by general consent, from the North Cape to the Straights of Gibraltar. At least, if national vanity should lead each man to prefer the ladies of his own land, our nymphs would, in every instance, be placed next: like a famous captain in the Grecian story, who was judged to have behaved the best in a notable

* See 'St Pierre, Etudes de la Nature,' tom. III. p. 140, who denies this position on the authority of several travellers of credit. But we have not examined the passages to which he refers; and would not lay too much stress even on the testimony of this injudicious, though very pleasing, writer.

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notable sea-fight, because each of the other commanders placed him second.

With great deference to the present chevaliers of Tombuctoo, we cannot help thinking, that the colour of the Europeans is intrinsically superior to that of their sable rivals. This has been proved in an elegant and satisfactory manner by Mr Uvedale Price, in the third volume of his Essays on the Picturesque, a gentleman to whose work we shall have another occasion to recur during the course of this article. Varied and harmonious reflections of light and colours, are certainly what Mr Knight, of all men, should not deem immaterial in beauty, since beauty, according to his theory, p. 69. consists in nothing else. But what is far more important, is, that the physiognomical expression, the eloquence of the countenance, the symbols, which by a kind of natural telegraph, indicate the transitory emotions of love, modesty, and delight, or the more permanent glow of healthfulness and youth;

'The bloom of young desire, and purple light of love;'

are intimately allied with that complexion, which could never be praised in a toast of Tombuctoo. So far therefore we must justify our prejudices in favour of the whites. As to form, indeed, it would be difficult to prove the inferiority of the Ethiopian. Many negroes, in our regiments, from their symmetry, strength, and activity, give us the idea of masculine beauty. But, in the beauty of women, we are led away by sympathies and associations of a peculiar kind, as has been fully pointed out both by Mr Knight and by the author of the Sublime and Beautiful. A woman of a different colour seems at first a creature of a different species; and as our opinion of beauty in that sex, is commonly attended with some degree of love or desire, it cannot exist where any circumstances excite associations of disgust. But this cause can never be fairly tried, unless the two races were intermixed in a state of civil and intellectual equality with each other: an experiment which has not yet been made; since, in the East and West Indies, the moral relations of the two are so dissimilar, that full scope has not been given for the determination of physical preference.

After all this, however, has been cleared away, there still remains a prodigious difference in the sentiments of mankind in matters of taste. This will not be found in the decisions of men as to models of acknowledged excellence, where a hardy rebellion against established authority would bring down on their heads the penalties of critical high-treason. It is not quite safe to call Handel an indifferent composer; and nobody but Mr Pinkerton treats Virgil as a poetaster. But, where the public voice has not had

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time to declare itself, it is surprising what variety of opinion is sure to be expressed. Let any man, who has been in the least conversant with literary society, go over in his mind the opinions which he has heard from his acquaintance, as to the chief works of poetry that have been published during his time. How frequently he will find, that of two men, who esteem alike the great masters of the art, one will raise a living poet almost to the level of those masters, whom the other treats as quite contemptible. Nor is this confined to poetry. The stage is deservedly accounted an object of elegant criticism. Yet, as to the art of declamation, we have had very recent experience, that men of discriminating and cultivated intellects, may discover transcendant excellence, where others, equally gifted, can see nothing but mediocrity. We have been often struck, at an exhibition of the Royal Academy in London, with the various characters, which are conferred on the same pictures by the motley multitude who flock to criticise them; till, after some days, a few pictures obtain, from those who are real judges, a decided character, which cannot afterwards, without the imputation of bad taste, be contravened. Even those, however, who, in poetry, claim a right *to please themselves*, as their phrase is wont to be, acknowledge the authority of positive rules in painting: and the fact of so great a discrepancy of opinion as to the latter, may lead us to suspect, that there is some way of accounting for that, which exists as to the former, without giving up the reality of a right and a wrong in matters of taste.

There are three causes to which we are inclined to ascribe most of this contrariety of sentiment, with respect to the productions of the fine arts. The first of these is want of feeling; that is, inability to enjoy, in any great degree, the pleasures of the imagination. Every body knows, that persons wholly destitute of a musical ear, cannot have any relish for the excellences of that art; and their pretensions to criticism in it, if they are unwise enough to make any, only tend to render themselves ridiculous. But it does not seem to strike every body, though it is equally true, that the souls of a great portion of mankind are just as obtuse, with regard to poetry and other matters of taste, as the most ill constructed organ can be to the distinctions of tones and semitones. The judgments of such men must be perpetually wrong, because, as they are incapable of receiving pleasure themselves, they can only know by conjecture what will excite it in others. It is true, that there are few candid enough to confess this general insensibility to the works of imagination. But we are persuaded, that those who look narrowly, will find it exceedingly common; and the prevailing manner of the time, the contemptuous apathy, which

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which stops so many pleasures in their source, is at once the proof and the effect of what we have advanced. 2. Men are often mistaken in points of taste, through want of knowledge. The principles of the fine arts are founded, as we have said before, partly on general nature, and partly on arbitrary rules. But to judge of general nature, requires much attention and experience. Whether, for instance, the character of Achilles in Homer is justly and naturally delineated, cannot be decided by every one. We meet with no such men in the streets. We must previously form notions of human nature, as general as possible, dropping all local and individual characteristics. We must enlarge our views of it, by the study of ancient manners, and of its state in countries remote from our own. Arbitrary rules, again, it is still more evident, must be understood, before we can know whether they are preserved. But these rules are, in all the arts, numerous and complicated, and very easy to be confounded by unskilful judges. This then is a second source of error in the opinions of men in matters of taste. 3. In addition to these, men are often misled, through hastiness of decision. It seems to pass for ignorance or dullness, if a man hesitates to give his opinion in a moment upon a poem or a picture. We have probably read and reflected as much upon poetry, as most of those who saunter about booksellers' shops, and feed upon the literature of the hour. Yet we are sometimes astonished at the readiness, with which these gentlemen pass sentence upon works, which it would take us some days to appreciate. For, when we consider the comparison of ideas, the analogies of language, the parallelisms of former poets, which it is often necessary to run over in the mind, before we can ascertain the justness of a single metaphor, we may well think the power of deciding instantaneously on any given passage, a surprising proof of natural genius. It is some consolation to us duller mortals, that Mr Burke seems to have wanted this faculty, and not given much credit to those who profess to exercise it. See Introduction to the Sublime and Beautiful, edit. 1801. p. 110.

Of these three sources of critical error, want of sensibility most naturally leads men to dispraise what is good; and want of knowledge, to praise what is indifferent. This is, however, nothing like a general rule. Some are afraid to censure what they cannot relish; and a great many condemn what they cannot judge of. Precipitancy is an impartial failing, and scatters smiles and frowns at random. Women are not often deficient in critical feeling, though it is not often much heightened by exercise. They have rarely, however, observed with sufficient comprehension, and scarce ever reflected with sufficient steadiness, to become knowing in the laws of taste. From these causes, and from having more modesty

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modesty and good nature than men, they are apt to err on the side of admiration. In our own sex, on the contrary, among those who aspire to be critics, a tone of fastidiousness seems pretty general: of which, perhaps, we may be thought to complain with as bad a grace as the Gracchi did of sedition.

The remedy for error in criticism is precisely the same, as for error of any other kind; a diligent inquiry into truth. Let us be persuaded, that criticism is a science; and that taste can only be rendered accurate by much study and attention. As astronomy is not learned by casting our eyes upon the heavens, so a taste in poetry cannot be acquired by lightly running over poems. And we must be permitted to say, that what is called, sometimes invidiously, metaphysical criticism, is the only real foundation for the principles of taste. For the more superficial style, such, for example, as the Prelections of Bishop Lowth on Hebrew, or the Commentaries of Sir W. Jones on Oriental poetry, (and we mean no disparagement to two very ingenious works, which give us all that they profess to give), will never satisfy the reader, who would search to the bottom, nor afford an answer to those, who deny the existence of any positive standard. Something, indeed, has been said by Johnson, whose critical notions, when not warped by personal prejudice, were usually acute and profound, about 'the cant of those who judge by principles rather than perception.' Without animadverting on the strange phrase of 'judging by perception,' we must regret that he has lent the sanction of his name to those, who, confiding in their own good taste, despise all philosophical inquiry into principles, as chimerical and unnecessary. Certain we are, that nothing is more truly *cant*, either in morals or criticism, than the language of those who profess to decide from the impulse of their immediate feelings, without listening to so cold an arbitress as reason. And how greatly this practice of 'judging by perception,' (that is, we presume, deciding according to our first impressions), has conduced to make taste itself appear uncertain and capricious, will be seen by the following considerations.

We have observed already, that the laws of taste are partly natural, and partly arbitrary. Under the former class fall, in poetry and eloquence, whatever suggests associations generally delightful and interesting, or awakens sympathies which the constitution of mankind leads them to feel; in painting, truth of imitation, and forcibleness of expression; in music, gratification of the ear, and power over the affections. Under the latter may be reckoned, what is called style, in writing; and the observance of those rules with which critics are conversant, in the other arts. Architecture, in particular, mainly depends upon such

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such rules; there being scarce any foundations in nature for the exact proportions of columns, limitations of ornaments, and the other *costumi* of the art. But, independently of these principles of approbation and disapprobation, in the objects of taste, all men are more or less influenced by circumstances peculiar to themselves. Every one is, in many cases, the slave of accidental associations; and these operate even more powerfully in matters of taste, where few are sufficiently used to reason, than in the conduct of life. The most vulgar instance of this, is in our feelings of the beauties of nature. The house where we were born, the village where we have lived, the trees which have sheltered us, the mountains which we have wandered over, have a claim on our hearts, more powerful than any which mere taste can create, but which we are apt to confound with the dictates of taste itself. It is the same energy of habitual sentiment, that misleads us in many other subjects. In poetry, we often take a casual liking to a passage, for which, if we were to analyze our thoughts, we could give no reason. We repeat lines over, till we cannot get the chime of their sound out of our ears; and though we may gain from them no ideas worth attending to, we make up for it by associations of feeling. Prejudices of education, so very common in critical decisions, seem to fall under this class. It is a general law indeed of our natures, that wherever ideas are the instruments of suggesting, by way of association, sentiments of pleasure or pain, we consider these sentiments as springing from the ideas themselves, without attending to the intermediate associations. It is plain, therefore, that such persons, as have never formed these associations, will not be affected by the corresponding feelings; and will falsely accuse themselves of want of taste, where taste, in a strict sense, has not been applied. The more hastily men judge, it must be clear, the more liable they will be to mistake their accidental associations, for those of reason and comprehensive experience. It is for all men a matter of difficulty, to be on their guard against such delusions. The imagination is the source of all error; and it is hard for taste to keep a rein over so restive a faculty. The state of our spirits and temper will make a mighty difference: a new poem is the worse for an east wind; and we have known a man execrate an actor, when he found nothing but standing-room to hear him.

To illustrate more fully what we have advanced, we will compare these three sources of critical decision, with the several principles of approbation and practice in the conduct of life. As there are rules of taste, which are absolute and universal, and founded only upon the common nature of human beings; so the rules of ethics are universal, and obligatory upon all

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all intelligent creatures who have received the same constitution as ourselves:

ἔ γάρ τι νῦν τι καὶ χθές, ἀλλ' ἄυ πολὺ
ζῇ τανῦλα.

As there are rules, which were originally arbitrary, and which are observed in conformity to certain standards, but the authority of which is not recognized in all ages, nor every where; so there are positive enactments, and customs prescribed by usage, in each particular country, by which those who live under them are bound to regulate their actions, though they cannot reasonably condemn others, who have never assented to their authority. Finally, as there are prejudices and associations which lead some individuals to admire and dislike, in points of taste, what would not excite kindred sentiments in others; so there are particular habits of thinking and acting, which every one acquires for himself: such as walking with a stick, or without one; eating mutton rather than beef, or beef rather than mutton; liking pink ribands better than blue, or the contrary, and so forth; in which he does very well to please himself, and very absurdly if he attempts to impose the same opinions on his neighbour. But as, from the pride and obstinacy of mankind, such intolerance, absurd as it is, is far from unusual in trifling matters; it cannot be wondered at, that many should set down their acquaintance as dull or ignorant, who happen not to have formed the same associations with a tune or a poem as themselves. We must throw ourselves on the indulgence of the reader for this long discussion; which we cannot deem superfluous, because all other inquiries hinge upon it: though we should certainly have spared it at present, had it not been provoked by Mr Knight's introduction.

It is now high time to give some account of what is contained in the rest of that gentleman's work. This is however not very easy to do. We never met with a book, in which the main stream was so much divided into by-channels and conduits. It waters all the meadows around, and is 'strangled with its waste fertility.' Such stores of reading and reflection have indeed rarely been brought before to bear on the subject of criticism; but their effect is sometimes obscured, and sometimes weakened, by want of compression and arrangement. We have turned it over, not once, but repeatedly, and paid more attention to the train of reasoning, than those who are not reviewers, will usually be disposed to do; yet we are by no means clear, that we have a distinct view of its plan, unincumbered with the numerous episodes, which hurry us away at every turning.

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'Ter conatus eram collo dare brachia circum,
Ter frustra dilapsa manus effugit imago.'

The first part is entitled, of Sensation; and treats successively of its five modifications. Three of these are slightly touched, as bearing little relation to the principal subject of inquiry; and in the chapter upon Hearing, we meet with nothing which we can allow to detain us. That upon Sight is more important.

'Visible beauty, abstracted from all mental sympathies or intellectual fitness, consists (he says) in harmonious, but yet brilliant and contrasted combinations of light, shade, and colour; blended, but not confused; and broken, but not cut, into masses: and it is not peculiarly in straight or curve, taper or spiral, long or short, little or great objects, that we are to seek for these; but in such as display to the eye intricacy of parts, and variety of tint and surface.' p. 69. 'The perceptions of visible projection and visible distance are artificial.' p. 59. And hence, 'smoothness being properly a quality perceivable only by the touch, and applied metaphorically to the objects of the other senses, we often apply it improperly to those of vision; assigning smoothness, as a cause of visible beauty, to things, which, though smooth to the touch, cast the most sharp, edgy, and angular reflections on the eye; and those reflections are all that the eye feels, or naturally perceives; its perception of projecting form, or tangible smoothness, being, as before observed, entirely artificial or acquired, and therefore unconnected with pure sensation.' p. 66. 'The reflexions from the polished coats of very sleek and pampered animals are harsh and angular, and the outlines of their bodies sharp and edgy: wherefore, whatever visible beauties they may possess, do not consist in their smoothness.' p. 68.

So far we coincide with Mr Knight, and think his distinction of visible and tangible qualities precise and accurate. But he takes occasion from this to touch on another subject, which seems of sufficient importance to merit some discussion; and we shall take into consideration together some other passages of his book, relating to the same question. This is the distinction between the Picturesque and the Beautiful, asserted by Mr U. Price in his essays on the picturesque, and strongly denied by Mr Knight. The two champions have broken a lance together before; the one in a note to 'the Landscape;' and the other in a controversial dialogue occasioned by that note.

Of Mr Price's treatises it is not incumbent on us to give any general character. The bold attack, which they made upon the prevailing system of improvement in ornamental grounds, was supported with such taste and ability, that, though the feeble and querulous old age of Mason aimed a *telum imbelle sine ictu*, in the shape of an absurd sonnet, at the system and its author; and though Mr Repton defended himself with some ingenuity, it seems to be gaining ground with the public, and will probably,

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in a few years, put an end to the tyranny which Mr Brown and his school have so long exercised over nature. In this practical part, Mr Knight is so far from differing with his friend, that a great part of his work is dedicated to the same purpose; and they co-operate, like Theseus and Perithous, amicably and heroically, to clear the world of monsters. Their disagreement is only in theory. The Picturesque, according to Mr Price, has a character separate from that of the Sublime and the Beautiful; and equally independent of the art of painting, though it has been pointed out by that art, and is one of its most striking ornaments. The name is not material; the question is, Whether there are certain qualities, which uniformly produce the same effects in all visible objects, and even in objects of hearing, distinguishable as a class from all others. These qualities are, variety and intricacy; the latter of which, in landscape, may be defined, that disposition of objects, which, by a partial and uncertain concealment, excites and nourishes curiosity. Roughness, therefore, sudden variation, and a certain degree of irregularity, must be ingredients in the picturesque; as smoothness, gradual variation, and a certain degree of uniformity are in the beautiful. While beauty again acts by relaxing the fibres somewhat below their natural tone, and is accompanied by an inward sense of melting and languor, the effect of the picturesque is curiosity, which keeps the fibres at their full tone. If we examine our feelings, says Mr Price, on a warm genial day, in a spot full of the softest beauties of nature, the fragrance of spring breathing around us; pleasure then seems to be our natural state, to be received, not sought after; it is the happiness of existing to sensations of delight only; we are unwilling to move, almost to think, and desire only to feel and to enjoy. How different is that active pursuit of pleasure, when the fibres are braced by a keen air, in a wild, romantic situation; when the activity of the body almost keeps pace with that of the mind, and eagerly scales every rocky promontory, explores every new recess. Such is the difference between the beautiful and the picturesque. One principal effect of smoothness is, that it gives an appearance of quiet and repose; roughness, on the contrary, a spirit and animation. These are the principal effects of the beautiful and the picturesque; hence, where there is a want of smoothness, and consequently of repose, there is less beauty; and where there is no roughness, there is a want of stimulus and spirit, and consequently of picturesqueness. Mr Price illustrates this distinction in a variety of visible objects; in buildings, in water, in trees, in animals, in men, and in pictures. And in music, however like a solecism it may be to speak of picturesqueness, yet movements which abound in sudden, unexpected,

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pected, and abrupt transitions; in a certain playful wildness of character, and an appearance of irregularity, are no less analogous to similar scenery in nature, than the concerto or the chorus to what is grand and beautiful to the eye. We have taken the liberty to select those passages of Mr Price's work, which are most accommodated to our own views of the subject, seldom altering, except for the sake of brevity, his expressions.

This distinction of beauty and picturesqueness Mr Knight treats as chimerical and unmeaning. Painting, he says, as it imitates only the visible qualities of bodies, separates those qualities from all others, which the habitual concurrence and co-operation of the other senses have mixed and blended with them in our ordinary perceptions, from which our ideas are formed. Thus, disgusting and offensive objects become pleasing in imitation; such as dunghills, shambles, or rags; because they are possessed of visible beauty; to wit, brilliant and harmonious tints, though in nature the effect of these qualities is overpowered by disagreeable associations. The fundamental error of Mr Price consist in seeking for distinctions in natural objects, which only exists in the modes and habits of viewing and considering them. He mistakes ideas for things, and the effects of internal sympathies, for those of external circumstances; and thus grounds the best practical lessons of taste upon false principles and false philosophy. 'A single sentence in his last publication, has given me,' says Mr Knight, 'a key to his system, by which I had long been puzzled. *All these ideas*, says the interlocutor who sustains his own part in the dialogue, *are originally acquired by the touch, but from use they are become as much objects of sight as colours.* Where there is so little discrimination between the operations of mind and the objects of sense, as that ideas become objects of sight, the rest follows of course.' There is really in this, what, if it did not come from a friend, we should call very like sneering. But, in justice to Mr Price, we must say, that, if he is not as well read in metaphysic lore as our author, he is not a man to take ideas for objects of sight. The sentence is inaccurately worded: it should have run, 'from use they are become as invariably connected with objects of sight, as the very perception of their colours themselves.' The truth is, that both these writers are very deficient in precision, while treating of nice philosophical distinctions. Perhaps they may deem it characteristic of gentlemen, to disregard that plebeian accuracy which poor scholars must adhere to. In this however they will be mistaken: let them write as carelessly as they will, there is an unfortunate air of reading and thinking about them, which will weigh them down like a millstone, and prevent their rising above the level of mere men of sense and learning, to the more exalted sphere of fashionable

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fashionable dilettanti. To return to the point. We have faithfully, to the best of our power, represented Mr Knight's opinion upon the picturesque; which to us, we own, is not satisfactory. It does not meet that part of the opposite argument, which we have pieced together out of Mr Price's essay; and which contains, in our judgment, a proof not less just than ingenious. Perhaps the latter gentleman has, in his dialogue, rather descended from his vantage-ground, and rested the cause on less irrefragable reasoning. In illustration of what we have selected above, we beg the reader's indulgence for the following remarks.

One primary source of pleasure to the human mind, both in its acts of perception and conception, is novelty. This is felt most evidently by children; and often with a degree of exquisiteness, which the pleasures of association, however cultivated in after life, perhaps never counterbalance. But, as we grow up, the mind becomes callous to mere novelty; or rather, from experience, scarce any thing seems new. Stronger stimulants must be applied, to excite its jaded sensibility, and supply, drop by drop, that delight which flowed in a constant stream upon the cheerfulness of youth. There is a refined degree of novelty, which acts in a lively manner on the mind, and often, by sympathy, on the nerves; for which we shall venture to coin the name of *unexpectedness*. This character must naturally consist in marked and sudden change, whether in the course of our sensations, or of our ideas. Again, there is another primary source of pleasure to the mind; which is *repose*. It is in a main degree by the alternate operations of the love of ease and of activity, that the complicated machine of man is wrought up to what it is. 'Les hommes ont un instinct secret,' says the wild and melancholy Pascal, 'qui les porte à chercher le divertissement et l'occupation au dehors, qui vient du ressentiment de leur misère continuelle. Et ils ont un autre instinct, qui reste de la grandeur de leur première nature, qui leur fait connoître, que le bonheur n'est en effet que dans le repos.' It is to the pleasure of repose that we refer some part of that, which arises from uniformity, symmetry, and fitness, (though much undoubtedly depends upon association), where the mind anticipates the cause of its perceptions, and lets them pass without effort or laborious attention. And this is perhaps the secret link, which connects the sentiment of beauty with mathematical theorems, or mechanical contrivances. How differently the mind is affected, by what has the character of unexpectedness, and what, on the contrary, keeps the imagination in repose, has been happily illustrated by Mr Price, with respect to visible nature, and the art of painting. As to music, we disclaim any musical science, and even musical ear. But one must be deaf, or averse to the 'concord of sweet sounds,' who is

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is not aware of the use which is made, in that art, of the two principles, unexpectedness and repose, and of the difference in the states of feeling which they produce. Let any man compare the character of a lively spirited movement, full of change and transition, which strike any ear in the general effect, though only a microscopic one, (to use as bad a term as picturesque), can distinguish them in detail, with that of such music, as is described in the following lines; lines which, had they, and those among which they stand, been found in Lucretius, would have been quoted as among the loftiest efforts of his genius.

> 'Ac veluti melicæ voces, quando auribu' sese
> Insinuant, animæque resignant mollia claustra,
> Composuere metus omneis, faciuntque dolorum
> Obliviscier, ac dulci languescere leto.'

We think he will acknowledge that, however unhappily picturesqueness may express the properties of sound, *some* name should be applied to the causes, which excite sentiments so widely remote. To this we will only add, that what answers to picturesqueness in poetry and eloquence, is the quality called *animation*; which often gives a charm to incorrect writing, that more faultless productions cannot reach; and which, though it is of a very subtle and indefinable nature, will often be found to resolve itself into unexpectedness.

The second part of Mr Knight's work bears for title, the Association of Ideas; and is divided into three long chapters; on Knowledge or Improved Perception, on Imagination, and on Judgment. By improved perception, he seems to mean, though the phrase is not happily chosen, the mixture of associated ideas with organic perceptions, especially in objects of sight; and upon this association, according to him, all refinement of taste depends. There is however a more obvious sense of improved perception, which he seems to have overlooked; it is certain, that the same impression is made by a picture on the retina of an ignorant person and a connoisseur; and yet, from an acquired habit of attending separately to the objects of perception, the latter will observe, and in a popular sense, may be said to see, what wholly escapes the notice of the other. Imitation is one of the most universal sources of pleasure, derived from association; and the pleasures which the ignorant derive from mere imitation, are, in our author's opinion, more keen than those which the learned receive from the noblest productions of art.

'These feelings of nature, however, are of short duration: for when the novelty of the first impression is over, and the interest of curiosity and surprise has subsided, mere imitation of common objects begins to appear trifling and insipid; and men look for, in imitative art, some-

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thing of character and expression, which may awaken sympathy, excite new ideas, or expand and elevate those already formed.' To produce this requires a knowledge of mind, as well as of body; and of the interior, as well as exterior construction of the human frame, or of whatever else be the object of imitation; whence art becomes engrafted upon science: and as all the exertions of human skill and ingenuity are indefinitely progressive, and never stop at that point, which they originally aimed at, this art of science, or science of art, has been extended, particularly in painting and music, to the production of excellences, which are neither of imitation nor expression; but which peculiarly belong to technical skill, and can only be relished or perceived by those, who have acquired a certain degree of knowledge in those arts. Such are, in general, the compositions of Bravura, as they are called, in music; and such, in painting, the works of the great Venetian painters; whose style of imitation is any thing but exact; whose expression is never either dignified or forcible; and whose tone of colouring is too much below that of nature, to please the mere organs of sense; but whose productions have, nevertheless, always held the highest rank in the art; and, as far as the mere art and science of painting are concerned, are unquestionably among its most perfect productions. The taste for them, however, is, as Sir J. Reynolds has observed, entirely acquired, and acquired by the association of ideas: for, as great skill and power, and a masterly facility of execution, in any liberal art, raise our admiration, and consequently excite pleasing and exalted ideas; we, by a natural and imperceptible process of the mind, associate these ideas with those excited by the productions of these arts; and thus transfer the merit of the workman to the work.' p. 96.

This is just and philosophical criticism. One distinction might be made with respect to our admiration of technical skill. Our sympathy with natural or acquired command of the bodily powers, is very different from that which we feel with intellectual ability; and indeed can hardly be reckoned within the province of taste. Hence mere powers of voice in bravura singing, and mere feats of strength and activity in stage-dancing, of which the London opera presents too many instances, neither afford such pleasure, nor excite such admiration in men of taste, as the display of mental energies, regulating as well as co-operating with those of the body. If to surmount that difficulty of execution, which is simply physical, be a title to the admiration of the lover of art; let us remember, that no dancing is so difficult as that which is performed upon a rope; and that Mr Lee Sugg the ventriloquist, and Mr Highmen Palatine the conjurer, may expect to sit down upon the same bench with Haydn and Titian.

In the latter part of this chapter, Mr Knight flies from painting to poetry. His remarks both on that art, and on language, seem for the most part very reasonable: there are some, however,

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which will strike many readers with surprise, and many with indignation. These are, his strong censures of Milton's versification, and structure of sentences. Highly as we reverence Milton, we must confess, however, that we cannot fall quite so severely on Mr Knight's strictures, as we could have wished. We certainly think him injurious, when he quotes with approbation from Johnson, that 'the Paradise Lost is one of the books which the reader admires and lays down, and forgets to take up again:' that 'none ever wished it longer than it is:' that 'its perusal is a duty rather than a pleasure.' Yet we are compelled to admit, that 'the irregularity of his pauses, which certain critics have so much commended, often gives the character of prose to his verse, and deprives it of all fire and enthusiasm of expression.' It is also, we acknowledge, too true, that 'Milton has often employed an inverted order of collocation, merely to stiffen his diction, and keep it out of prose; an artifice, of all others, the most adverse to the genuine purposes of a metrical or poetical style; which, though known to be the result of study and labour, should always appear to flow from inspiration.' It cannot be denied, that the passage which Mr Knight has quoted from the fifth book, has as little the characteristics of metre, as it has of poetical beauty. In short, we see very clearly, and long have seen, that there is, even in the most beautiful parts of the Paradise Lost, a want of that χάρις, ἅπερ ἅπασι τύχοι τὰ μάλιστα θυήτοις, that charm of ease and animation, which runs through the poetry of Homer and of Virgil. The admirers of Milton, and few can be more warmly such than ourselves, must be better pleased to lay the fault on his verse, than on his mind. His lighter poems are often full of grace and spirit. The evil days upon which he had fallen, and the influence of a temperament, naturally so serious and severe, that in his mirth, according to Johnson, there is always some melancholy, will certainly account in a great degree for that unbending solemnity, which reigns in the Paradise Lost, and which is apt to leave an impression almost painful on the mind. But there is something more. Sensible that the inferiority of our own idiom to those of antiquity, proceeded mainly from its want of inversions; he made a struggle, both in prose and poetry, to naturalize a more classical structure of periods. Had this succeeded, so as to become the common style, which, from our want of inflections, and other reasons, it never could, poetry and eloquence would have been inestimably gainers. He failed: and his failure cost him half the price of his labour. His prose writings, abundant as they are in eloquence, seldom quit the shelves of our libraries; the much more splendid excellences of his poetry have redeemed that from such oblivion; and by the natural course of critical idolatry, his de-

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fects have been praised by critics, and imitated by what the world call poets. But never were there, in our opinion, poems less deserving their name, than those written in imitation of the Miltonic blank verse, by some who acquired not a little reputation in their day. The most thorough penury of poetical images, the greatest triteness of sentiment, the hardest and most uncouth diction, seemed with these gentlemen to constitute the true tone of poetry. Nothing was expressed naturally; no verse moved smoothly on, accordant to the fancy and feelings of the reader. A few modes of phrase, generally of classic origin, and imitated from Milton, such as placing the substantive before its epithet, or inverting the verb and accusative case, threw a stiff and cumbrous pedantry over the language. Animation, the great characteristic of good poetry, was utterly wanting. It was in truth verse only to the eye. Happily this school has been exploded. It has been discovered, that un-rhymed verse may possess simplicity of expression, and warmth of sentiment. Among the first specimens of this reformed style were the inscriptions of Akenside. Some living poets have been very successful in it; and shewn the fallacy of that strange notion, that blank verse is adapted only to poems of considerable length. To our ear, it is susceptible, by art and attention, of greater harmony, as well as variety, than rhyme; but we cannot dissemble that, unless where the sentiment buoys it up, its inevitable tendency is to coldness and want of spirit: and, as many parts of a narrative or didactic poem must be destitute of such assistance, it is too much to hope, that any future favourites of Apollo will overcome these obstacles, to which Milton, Akenside, and Cowper, have been forced to yield.

The second chapter goes very much at length into the subjects of architecture, and the improvement of grounds. We find here every thing to approve: the doctrine of association has never been more happily applied to matters of taste. It is a mark of the enlargement and liberality of Mr Knight's mind, that, while he warmly contends for leaving untouched the wild and picturesque scenery of nature, he, like Mr Price, is an advocate for the obsolete Italian garden, with its statues, terraces, and architectural decorations, immediately near the house. The mere artists, and the picturesque men of Mr Gilpin's school, will hear this with surprise. There is a good deal of narrowness and pedantry in the race of professional artists, which leads them to depreciate every thing that will not easily bear delineation; they seem to think, that this kingdom of visible nature, with all its furniture of woods and waters, was made so passing fair, for little better end, than to enable a few mortals who dirt a plate with bistre and gumboge, to sell their drawings at the best

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best advantage. With these chime in, of course, the children of poetry and romance, who admire nothing but rural simplicity, and sicken at all appearance of those terrible things, art and opulence. But it is the privilege of the man, who has opened to his mind, by observation and study, *all* the springs of pleasant association, to delight, by turns, in the rudeness of solitary woods, in the cheerfulness of spreading plains, in the decorations of refined art, in the magnificence of luxurious wealth, in the activity of crowded ports, the industry of cities, the pomp of spectacles, the pageantry of festivals. 'Immediately adjoining the dwellings of opulence and luxury,' says Mr Knight, p. 154, 'every thing should assume its character: and not only be, but appear to be, dressed and cultivated.' We particularly recommend to our readers, that part of Mr Price's second volume of essays, which contains a defence of architectural gardens; it is treated by him more at large than by Mr Knight, and, even though it should not convince, will, we are sure, seem liberal and ingenious. We doubt, however, whether such a style of gardening would suit buildings so unadorned, as most gentlemen's houses in Great Britain; and perhaps it cannot be introduced with perfect convenience, unless where the house stands on an inclined plane.

Towards the end of this chapter, we meet with some opinions to which we cannot subscribe: they are in the same vein as the introduction, upon which we have already spent so much ink, and run down all critical rules in general. This is rather inconsistent with the purpose of the book, as the author seems in one place (p. 247.) to be aware. 'In all matters of taste and criticism,' says Mr Knight, 'general rules appear to me to be, like general theories in government or politics, never safe but *when they are useless;* that is, in cases previously proved by experience.' How much philosophy there is in this, our readers will detect, if they give a little shaking to the word *experience:* but we must pass on. What he says afterwards of academies for painting, may be very just, and seems agreeable to experience. We are not equally satisfied when he dates the complete corruption and decline of Latin eloquence, from the appointment of public professors of rhetoric, through all the principal cities of the western provinces, early in the second century of Christianity. Whether the study of rhetoric as an art be calculated to improve eloquence, is a great problem; though it was none at all with the ancients. Certain it is, that Demosthenes and Cicero were trained in such schools; the one under Isæus, the other under Molo the Rhodian; so that, if we are to impute the decline of eloquence to this cause, we should in fairness ascribe its perfection to the same. British eloquence,

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eloquence, both of the senate and the bar, is deservedly celebrated. And yet, when we reflect on the immense price which it bears in the House of Commons, it is sometimes apt to surprise us, that so few are able to attain it in any considerable degree. There is a good deal of bad taste in parliamentary speaking, for which a course of Aristotle and Quintilian might be no ill corrective. But if a false notion of the word did not prevail in the world, we should not have heard the ravings of a notorious Irish barrister, in a late cause which has made some noise, mistaken for real eloquence; of which, even more strictly than of poetry, the foundation is good sense and propriety. *C. Fimbria ita furebat, ut mirarere tam alias res agere populum, ut esset insano inter disertos locus.* But our author at last, in his aversion to critical legislation, falls unmercifully upon reviewers. We turned a little pale at first; but finding his attacks confined to 'those bands of critics whose labours issue *monthly* from the press,' took heart again; though perhaps, as an amended act defeats the ingenious contrivances of those who evade taxes, we shall find a second edition extend its anathemas to quarterly critics. With an English publication of this sort, Mr Knight has a squabble, which ends in his offering the world a Greek translation of a few lines from Gray. It is very presumptuous in us Scotchmen to contend about Greek at all; and especially with a man of Mr Knight's deep acquaintance with that tongue. Nevertheless, we must not fly from our post, though we may be deemed *enfans perdus*. All the world remember the lines in the bard; 'On a rock, whose haughty brow,' &c.

πὰς κελάδοντα ῥέεθρον
ὁ μελάγγλαυκος ἀϊπὺς
ἔνθα προβλῆτι
ἐπὶ σκοπίλῳ προφανὴς,
γλαύκους διδοχὰς ὄμμασιν,
ὁ τῶνδε διὼν ἐπίων ἀοιδὸς·
κραιδὸς δὲ καὶ πολίου
γενίων ὑπεδασμένος,
ἀσίγος ἅτις κομάτᾳ,
ἔθειραι ἠέροπλο
ἀΐξ' ἐν θολερῷ·
διεμὰ δ' ὁ τέγγων δάκρυα γοναχμὶς
ἕλον μίλος Φοβηρᾶ
ἥμδε φωνᾶ.

It is cunning in Mr Knight to write monostrophics, which deprives us of the gratification we should have had in searching out false quantities. The first line however is worse than any false quantity: πὰς κελάδοντα ῥέεθρον is something like *ad resonantem flumen*. It is true, that Homer has ἐίσην φλα, a figure which Lesbonax calls

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calls Euboic; but the case is obviously very different, where the noun expresses an inanimate thing. After all, this may be a *critic-trap;* and there may be a lurking authority for the license.—ὁ μελιγγλωσσος ἀηδὼν, means, the parson, not the prophet. The epithet in the fifth line adds nothing; the article in the sixth is inelegant. There seems, indeed, to be a notion among the Greek poets of Cambridge, that the prepositive article is always necessary. This is not the case, however, we apprehend, (in poetry), unless perhaps where the noun expresses an abstract idea. In Homeric Greek, it should be omitted altogether. The sixth line is likewise very weak.—ἐκτιδωσμένα, in the eighth, seems a less poetical form than στιδώσσοντα.—ἀϊὸς κομήτης, in the ninth, does not mean a meteor.—ἐφόωντο (we hope he meant to write ἐφόωνθ') is an obsolete Homeric word.—the elision of ἀϊὸς in the eleventh, is too great a license for so short a composition.—θολερῷ is wrong; that word means always rainy or muddy, and cannot be applied to the atmosphere: we say that the sky is muddy in a drawing, but hardly in nature. The twelfth line is nonsense. Finally, there is little attempt made at rendering the original; and the epithets, θερμὰ, ἄλκι, φαεσσὶ, and the like, are common-place and feeble.* Mr Knight prints his Greek without accents; and as in him we cannot suppose ignorance, it must be inferred, that he doubts their antiquity or usefulness.

The next chapter is of Judgment; it is full of temptation to extract and criticize: but we can only select a little. The following is a proof of the author's hastiness in deciding on metaphysical subjects.

'Aristotle has observed that, in poetry, that, which is credible, but impossible, is preferable to that, which is possible, but incredible. This great philosopher's acuteness seems, however, in this instance, to have forsaken him: for in reasoning from experience or analogy, *possibility is only a degree of credibility;* and the greater degree must necessarily include the less; wherefore that, which is thought to be credible, must previously be thought to be possible. A negative too, in its nature, excludes all degrees whatever; for, where there is *none*, there cannot be either *more* or *less;* and though a negative on one side may, in some cases, imply an affirmative, either contingent or absolute, on the other, it is surely most absurdly paradoxical to assert that an absolute negative, on one side, may include a contingent affirmative, on the same side. Yet this is the conclusion, to which we must come, before we can admit of a *credible impossible:* but the nature and extent of human knowledge

* As Mr Knight's translation has all the advantages of *prose*, it should have been more faultless.

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ledge had not been ascertained in the time of the Stagyrite;' &c. p. 260.

Possibility, which is here strangely termed a degree of credibility, is used in two senses; one absolute, one relative. That is not possible, in the first sense, which implies a contradiction, and which therefore no power could perform: that is not possible, in the second sense, which human, or some other given power, cannot perform. It is possible, in the second sense, to build a bridge over the Thames at Brentford: it is possible, in the first sense, to remove Brentford into Surry; that is, it implies no contradiction, and might therefore be done by indefinite power. A credible impossible, πιθανὸν ἀδύνατον, of which Aristotle speaks, is nonsense, if *impossible* be taken absolutely; for what is contradictory, cannot be believed. But it is sense to say that a relative impossibility, that is, an action assigned to a power really inadequate, may be rendered credible in poetry: and of this the Homeric fictions are very good instances. The prowess of Achilles is impossible; that is, beyond the power of man: but, by the art of the poet, we are made, either to overlook that impossibility, or to overcome it, by enlarging our conceptions of the power. And this is so very plain, that we should not have suspected any one, who had but moistened his lips at the streams of philosophy, of falling into such a mistake, had we not discovered a similar confusion of ideas, with respect to the word *possible*, in no less a man than Cudworth. (Intellect. Syst. p. 721. & 732.) But in recompense for censuring Aristotle without reason in this place, Mr Knight adopts from him (p. 95.) the position, that Music and Poetry are imitative arts. How little this is the case, if it does not strike every one at first, may be seen from the dissertations on Poetry and Music, prefixed by that accomplished scholar, the late Mr Twining, to his translation of Aristotle's Poetics.

Homer is in great favour with our author; his observations on the character of Achilles (p. 275. *et alibi*) are particularly deserving of attention. Some of them, however, coincide so exactly both in sentiment and expression with what has been said by Dr Beattie on the same subject, (Dissertations on Poetry and Music, p. 405.), that we can only impute to Mr Knight's haste or oversight, the omission of those acknowledgments, which will doubtless find a place in the next edition. In the glow of his zeal for the times of heroism, he even thinks, that there were giants in those days: 'No one, I believe, ever read the Iliad, without conceiving in his mind ideas of men whose ordinary stature could not have been less than ten feet.' Mr Knight must speak for himself: with all our respect for the heroes of the Iliad, we cannot think that Ajax himself was so big a man as Mr O'Bryen.

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The worst is, that Mr Knight, like many other critics, cannot extol Homer without depreciating Virgil. After remarking, that in the statue of Laocoon, his throat is compressed to show, that he suffers in silence; he 'maintains, in spite of the blind and indiscriminate admiration which pedantry always shows for every thing which bears the stamp of high authority, that Virgil has debased the character, and robbed it of half its sublimity and grandeur of expression, by making Laocoon *roar like a bull.*' We despise, like Mr Knight, the blind and indiscriminate admiration of pedantry; but must point out the difference between the circumstances of the sculptor and the poet. With the former, Laocoon was the great object; and it was right to create sympathy, by giving him the fortitude and energy of a hero. But in the Æneid, Laocoon is not represented as a hero; he is a subordinate character; and, though not guilty, yet, according to the superstition of ancient times, piacular, in resisting the secret ordinances of the gods. His cries add terror to the miraculous circumstances of his death; and serve to work up the reader's mind for the calamities of the ensuing night, and the fall of Troy.

We are too sensible of our ignorance of painting, to animadvert on Mr Knight's censures of Michel Angelo. If he is right, how strangely must Sir J. Reynolds have been deceived! But one sentence we cannot pass by.

'Ease in design seems to me to be quite as requisite to the perfection of art, as ease in execution: for, whether the mind, or the hand of the artist, display symptoms of constrained labour, the effect upon the imagination will be the same; the *ut sibi quivis speret idem*, being the infallible and indispensible characteristic of high excellence in both.'

The last position is so far from being true, that we will venture to assert that it is, in the higher works of art, precisely contrary to truth. In poetry, painting, and the rest, we measure the excellence of the workman, and in a great degree of the work, by the supposed difficulty of its performance, and consequently the rareness of the talents, which must have been exerted on it. With the greater ease such a work seems to have been executed, the greater is our estimate of the power applied; but the *ut sibi quivis speret idem*, is quite another sentiment. Who flatters himself, that he could have chiselled the Apollo, or written the Iliad? And it is on this account, in our opinion, that what is called simplicity and easiness, in the lighter kinds of writing, is seldom sufficiently prized by inexperienced persons. There seems to them nothing more than what they could have done themselves; and it is a curious fact, that, while we seldom fail to rate our own productions high enough, we scarce ever bestow much praise upon such works of others, as we think ourselves capable

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capable of equalling. It is not till, by trials of composition, or by observing the frequent failure of others, we learn its real difficulty, that the masters of unaffected grace, Xenophon and Cæsar, Addison and La Fontaine, acquire that esteem, which we give at first, in an excessive degree, by a similar misconception of the talents required, to a brilliant and figurative style, whether in verse or prose. Of a certain sort of excellence then, *ut sibi quivis speret idem* may be a characteristic; but that which is transcendant, seldom fails to bear the stamp of those rare and inimitable energies, by which it has been created.

In the third part we come to the passions. Three chapters, on the Sublime and Pathetic, on the Ridiculous, and on Novelty, are comprised in this. The first is very long, and one of the most important in the book. The leading principle is, that in tragedy, and in all pathetic and impassioned narratives, our pleasure arises from sympathy. This sympathy, however, is not with the sufferings of the supposed characters, but with the exertions which those sufferings call forth. This he illustrates by the combats of gladiators, boxing matches, and bull-baiting; in which the pain suffered would of itself excite horror and disgust; but the energies of skill, emulation, and fortitude, which are displayed, overpower in some minds the unpleasing sensations, and render such spectacles interesting. Of boxing, in particular, Mr Knight speaks *con amore*, and predicts very dreadful consequences from the obstinacy of the magistrates in preventing it. This is one of the subjects where much may be said on both sides: bull-fights, it should be remembered, do not keep alive the sense of courage in Spain; and combats of gladiators did not become common at Rome, till the days after her degeneracy. There seems something peculiar in Mr Knight's notion of the sympathy excited by tragedy: there is, according to him, no deception; and yet he cannot discover, 'how any man can feel fear for danger, which he knows to be unreal, or commiseration for distress, which he knows to be fictitious.' We sympathize, according to Mr Knight, only with the expressions of power and energy, because these expressions are real. Now this we take to be radically wrong. Whatever may be the case as to the *pleasure* we receive from tragedy, there really seems to be no room for disputing about the source of the *emotions* which it excites. These are by far too lively and too varied to be resolved into the simple feeling of admiration of energy or excellence; and every one knows it indeed as a fact, that he does sympathize not only with the sentiments of the poet, but with the dangers and sufferings of his fictitious characters. A very slight consideration of the nature of our sympathy with real sorrow, will

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will serve to show how natural it is that it should be extended to that which is merely dramatical. If Mr Knight wishes to be consistent in his scepticism, he ought to call in question the reality of this sympathy also, and to say that he cannot discover how any man can feel terror for danger which does not threaten him, or sorrow for sufferings which he does not experience. The fact is, however, that we do sympathize with those emotions of which we happen to be spectators; and philosophers have even taken a great deal of pains to discover why we sympathize with them. They tell us, that it is all owing to a certain selfish illusion of the imagination; and that we weep at the sight of distress, merely because it gives us a lively conception of what we should ourselves feel in the same circumstances; and thus forces us to place ourselves for the time in the situation of the object we commiserate. This, we think, is now generally admitted; and if there be any truth in the explanation, it will evidently account for our sympathy with fictitious distress, as well as with that which is real. In a skilful representation of suffering, we see exactly the same things that we should see in the reality; and as in both cases the signs of affliction are merely hints or occasions by which we are led to form lively conceptions of what our own feelings would be in similar circumstances, it is evident that the artificial signs will be just as efficacious in this way as the natural. When we are merely spectators of suffering, however real and violent, we never *feel* any part of it; we only perceive the signs by which it is indicated; and these signs suggest to us, in a very forcible manner, the conception of what we should ourselves feel in such a situation: now, a perfect or exaggerated copy of these signs must suggest the same conceptions, with at least as much vivacity; and dramatical representation must move the heart exactly in the same manner as the spectacle of real disaster. The fact accordingly corresponds exactly, we believe, with this explanation of it; and we feel distinctly in the theatre the same sort of sympathy with the danger, and distress, and indignation, and triumph of the characters, as we should experience from the contemplation of similar incidents in real life. The degree of emotion may be smaller, because the attention is less forcibly arrested; but it is the same kind of emotion; and cannot, we should conceive, be mistaken by any one who attends to it.

Mr Knight has also, it appears to us, rejected too absolutely the idea of deception in scenic representations. That no man is deceived, like Partridge, from entering the house to quitting it, we readily admit. We admit also, that every man *knows* the distress represented to be fictitious; that is, would acknowledge it

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it to be so, if he were asked the question. But we incline to think, that there often is a momentary illusion; in which the mind loses sight of those collateral associations, by which it knows the whole to be fictitious, and gives itself up to the natural effect of perception; which is, to excite belief. We cannot explain our opinion further, without going more deeply into a metaphysical speculation than we should wish. Those who will take the pains to watch children at the theatre, may see, that they hardly know whether to believe or not, what is going forward; and their sympathy is certainly much stronger than ours. At the same time, it is true that strong expressions of passion in the voice and countenance, whether by instinct, as Mr Knight thinks, or by association, excite feelings without any intervening ideas; or, if we may so say, go directly to the heart, without taking the head in their way. But this will not account for the sympathy we feel in reading a fictitious story; which is, perhaps, sometimes almost as strong, as if we knew it to be true.

Disagreeing with Mr Knight as to this point, we coincide with him almost entirely in his notion of the Sublime. The credit which has been obtained by the theory of Burke, which places the sublime in terror, is so great, that we shall prolong this article by one disquisition more, and endeavour to maintain Mr Knight's opinion and our own. There are certain passages in the works of poets and orators, to go no farther at present, which produce in the mind a feeling of elevation, and a sort of swelling and energetic transport, very distinct in its nature from the pleasure which tender, elegant, or beautiful passages impart. This is, according to Longinus, the effect of the sublime: *φύσει πως ὑπὸ τἀληθοῦς ὕψους ἐπαίρεταί τι ἡμῶν ἡ ψυχὴ, καὶ γαυρόν τι ἀνίσταται λαμβάνουσα πληρῶται χαρᾶς καὶ μεγαλαυχίας, ὡς αὐτὴ γεννήσασα ὅπερ ἤκουσεν.* The etymon of the word Sublime evidently leads, by an easy metaphor, to such a description. If we examine the media in nature or art, which give rise to these feelings, they will appear to fall under two heads; the moral, and the physical, sublime. Taking the moral sentiments of mankind as we find them, without dispute about their foundation, it is safe to say, that we do in fact admire all remarkable instances of magnanimity and disinterestedness, and by sympathy assume the character, and consequently the feelings, of those who display them. These feelings are what we call elevated, and therefore sublime. Again, power is what we all grasp at; and sympathy, with the exertion of superior power, of which knowledge is a mode, gives us a sense of self-gratulation and energy. The moral sublime, then, consists in the display of energies exerted by intelligent beings; and our sense of the sublime in sympathy with

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with these energies. It is necessary to use some illustrations, though we cannot do it copiously. A striking instance of the unmixed moral sublime is in the famous lines of Lucan:

Ille Deo plenus, tacitâ quem mente gerebat,
Effudit dignas adytis è pectore voces:
Quid quæri, Labiene, jubes? an liber in armis
Occubuisse velim potius, quam regna videre?
An noceat vis nulla bono? fortunaque perdat
Oppositâ virtute minas? laudandaque velle.
Sit satis, et nunquam successu crescat honestum?
Scimus, et hæc nobis non altius inseret Hammon.

Similar sentiments of grandeur and elevation are excited by the physical sublime; that is, by the great objects of nature; mountains, cataracts, tempests, the ocean, the celestial luminaries, the expanse of boundless space; and by the description of these in poetry. Under the physical sublime, too, may be ranked such works of human art and labour, as emulate the scale of nature; as the wall of China, or the pyramids of Egypt. We know not why it is, that Mr Burke and some other writers have almost confined their induction to this species of the sublime. For we shall venture to advance, that the peculiar feelings of sublimity are by no means so strongly excited by any inanimate objects, as by direct sympathy with the moral energies of mind. This has been nobly expressed by Akenside:

'Mind, mind alone: bear witness, earth and heaven!
The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime,' &c. *Pleas. of Imag. b.* 1. *v.* 481.

The spirit of the Cape, in Camoens, who, encircled with storms, rears his menacing front against the bold adventurer, whose prow was turned towards those untravelled seas, passes for sublime (with those at least, who are not aware, for how small a bounty a dæmon may be had, ready armed and accoutred, by any recruiting subaltern of the Muses); but far more truly sublime was that intrepid energy of soul, which led Vasco di Gama beyond the bounds of former dicovery, to assert the dominion of man over the elements and the ocean. The majesty of nature sinks to nothing in comparison with the exercise of heroism and virtue. When did the magnificent scenery of the Alps, with its rocks piled on rocks, its resounding cataracts, its gulfs and precipices, present such elevating images to the mind, as when Aloys Reding, on the plain of Morgarton, with firm, but despairing valour, led a few militia of Schwitz against the disciplined battalions of the French, and, by an unexpected victory, renewed, after the lapse of five centuries, the trophies, which had been gained on that very spot, in defence of the liberties and independence of Switzerland?

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The finest passages in poetry are those, wherein the moral and physical sublime are united. Grand natural objects, seem, if we may so say, the best vehicle of energetic moral sympathies. The Hebrew scriptures are confessedly the great repositories of the poetical sublime; and they commonly produce their effect, by investing divine power with the most magnificent images. Their obscurity likewise, notwithstanding Mr Knight, is a very efficient cause of the sublime, by expanding to the utmost our conception of power. To this may be ascribed the sublimity of prophetic poetry; as in the whole book of Nahum, or the speeches of Cassandra in the Agamemnon. After the Hebrew poets come Homer, Æschylus, Shakspeare, and Milton. There is hardly any more striking instance of the united moral and physical sublime, than the concluding lines of the Prometheus. The highest sort of eloquence rejects poetical imagery, and aims almost exclusively at the moral sublime. The public orations of Demosthenes are full of this: and those in whom the higher class of moral feelings, fortitude, perseverance, public spirit, and disinterestedness, are extinct or lukewarm, may read Demosthenes for ever, without discovering why he has been admired. For the subordinate merits of his orations, a felicitous and appropriate choice of words, and a management of sounds, almost as artificial as that of music, are lost upon us at present.

In the mere physical sublime, the notion of mental energies is not so directly suggested. Yet we think it will be found, on looking more nicely, to be the foundation of our sentiments of sublimity, in this, as much as in the other branch. 'Besides those things,' says Mr Burke, 'which directly suggest the idea of danger, and those which produce a similar effect from a mechanical cause, I know of nothing sublime, which is not some modification of power.' But power without mind is, in our view, not only unphilosophical, but inconceivable. It is hard to say what others feel; but we have often experienced, that the sublime of natural objects, after the first effect of *unexpectedness* is over, leaves a kind of disappointment, a vacuity and want of satisfaction on the mind. It is not until our imaginations have infused life, and therefore power, into the still mass of nature, that we feel real emotions of sublimity. This we do, sometimes by impersonating the inanimate objects themselves; sometimes by associating real or fancied beings with the scenes which we behold. This is that, which distinguishes the delight of a rich and refined imagination, amidst the grandest scenery of Wales or Scotland, from the rude stare of a London cockney. The one sees mere rocks and wildernesses, and sighs in secret for Whitechapel: the other acknowledges in every mountain a tutelary genius

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genius of the land, and peoples every glen with the heroes of former times; defends the passage of Killicranky with Dundee; or rushes with Caractacus from the heights of Snowdon.

If this theory of the origin of our sublime feelings be true, what can we say of Mr Burke's position, that sublimity consists in terror? And by what means was that illustrious man led into this opinion? Terror is, after all, no more than fear: and fear is a passion, to which many brave men are liable, which is generally reckoned disagreeable, and which has not been hitherto deemed elevating or ennobling. Certain passions, we are told by Longinus, are wholly incompatible with the sublime; such as, λύπαι, ΦΟΒΟΙ, οἶκτοι. Now the feeling excited by the sublime is described by Longinus, in the passage we have quoted above, to be swelling, elate, enthusiastic. But, if we believe Mr Burke, 'whatever is terrible, with regard to sight, is sublime; whether this cause of terror is endued with greatness of dimensions, or not.' It is plain, that Longinus and he give the same name to two feelings quite opposite; yet this is not a verbal quarrel; for nothing is so essential in metaphysical criticism, as to separate and classify the emotions of the mind; and there can be no means of doing this, but by distinguishing terms. All that we can claim is, that the feelings of elation and energy should have a characteristic name; and as Longinus had quiet possession of the word sublime (or its Greek equivalent) so many years, we think Mr Burke's ejectment is fairly barred. But, as something or other must have misled him, and it is interesting to trace even the errors of great men, let us give this a moment's attention. If he had looked as much at the moral, as he did at the physical sublime, he could not, we presume, have made terror its principle. All men agree, that the oath of Demosthenes, μὰ τοὺς ἐν Μαραθῶνι, κ. τ. λ. is truly sublime; but it would have perplexed Mr Burke to find any terror in it. Unfortunately, he saw only part of his subject: he perceived that many things, which are sublime, are also terrible; and too precipitately confounded the two. Exertion of power, especially by super-human beings, is certainly calculated to excite terror in us, if we are the witnesses or objects of it; it excites it also by sympathy, when we place ourselves, by an act of conception, in the situation of those who are liable to it. Here then is the solution, if we may dare to say it, of the whole problem: wherever our attention is turned towards the being, possessing or exerting unusual power, our sympathy is with that exercise, and our sensations become sublime: wherever we look at the objects of that power, and perceive them to be endangered by its exertion, our sympathy is with their condition, and we feel the sensation of terror. As our sympathies

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sympathies may shift very rapidly from one of these to the other, it is very difficult, and, for those who are not used to examine their own trains of thought, impossible, to distinguish their effects; and from this we suppose the confusion to have proceeded. We are aware that a distinction may seem unwarrantable, which excludes the story of Ugolino from the class of sublime passages. But, before we are condemned, let it be considered what there is, in that story, which can be called sublime. Let any one compare the feelings which are raised in his mind by such lines as those which we have quoted from Lucan, with the sensations of terror, or rather horror, which are inspired by the following:

'Ed io sentì chiavar l' uscio di sotto
All' orribile torre: ond' io guardai
In viso ai figli miei senza far motto.'

And then let him say, whether the same epithet is applicable to each of them. Admiration, indeed, he may well feel at the genius of the great Florentine; at the masterly touches of passion and description, which affect the feelings so forcibly, without superfluous and laboured detail; or at the severe and serious simplicity, and almost hardness of manner, which is, in poetry as well as painting, a characteristic of the grand style; and which Dante, of all poets, not excepting Milton, most eminently possessed. And this is really a sublime conception; since nothing, according to us, is truly such, but the energy of mind. By transferring thus, to use Mr Knight's expression, the merit of the workman to the work, we are often confused in our critical decisions: but we cannot explore this source of error at present. One word, and but one more, against the theory of Mr Burke. The romances of Mrs Radcliffe excite keener and more frequent sensations of terror than the Iliad, and that beyond all manner of comparison. Yet, highly as we rate the talents of that extraordinary woman, we should hesitate a little, before we laid it down that she is more sublime than Homer. This instance is quite decisive; but there are numberless others, and perhaps no two people would hit on the same. The ground-work of these remarks has been suggested to us by Mr Knight: the arrangement and illustrations are our own.

It only remains to give a character of Mr Knight's style. And here, we are sorry to say, we have not much to commend. It wants, in our judgment, purity, terseness, and elegance. The periods are long and straggling; and the colon perpetually usurps the place of a perfect stop. No one, we are convinced, could read aloud such a style, so as to be intelligible, much less so as to give pleasure. We must give some proofs. 'System teaches men

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men to work by rule, *instead of by* feeling and observation.' (p. 236.) Can there be any thing more inelegant, not to say, ungrammatical? 'The views *fromwards* the house,' (p. 219.) This word is quite obsolete. 'The sensation felt upon opening the eyes for the first time, must be necessarily that of the objects seen touching them.' (p. 58.) 'The fashion, *both* of the English, French, and German theatres.' (p. 188.) This is of course an oversight: but we have a more radical objection to the sentiment of the paragraph. It is, in the unqualified shape it wears, perfectly untrue: of all the pretensions of aristocracy, the most intolerable is that, which assumes a monopoly of moral excellence for the rich and high-born. But what shall we say of the following sentence? 'The evidence of two senses to one point, becomes that of a parallax.' (p. 38.) The evidence of a parallax! received, we presume, in the court of Star-Chamber! Besides, if Mr Knight has any meaning, he must have confounded parallax with want of parallax. *Exactitude*, which he invariably uses, is not so English as exactness. He is sometimes coarse. For instance, after quoting a passage from the Pseudo-Ossian, he proceeds: Had a blind bard, or any other bard, presumed to utter such a rhapsody of bombast in the hall of shells, *amid* (this is poetical, *lege amidst*) the savage warriors, to whom Ossian is supposed to have sung, he would have needed all the influence of royal birth, attributed to that fabulous personage, to restrain the audience from throwing their shells at his head, and hooting him out of company as an impudent liar.' (p. 280.) Mr Knight probably means to write a *spoken* style; but this is surely not even the language of conversation; at least of *dress* conversation; such as gentlemen and scholars would adopt, in discussing literary subjects. But is not ease a merit? Yes; but only when united to grace; the ease of a courtier, not of a clown; of Addison, not of Roger North. But the fault of coarseness, we fear, lies a little deeper than the style. His allusions to sensual love are too frequent, and not expressed with the utmost delicacy. There is one paragraph in particular, but we will not by a reference tempt the innocent to pierce the obscurity of its expression, which, we are persuaded, the author will consult his reputation by cancelling in a future edition.

Two casks, saith Homer, stand in the palace of Jupiter; from the one of which he scatters good upon mankind, and from the other evil. Thus by the side of the critic stand the two phials of praise and censure; one, of beaten gold, sparkling with an infusion of amaranth and palm; the other, of 'base lead,' and filled from the pool of oblivion. If we seem to have dipped our pen too frequently into this ill-omened fluid, during our present re-

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marks upon Mr Knight's book, we are not to be deemed chary of the golden phial. In a work of great name and circulation, it is more useful to point out what is wrong, than to eulogize what is right. Upon the whole, we have met with few works of criticism, ancient or modern, so richly stored with reading and reflection, or so full of interesting speculation, as this before us. The author has taken more advantage of modern improvements in metaphysics, than any, perhaps, who have gone before him; and certainly has a more comprehensive knowledge of the fine arts, of science, and of literature. The character of his mind seems rather, good sense and manly disdain of traditional criticism, than either delicacy in feeling beauties, or subtlety in taking metaphysical distinctions. And the independent spirit which we have just praised, leads him sometimes into precipitancy and positiveness, with too much contempt of very considerable men, from whom he takes occasion to differ. A second and corrected edition will, we apprehend, have been published, before this article meets the light; a proof, not only of Mr Knight's eminent station in the literary world, but of the real merit of his book.

ART. III. *Les Saisons de J. Thomson.* Traduites en vers Français, par J. Poulin. A Paris. 1803.

WE are aware, that it is almost as dangerous an attempt to criticise a foreign work of taste, as to write in a foreign language. It would be presumptuous to grapple with a native in grammatical criticism; and therefore, in the few observations which we are about to make upon this publication, we shall not advert to any expressions which may appear to us verbally inelegant or exceptionable; nor do we pledge ourselves that the passages we may have occasion to praise, might not be successfully assailed by the nibbling tooth of a French academician. In that respect we desire to remain neutral; in every other, we claim the right of judging as decidedly as any Frenchman whatsoever. The general relations, which a translation bears to the original work; the comparative harmony of its metre and periods; the beauties which may have been overlooked or inserted; the expressions and ideas which may have been strengthened or weakened, enriched or impoverished, accurately preserved or perverted, are open to the observation of those who may not possess that nice verbal and grammatical discrimination, which in every country is the distinct birthright of the natives. At least we stand upon a level with French critics of English productions; their language has more

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regularity than ours; and perhaps we have a clearer perception of the translation, than they could have of the original.

We have seen few translations that have given us more satisfaction than the volume before us. Upon the whole, without being unfaithful, it is perhaps an improvement on the original. Many of those brilliant and masterly expressions have indeed been overlooked, which are scattered here and there, like gems, in the poetry of Thomson; but the general heaviness and encumbrance of his style has been relieved, without any material deviation from his leading thoughts and expressions. The person is the same; the dress not absolutely changed, but better adjusted.

One of the most striking faults in Thomson's versification, facilitated the translation of his Seasons into rhymed verse. Sometimes, indeed, his periods take a wider sweep; but, for the most part, he is contented with blank couplets, interspersed with now and then a triplet, or a broken connecting verse. His lines are not absolutely *bachelors;* but he rarely admits polygamy in his versification. We quote an instance near the commencement of his Spring.

'To check this plague, the skilful farmer chaff
And blazing straw before his orchard burns;
'Till all involv'd in smoke his latent foe
From every cranny suffocated falls:
Or scatters o'er the bloom the pungent dust
Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe;
Or, when the envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest:
Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill,
The little trooping birds unwisely scares,' &c. v. 127.

These lines are undoubtedly blank poetry, but they have not its peculiar character; and the ear is disappointed at the end of each couplet by the failure of rhyme, which the translator has the advantage of restoring. The objection to rhyme is the restraint which it throws on the fluency of periods; but Thomson has injudiciously sacrificed the ornament, without profiting greatly by the liberty. Some expressions in his description of Lavinia have great beauty; but the whole bears the appearance of having been written with rhymes, and afterwards *done into blank verse;* and here the French poetry has some advantage, we think, over the original.

'L'aimable Lavinie avoit, dès son enfance,
Des caprices du sort éprouvé l'inconstance.
Sa fortune jadis avoit eu des amis:
Mais, perdant tout-a-coup des biens mal affermis,
Et dans le monde entier n'ayant rien plus de reste
Que sa seule innocence et la bonté celeste,

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Dans une humble cabane, au milieu des détours
D'un vallon solitaire, elle couloit ses jours;
N'ayant pour tout appui que celui d'une mère,
Qui trâinoit ses vieux ans au sein de la misère.
Là, dans l'insouciance et le contentement,
Loin du cruel mépris du vulgaire insolent,
Ensemble elles vivoient des dons de la nature,
Au sein de la retraite et d'une vertu pure;
Ne songeant qu'au présent, semblables aux oiseaux,
De qui le chant charmoit leurs champêtres travaux.
La jeune Lavinie étoit comme la rose
Sous les pleurs du matin nouvellement éclose,
Et l'ensemble parfait de sa rare beauté
De la neige, ou d'un lis, avoit la pureté.
Les vertus éclatoient dans ses regards timides
Sur les naissantes fleurs lançant leurs traits humides;
Ou bien, lorsque sa mère entamoit le récit
Des biens que la fortune autrefois lui promit,
Comme l'astre du soir, ses yeux remplis de larmes,
Dans la nuit du chagrin prenoient de nouveaux charmes.
Une grace native et de simples atours
Voiloient de son beau corps les aimables contours;
Car, pour plaire et toucher, l'amabilité pure
Dédaigne le secours d'une vaine parure,
Et brille d'autant plus qu'elle a moins d'ornemens.
Sans connoitre le prix de ses attraits charmans,
Sans connoitre le beau, c'étoit la beauté même
Dérobant aux regards sa puissance suprême.
Comme l'on voit le myrte au pied des Appenins
Exhaler son parfum loin des yeux des humains,
Loin d'un monde imposteur la tendre Lavinie
Passoit obscurément le printems de sa vie,' &c.

Another glaring defect in the work of Thomson was beyond the translator's power to remedy; we mean, that singular incoherency which pervades the whole poem. The author seems indeed to have thought, that the introduction of the word *Now* was a sufficient link to connect subjects most widely separated by nature. For instance, after more than a hundred and thirty lines upon the golden age, the depravity of modern times, the deluge, and the Pythagorean predilection for vegetables, he suddenly transports his reader to the side of a trout-stream, equipped with rod and line.

'*Now* when the first foul torrent of the brook,' &c.

Again, after a long address to Lord Lyttleton, he abruptly breaks off with

'Flush'd by the spirit of the vernal year,
Now from the virgin's cheek,' &c.

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This is a radical defect, which could not have been removed or lessened, without making considerable alterations and additions.

The third important error in Thomson's style is the laboured, pedantic, and injudicious phraseology, which frequently destroys the effect of ideas the most happily conceived and skilfully detailed. Mr Poulin has displayed his good taste, by softening such sentences into more reasonable language, and at the same time preserving the thoughts and images with sufficient fidelity. Passages of this nature occur so often, that the whole poem assumes a more cheerful complexion in the translation. The lines have passed again through the furnace; and the dross, which adhered to them, has fallen off; but the pure metal remains unaltered. This observation will be easily comprehended, by comparing a few lines of the translation with those of Thomson. Speaking of the deluge, he says,

'And o'er the high-pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
Wide dash'd the waves in undulation vast;
Till from the centre to the streaming clouds
A shoreless ocean *tumbled round* the globe.

'Aussitôt à sa voix les ondes elancées
Engloutirent les monts sous leur masse pressées;
Et jusque dans son centre, avec force entr'ouvert,
D'un océan sans bords le globe fut couvert.'

And afterwards,

'By Thee the various vegetative tribes,
Wrapt in a filmy net and clad with leaves,
Draw the live ether and imbibe the dew.
By Thee dispos'd into congenial soils
Stands each attractive plant, and sucks, and swells
The juicy tide; a twining mass of tubes.
At Thy command the vernal sun awakes
The torpid sap, detruded to the root
By wintry winds; that now in fluent *dance*,
And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads
All this *innumerous-colour'd* scene of things.' v. 559.

'C'est toi qui fais mouvoir cette âme végêtale,
Qui puise dans l'air pur une force vitale.
Dans la terre, par toi, des sucs élaborés
Circulent à l'envi par la plante attirés:
A ta puissante voix, la sève ranimée
N'est plus dans ses canaux par le froid renfermée;
Elle court; elle emplit mille tubes divers,
Et de mille couleurs embellit l'univers.'

The last verse is very preferable to the original. We may here add a few lines from the *Autumn*, in which the superiority of the French is also conspicuous.

——'United

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——— ' United thus
The *exhaling* sun, the *vapour-burden'd* air,
The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd
These vapours, in continual *current* draw,
And send them, o'er the *fair-divided* earth,
In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
A social commerce hold, and *firm* support
The *full-adjusted* harmony of things.' v. 826.

' Ainsi tous les brouillards qui s'élèvent dans l'air,
Les frimats, dont on voit les monts se surcharger,
Les subtiles vapeurs que le soleil attire,
D'une commune loi reconnoissent l'empire;
Se condensent en pluie, et du globe humecté
Nourissant la fraicheur et la fertilité,
Coulent en clairs ruisseaux, ou superbes rivieres
Qui rendent à la mer leurs ondes nouricières;
Et sans cesse éprouvant des changemens divers
Entretiennent les loix, l'ordre de l'univers.'

It is somewhat singular that the French version and the English edition now before us consist alike of 139 pages; the French has 29 lines, the English 25, to the page. The proportion is pretty fair; the ornament of rhyme renders it necessary, in many instances, that a line and half of the English should fill two in the translation; and Mr Poulin does not appear to have been unnecessarily diffuse. Indeed, the only point on which we are inclined to find much fault with the translator, and think that he has not done justice to the English, is, that, in his progress through a long poem, he has trodden under foot many of the little inestimable jewels, which sparkled in his way. To these however, we think that the original author is in a great measure indebted for the popularity which he still maintains. The mass of his poetry is fatiguing and gloomy; but now and then a sudden ray breaks in upon the reader, and gives him momentary delight; some singular felicity of expression, that glitters perhaps in a single line. For instance, in the description of English beauty, (*Summer*, 1586.)

——— ' The parting lip,
Like the red rose-bud moist with morning dew,
Breathing delight.'

This exquisite expression is completely lost in the French.

——— ' Les lys et les roses
Ensemble confondus sur vos lèvres mi-closes.'

Again, in the description of a thunder storm,

——— ' The clouds
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
The unconquerable lightning struggles through.' v. 1145.

' Tandis

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'Tandis que les éclairs, à travers l'horison,
Du pôle à l'equateur roulent en tourbillon.'

The courtship of birds (*Spring*, 615.) is perhaps one of the passages which will best exemplify Thomson's minute observation of nature and accuracy in description. We shall quote the concluding lines.

'They brisk advance; then, on a sudden struck,
Retire disorder'd; then again approach;
In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
And shiver every feather with desire.'

———'Prendre un rapide essor,
S'approcher, s'eloigner, puis revenir encor;
Faire briller au loin l'émail de son plumage,
Et parler de l'amour le plus tendre langage.'

The last verse in the English is so exquisitely descriptive, that it would be alone sufficient to repay the reader for a whole page of dulness; but Mr Poulin has let it pass unheeded, and given us paltry common-place in its stead. It is to be regretted, though not perhaps to be wondered at, that where Thomson was unusually fortunate in his expression, the translator fails of success. Perhaps, though not original, the lines on the nightingale ('Oft when returning,' &c. *Spring*, 715.) are the most perfect in the Seasons; but their beauty is completely lost in the translation. Were we inclined to be severe, we might certainly cite some instances of loose and faulty translation, and some sentences in which the sense has been a little misapprehended. *Ast opere in longo fas et obrepere somnum.* In one passage, we observed *lilies* rendered *lilas*. The occasional introduction of a superfluous verse for the sake of rhyme, though it occurs rarely, is to us more offensive. After describing the artifices of birds to decoy the spaniel from their nests, Mr Poulin adds,

'Sans cet art, leur famille auroit cessé de vivre.'

The observation may perhaps be just; to Thomson, however, it appeared superfluous, and it is directly at variance with his style, which does not admit, at the close of a paragraph, a detached remark comprised in a single line. We have stated upon a former occasion, 'that a translator is bound to preserve the thoughts and expressions of his prototype unmixed, and to attend even to his costume.' We are far from intending, however, that the expressions must be rendered verbally, or that nothing may be added to the original conceptions. On the contrary, it is the clear and necessary right of a poetical translator to alter, to enlarge, and to compress; for the same combination of words that forms good metre and good poetry in one tongue, will not succeed in another; the expressions, which are respectable and harmonious in the original, may prove mean and unpleasing

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pleasing in the language of the translator: but it is his duty not to render a dignified and manly style weak and florid, or a tender harmonious lamentation vigorous and abrupt; it is his duty, whenever he finds it necessary to interweave additional ideas or epithets, to study that they be in unison with the tone of the original poetry. In this the display of his skill must consist, for literal traduction is work of drudgery; true poetical translation the greatest exertion of the taste and judgment. To exemplify this strongly, we shall cite a couplet from a modern production, which styles itself a translation. The original words are, '*Brachia lucebant*,' *her arms shone*, which are thus rendered:

'Her arms in marble lustre shone,
And lucid glories danced along.'

We should by no means have desired a literal interpretation of the two Latin words; and if the translator had modified the expression, or even coupled with it some new image, which accorded with the simplicity of the original, we should not have quarrelled with his alteration: but here no thought is added; the couplet only gives us to know that the arms did shine: but the thought is arrayed in a garb so fantastical and ridiculous, that its features can be scarcely recognised.

On the other hand, where Thomson, speaking of the first efforts of young birds, says that they

'Demand the free possession of the sky,'

we are delighted with Mr Poulin's variation, which preserves the idea, with expressions better suited to his own language, without falsifying the style.

'Et les regards remplis d'une nouvelle audace,
Des vastes champs de l'air ils mesurent l'espace.'

We shall close this article with some extracts from the French, which may be considered as favourable specimens of Mr Poulin's style; and we trust they will prove acceptable to our readers.

'Dans ces temps fortunés, l'aube à peine naissante
Eveilloit des humains la famille innocente;
Et ne rougissoit point d' éclairer leur sommeil.
Ils se levoient entiers, forts comme le soleil,
Pour aller dans son temple adorer la nature:
De la terre docile ils pressoient la culture,
Ou se livroient gaîment au soin de leurs troupeaux.
La joie et le bonheur animoient leurs travaux:
Le chant, les ris, les jeux, la danse, l'allégresse
Présidoient aux leçons de l'aimable sagesse;
Tandis qu'en un vallon, séjour des vrais plaisirs,
L'amour encore enfant exhaloit ses soupirs,
Et n'inspiroit aux cœurs que cette douce peine,
Que ce tendre interêt qui fait chérir sa chaine.' p. 11.

The

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The whole description of the effects of love upon mankind is incomparably good; we can only quote a part of it.

'Toi, sur-tout, crains l'amour, jeune homme audacieux,
Crains le charme trompeur d'un œil insidieux:
Penses-tu dans ton sein rappeler la concorde
Lorsqu'un torrent de feu sur ton cœur se déborde?
Helas! il n'est plus temps—Tel qu'un songe léger,
L'honneur n'est plus pour lui qu'un voile mensonger;
Il méconnoit sa voix, et la froide sagesse
S'enfuit, s'évanouit, pour toujours le délaisse.
Mais cependant son cœur, de désirs agité,
Se plonge en une mer de fausse volupté,
Lui peint un doux sourire, une grace touchante
Les superbes contours d'une taille elegante,
Les palpitations d'un beau sein amoureux,
L'irresistible attrait d'un regard langoureux;
Et l'attrait plus puissant d'un œil tendre, modeste,
Qui, recélant l'enfer sous un rayon céleste,
Va bientôt le livrer au plus affreux tourment.
Son oreille n'entend que le gazouillement,
Que les tendres accens d'une voix de syrène,
Qui sur un bord perfide et l'appele et l'entraine,
Et jette à-la-fois dans un goufre d'erreur.
Près de l'objet aimé, dans le sein du bonheur
Nonchalamment couché sur un lit de molesse,
Les sens ensevelis dans une douce ivresse,
Au milieu des parfums, des vins les plus exquis,
Des sons harmonieux qui flattent ses esprits,
Le serpent du remords vient soulever sa crête;
Il se sent tourmenté d'une angoise secrète;
L'honneur, l'ambition, par un fréquent retour
Contre lui révoltés l'irritent tour-à-tour.
Mais, dans l'absence, ô ciel! que de maux fantastiques
Viennent remplir son cœur de tourmens chimériques!
Abreuvé de sanglots, d'amertumes nourri,
Violent par accès, par accès attendri,
Il est pâle, defait, et la melancholie
Desséche dans son sein les sources de la vie.'—
'Tandis que du désir les rapides élans
Le transportent au lieu qu' embellit son amante.
Il penche sur son sein et sur sa bouche absente;
Il sent errer son âme: égaré par l'amour,
Il soupire, languit sans espoir de retour.
Revenu d'une erreur si charmante, si chere,
Il revoit à regret le jour qui nous éclaire;
Il court chercher des bois la sombre profondeur
Qui seule sympathise avec son tendre cœur.

La,

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Là, près d'un noir torrent qu'une forêt antique
Embrasse en ombrageant sa chûte romantique.' &c. p. 39.

We may add the following character of the English nation:

' Durcis par le travail, tes valeureux enfans
S'exercent à braver les dangers menaçans:
Parmi tes pavillons ils fixent la victoire,
Et sur les vastes mers portent loin ta gloire.
Cette gloire s'accroît quand de l'heureuse paix
Leur esprit éclairé calcule les effets.
Vertueux par nature, et fiers de leur genie,
Des autres nations ils excitent l'envie;
Ils sont sincères, bons, hospitaliers, aimans,
Mais plus prompts que la foudre ils frappent les tyrans;
Et le foible opprimé trouve en leur bienfaisance
' Un vengeur de ses maux et de son innocence.'

It is rather surprising, that the censors of Napoleon have allowed those lines to be printed and read at Paris.

The Life and Pontificate of Leo X. By William Roscoe. 4 vol. 4to. Cadell & Davis. London. 1805.

THE history of the revival of letters during the pontificate of Leo X., has been repeatedly projected, under different forms, by English writers of distinguished reputation. The design was first entertained by Collins the poet, whose wild and sublime imagination seems to have been but ill adapted to the sobriety of historical narration. It was revived by the Wartons; and the History of English Poetry by Thomas Warton was only a branch, as we are informed by our author, of the History of the Revival of Letters throughout Europe. The history of learning (of its revival we presume) was recommended to Robertson, after the publication of his History of Scotland; and the Revolutions of Florence under the house of Medici, attracted the early attention of Gibbon. These literary projects, which were never carried into farther execution, attest sufficiently the importance of the subject, which has been reserved for Mr Roscoe. The favourable reception which his life of Lorenzo de' Medici experienced, had laid him under an implied obligation to continue the history of the family during the pontificate of the son; and as he approached the subject with a previous store of Italian literature, in which he is excelled by none, the history of the revival of letters has, for some years past, been considered as peculiarly appropriated to his pen. In a work of some expectation, and certainly of some importance, he has

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has enjoyed the benefit of rare books collected by the curious, and of such extracts from manuscripts as could be procured by travellers of distinction from the Laurentinian Library, the Vatican, and from the National Library at Paris. Nor has he, in general, as must be acknowledged to his credit, been less industrious in the use, than indefatigable in the assemblage of materials, although it must be regretted that he has not been always more rigid as a critic, and more severe to himself in the execution of the work.

The first volume commences with the birth (1475) of Giovanni de' Medici, afterwards Leo X., and contains rather a prolix account of his premature elevation, at the age of thirteen, to the rank of cardinal; a view of the state of literature in Italy at that period; the memorable expedition of Charles VIII. into Italy; the expulsion of the Medici from Florence, and the multifarious transactions of the French and Spaniards, and of the Italian states, during the infamous pontificate of Alexander VI. Amidst such a redundance of important matter, it was very difficult, if not impossible, to adhere strictly to the unity of design; and, after the first chapter, the early life of Leo X. is lost and almost forgotten in the general history of the times. The only remedy for this defect would have been a concise and rapid narrative of those events preceding the pontificate of Leo, in which he had no immediate or personal concern; but the nice discrimination and selection of incidents, form no part of Mr Roscoe's ideas of historical excellence. Amidst a copious and exuberant narrative, in which particular the Italian historians are successfully imitated, all circumstances are almost of equal importance, and the result is a general prolixity both in matter and style. In Leo's first visit to Rome on obtaining the purple, the different stages and incidents of the journey are minutely recorded; an abundant shower of rain on his entrance into the city is not omitted (I. 35.); and, in the very first paragraph concerning his birth, the author informs us, that he 'most probably received his baptismal name after his paternal great-uncle Giovanni, the second son of Cosmo de' Medici, who died in the year 1461, or from Giovanni Tornabuoni, the brother of Lucretia, mother of Lorenzo de' Medici, who was then living.' (p. 1.) Nothing can be more futile than the doubt with which the narrative is thus interrupted, and which even contemporary authors have neglected to determine, viz. whether the name Giovanni was derived from a paternal or a maternal granduncle; unless it be a similar doubt in the second paragraph, namely, whether the appellation of *Leo*, which he assumed on his pontificate, arose from a dream ascribed to his mother, that

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that she was delivered of a *docile lion*, or the dream from the appellation. But the work abounds throughout with *minutiæ* and ceremonials, which are no way conducive to historical painting, but seem to have been adopted from the habit of considering all events recorded by others as alike important. As an example of such tedious and trifling prolixity, we might cite the whole of the preface and of the first chapter, which last, in the hands of a more skilful historian, might have been reduced to a few lively and interesting paragraphs, without the loss or omission of a single fact or reflection worthy of being preserved. The second chapter, on the state of literature at that period, consists merely of the lives of authors who flourished in Italy on the first arrival of Leo at Rome; and as this is the only connexion of the chapter with the life of that pontiff, the interruption of the narrative, and the want of all historical unity, are imperfectly compensated by such biographical accounts as a dictionary might supply, of authors mostly of obscure reputation. This desultory mode of writing, in which history is reduced to a series of detached essays, or rather a bundle of unconnected anecdotes, was first introduced by Henry, and in some measure countenanced by Gibbon; but the author, who is unable to give coherence to the different parts, and to preserve the connexion of successive events, has no pretensions to the title of an historian.

The remainder of the volume rises in importance with that of the subject, which has been treated by one of the first historians. The expedition of Charles VII. into Italy is related, chiefly from Guicciardini, with perspicuity, precision, and with such judicious observations as Mr Roscoe, upon other occasions, has not always been able to produce. Here, however, we discover the first instances of an absurd intermixture of prose and verse which pervades the two first volumes, and for which he in vain endeavours to apologize in his preface. It is in vain to tell us, that poetical quotations are adduced, not merely as evidences of historical facts, but as specimens of the opinions and mode of thinking peculiar to the age, and, consequently, containing the best and most instructive comment upon those facts, which men of genius, ability and learning, could form at the time. An historical fact that rests upon no better authority than a poetical quotation, is entitled to little credit; and it is sufficient to ask, whether the history of the Stewarts, or of the present Family, could receive any real illustration from the state poems of the period, or even from the satyrical compositions of Dryden and Pope. But the truth is, that every sorry sonnet, unnoticed at the time, is pressed into Mr Roscoe's service, in the text or in the notes, not

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not to display the opinions or spirit of the age, but the abilities of the translator, who forgets his own censure of Sanazzaro's Arcadia, that 'the alternate recurrence of prose and verse is a species of composition which has never succeeded in any age or in any country.' Thus, in p. 186. a laborious apology is made for introducing an anonymous poem on the expedition of Charles VIII. against Naples. In pp. 201. 203. 210. 221. the narrative is interrupted by sonnets of no great merit; and, in p. 282., when the Venetian forces surrendered their arms, we are told, 'it was *probably* on this disastrous event that the anguish of Piero de Medici burst forth in the following sonnet.' Whether the life and pontificate of Leo be considered as an historical or a biographical work, the simplicity and gravity indispensable in such compositions, is thus perpetually violated by the introduction of obscure or anonymous verses, which bear the same relation to history, that the songs of an opera do to the busy scenes and descriptions of real life.

In the subsequent transactions during the pontificate of Alexander VI., we regret the want of a more lucid arrangement, and can find no adequate account of the character or actions of the fanatical Savonarola, the chief opponent of the Medici at Florence. But Mr. Roscoe, in his narrative of the wars in Italy, has judiciously avoided every ostentatious allusion to the recent events of the French revolution, with which the pages of modern historians are so frequently polluted. The following long extract is selected as a favourable specimen not only of the style, but of those generous and independent sentiments with which this historian is uniformly actuated, whenever the interests of humanity or of freedom are discussed.

'Whilst Cæsar Borgia was thus industriously attempting by fraud or by force, to establish an independent authority in Italy, another event took place, which surpassed his crimes, no less in treachery and injustice, than in the rank of the perpetrators, and the extent of the theatre on which it was transacted. Federigo, king of Naples, had commenced his reign with the affection of his people; and his disposition and talents were well calculated to promote their happiness. Even those who had revolted, or quitted the country, under the reigns of Ferdinand I. and Alfonso II. had returned with confidence to their allegiance; and the princes of Salerno and Bisignano, were among the first to salute him as their sovereign. Federigo, on his part, lost no opportunity of confirming the favourable opinion already entertained of him. Instead of persecuting such of the nobility as had espoused the cause of the French, he restored to them their domains and fortresses. He patronized and liberally rewarded the many eminent scholars, by whom the city of Naples was distinguished, and who had been injured or exiled during the late commotions; and as an indication of the tenor

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nor of conduct which he meant to adopt, he struck a medal with a device, alluding to the better order of things which he meant to establish. But, although the reign of Federigo commenced under the happiest auspices, it was not destined to be of long duration; and whilst he supposed that every day gave additional security to his authority, the kings of France and of Spain had, by a secret treaty, divided between them his dominions, and formed a scheme for carrying their purpose into effect. This plan, which has served as a model on subsequent occasions, was, that the king of France should assert his pretensions to the kingdom of Naples, as representative of the house of Anjou; the infallible consequence of which would be, that Federigo would resort for assistance to Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, who should send over a considerable military force, under the pretext of opposing the French; but that, as soon as the latter arrived, the Spanish troops should unite their arms with their pretended adversaries, expel the family of Arragon, and divide the kingdom between the two sovereigns. By this treaty the king of France was to possess the city of Naples, the provinces called Terra di Lavoro and Abruzzo, with a moiety of the income arising from the pastures of Apulia, and was to assume, in addition to his titles of King of France and duke of Milan, that of king of Naples and Jerusalem. The districts of Calabria and Apulia, with the other moiety of the income, were allotted to the king of Spain, who was to style himself duke of those provinces. This treaty, which bears date the eleventh day of November 1500, is yet extant; and, if the moral sense of mankind be not extinguished by the subsequent repetition of such enormities, will consign the memory of these royal plunderers to merited execration.

'Preliminaries being thus adjusted, Louis XII. began openly to prepare for the intended attack, the direction of which he confided to his general d'Aubigny, who commenced his expedition, at the head of ten thousand foot, and a thousand horse. Federigo was no sooner apprized of this measure, than he dispatched information of it to Gonsalvo the Spanish general, who had withdrawn his troops into Sicily, on the pretence that he might be in readiness, in case his assistance should again be required in the kingdom of Naples. On the arrival of Gonsalvo, the king confided to his care the fortified places in Calabria, which the Spanish general pretended were necessary for the security of his army. Federigo had also raised a considerable body of troops, which had been reinforced by those of the Colonna; with which, when joined by the Spanish army, he expected to be enabled to oppose an effectual barrier to the progress of the French. All Italy was in suspense, and a contest far more bloody than had of late occurred, was expected to plunge that country into new calamities. A short time, however, removed all apprehensions on this head. No sooner had the French troops made their appearance in the Roman territories, than the envoys of the allied monarchs met at Rome; where, entering together into the consistory, they notified to the pope and cardinals, the treaty already

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already formed, and the consequent division of the kingdom of Naples. The convenient pretext of the promotion of the Christian faith by a war against the infidels, for the preparations necessary to which, it was asserted, that kingdom afforded the most convenient station, was the mask under which their *most catholic* and *most christian* majesties affected to hide from the world the deformity of their crime.

'The stipulations thus agreed upon, met with no opposition from Alexander VI. who had now an opportunity of gratifying the resentment which he had so long harboured against the king of Naples. On the 25th day of June 1501, a pontifical bull deprived Federigo of his dominions, and divided them between the two monarchs, in the shares before mentioned. The intelligence of this alliance, and of its consequences, struck Federigo with terror; but Gonsalvo, pretending to discredit it, continued to give him the most positive assurances of his assistance. No sooner, however, had the French army entered the Neapolitan territory, than he avowed his instructions, and immediately sent off from Naples to Spain, in vessels already provided for that purpose, the two dowager queens, one of whom was the sister, and the other the niece of the Spanish king. Federigo persevered in the defence of his rights; and, intrusting the command of the city of Naples to Prospero Colonna, determined to make his first resistance at Capua. D'Aubigny had, however, already possessed himself of the adjacent country; the king was obliged to return with his army from Aversa to Naples; and Capua being taken by assault on the twenty-fifth day of July, was sacked by the French with circumstances of peculiar cruelty, and unexampled licentiousness. The loss of Capua was speedily followed by the capitulation of the city of Naples, which purchased an exemption from plunder by the payment of seventy thousand ducats to the invaders. Federigo withdrew himself into the *Castel-nuovo*, which he refused to surrender till he had effected a treaty with d'Aubigny, by which he was to be allowed to retire to the island of Ischia, and to retain it for six months, and was also to be at liberty to remove from the *Castel-nuovo* and *Castel dell' Uovo* whatever he might think proper, excepting only the artillery. In negotiating for his own safety, he did not forget that of his subjects. A general amnesty was to be granted of all transactions since Charles VIII. had quitted the city of Naples; and the cardinals of Aragon and Colonna were to enjoy their ecclesiastical revenues arising from that kingdom. In the commencement of this contest, Federigo had sent his infant son Ferdinand, duke of Calabria, to Tarentum, under the care of the Count of Potenza. The rest of the wretched family of Aragon were now assembled on the barren rock of Ischia. This family consisted of his queen Isabella, and a numerous train of children; his sister Beatrice, the widow of the great Mattia Corvino king of Hungary, and his niece Isabella, the widow of Gian-Galeazzo, duke of Milan; who, already deprived of her sovereign rank, her husband, and her son, now saw the completion of her ruin in that of her royal relations.

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'This deeply meditated act of treachery, to which Federigo had fallen a victim, whilst it excited in him the highest indignation against his perfidious relative Ferdinand of Spain, inspired him with a disgust of the cares and the dangers of royalty, and induced him to seek for repose in a less invidious station. Having therefore obtained a passport from Louis XII. he left his family at Ischia, under the care of the Marquis del Vasto, and, proceeding directly to France, endeavoured to conciliate the favour of the King, so far as to afford him the means of fulfilling his wishes. No longer regarding him as a rival, but as a suppliant, Louis acceded to his request, and an annual income of thirty thousand ducats, with the title of Duke of Anjou, secured to him opulence and repose during the remainder of his days. Historians have accused him of pusillanimity, in thus relinquishing, for an inferior title, his pretensions to a crown, which, in the dissensions that soon afterwards arose between the two successful monarchs, he might in all probability have recovered; but Federigo had sufficiently experienced the treachery and ingratitude of mankind; and, having in vain attempted to promote the happiness of others, he perhaps chose a wise part in securing his own.' (Vol. I. p. 310—16.)

But this dignified narrative of a most infamous transaction, concludes with the following frivolous observation; the sole purport of which is, to introduce a long poetical quotation from Sanazzaro, into the notes.

'The regrets of the Muses, whom he had so generously protected during his prosperity, followed him to his retreat. Sanazzaro, who accompanied him on his expedition into France, seems to consider the events that then took place to be, as indeed they afterwards proved, the final destruction of the Neapolitan branch of the house of Aragon.' (Vol. I. p. 316.)

The first volume concludes with a preposterous dissertation on the character of Lucretia Borgia, whom our author endeavours to vindicate from the imputation of an incestuous connexion with her father and her two brothers. Upon this occasion, we have no hesitation to affirm, that the love of paradox, or the affectation of a scrupulous investigation of truth, has induced our author to refine too much upon historical evidence. The secret crimes committed in the dark recesses of a despotical court, are seldom susceptible of any other evidence than the prevailing opinion and report of the times; and the question is not, whether the criminal intercourse of Lucretia with her father and brothers be confirmed by any direct proof, but whether the characters of the parties are such as to render them incapable of the crimes of which they were accused? The silence of Burchard can afford no presumption whatsoever of their innocence; for the master of ceremonies to Alexander VI. could not be expected to introduce the secret crimes of his patrons into a diary appropriated to the ceremonials

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ceremonials and public transactions of the court. But the intimations which he casually gives of their conduct, leaves no room to doubt of their guilt; and the observation of Gibbon, which our author has only partially quoted, is decisive upon the subject. 'The modern Lucretia might have assumed, with more propriety, the name of Messalina, since the woman who can be guilty, who can even be accused of a criminal commerce with a father and two brothers, must be abandoned to all the licentiousness of venal lust. Her vices were highly coloured by a contempt for decency. At a banquet in the apostolical palace, by the side of the Pope, she beheld, without a blush, the naked dances and lascivious postures of fifty prostitutes; she distributed the prizes to the champions of Venus, according to the number of victories which they achieved in her presence.' (Gibbon's Miscellaneous Works, II. 689.) Highly coloured as Gibbon's description may appear, it is hardly equal to the original in Burchard's Diary, which we shall quote in a note from Eccard's *Scriptores medii ævi*, II. 2134., as Mr Roscoe seems only to have seen some partial extracts in Gordon's life of Alexander VI.* But the man who could present such an entertainment to his sister as is described in the note, and the woman who could witness such flagitious scenes in

* *De Convivio quinquaginta meretricum cum Duce Valentiniensi.*

Dominica ultima mensis Octobris, in sero fecerunt cœnam cum Duce Valentiniensi in camera sua in palatio Apostolico, quinquaginta meretrices honestæ, Cortegianæ nuncupatæ, quæ post cœnam chorearunt cum servitoribus et aliis ibidem existentibus, primo in vestibus suis, deinde nudæ. Post cœnam posita fuerunt candelabra communia mensæ cum candelis ardentibus, et projectæ ante candelabra per terram castaneæ, quas meretrices ipsæ, super manibus et pedibus nudæ, candelabra pertranseuntes colligebant; *Papa, Duce, et Lucretia sorore sua, præsentibus et aspicientibus.* Tandem exposita dona ultima, diploides de serico, paria caligarum, bireta et alia, pro illis qui plures dictas meretrices carnaliter agnoscerent, quæ fuerunt ibidem in aula publice carnaliter tractatæ, arbitrio præsentium, et dona distributa victoribus.

Feria quinta, undecima mensis Novembris, intravit urbem, per portam viridarii, quidam rusticus ducens duas equas lignis oneratas, quæ cum essent in plateola S. Petri, accurrerunt stipendiarii Papæ, incisisque pectoralibus, et lignis projectis in terram cum bastis, duxerunt equas ad illam plateolam quæ est inter palatium juxta illius portam, tum emissi fuerunt quatuor equi curserii liberi suis frænis et capistris ex palatio, qui accurrerunt ad equas, et inter se propterea cum magno strepitu et clamore, morsibus et calceis contendentes, ascenderunt equas, et coierunt cum eis, et eas graviter pistarunt et læserunt; *Papa* in fenestra cameræ, supra portam palatii, et *Domina Lucretia* cum eo existente, cum magno risu et delectatione præmissa videntibus. (Eccard, II. 2134.)

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in the presence of her father and her brother, must have been previously abandoned to the double guilt of the most incestuous love; and the public opinion and report of the times, receive the most ample and indisputable confirmation, from the scandalous and undisguised debauchery of their private lives. It is in vain to draw any popular arguments from the rectitude of her subsequent conduct at the court of Ferara, when removed by her third marriage from the licentious manners and example of the Vatican; and Gibbon justly observes, that 'perhaps the youth of Lucretia had been seduced by example; perhaps she had been satiated by pleasure; perhaps she was awed by the authority of her new parent and husband;' Hercules Duke of Ferara, and his son Alphonso. *id.* But the historical fact, which was never before disputed, of Lucretia's incestuous connexion with her father and brothers, affords a more adequate explanation of some preceding events than our author has given. In 1497, she deserted her first husband Giovanni Sforza, lord of Pesaro, with whom she had hitherto resided; and her father, according to Guicciardini, impatient of a rival even in her husband, dissolved the marriage, under the pretext of impotency; 'a reason,' says Robertson, 'which no modest woman will ever plead.' (History of Scotland, II. 69.) In the same year, her eldest brother was assassinated and thrown into the Tyber; and the murder is expressly ascribed by Guicciardini to the ambition and lust of Cæsar Borghia, whom the father had destined for the church, but who aspired to the situation which his brother had just acquired as an independent prince, and was jealous of his success in their sister's affections.*

The

* Avendo infino da principio del suo Pontificato designato di volgere tutta la grandezza temporale al Duca di Candia, suo primogenito, il Cardinale di Valenza, il quale di animo totalmente alieno dalla professione sacerdotale, aspirava all' esercitio delle arme, non potendo tolerare, che questo loco gli fosse occupato dal fratello; impaziente, oltre a questo, ch' egli avesse piu parte di lui nell' amore *di madonna Lucrezia sorella comune*, incitato dalla libidine e dall' ambizione, ministri potenti ad ogni grande scelleratezza, lo fece una notte, ch' ei cavalcava solo per Roma, ammazzare, e piu gittare nel fiume del Tevere segretamente. *Era medesimamente fama, se pero e degne de credersi tanta enormita, che nel amore di madonna Lucrezia concorressino non solamente i due fratelli, ma etiandio il padre medesimo: il quale avendola, come fu fatto Pontifice, levata dal primo marito, come diventato inferiore al suo grado, e maritatala a Giovanni Sforza Signore di Pesaro, non comportando d' avere anco il marito per rivale, dissolve il maritagio consumato, avendo fatto innanze a giudici delegati da lui provare con false testimonianze, e depoi confermare per sentenza, che Giovanni era per natura frigido et impotente al coito.* (Guicciardini Hist. Lib. III.)

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The silence of Burchard concerning the guilt of his patron's surviving son, affords no proof that the latter was innocent. But the facts contained in his diary, of the two brothers returning from a supper at their mother's, and parting at midnight, when the Duke, proceeding with a single footman whom he afterwards dismissed, and another attendant, to some assignation of pleasure, was assassinated and thrown into the Tiber by five persons unknown (Eccard, 2081.), can admit of our author's conclusion, that he fell a sacrifice to some jealous rival, or injured husband, on the supposition only, that his younger brother, from whom he had just parted, was incapable of the crime. But the footman whom he left on the road was also assassinated, as if by the party from which he had separated, not by another with which he encountered: his other attendant, a person in a mask, who rode behind him, and had joined him at supper, might have certainly been traced, as he had visited him daily at the apostolical palace for a month before: and Guicciardini's narrative is confirmed, not only by the younger brother renouncing the purple, and assuming the Duke's situation in the army and in the state, but by those subsequent scenes of lewdness, which render his incestuous connexion with his sister indisputable. Her second husband, Alphonso, Duke of Bisaglia, a youth of seventeen, whom she received in 1498, escaped within a twelvemonth to Naples, as if afraid of his life. A few months afterwards, when brought back by his wife, he was attacked and desperately wounded, on the steps of St Peter's, by a band of assassins, who were received by a troop of forty horsemen, and escorted in safety to the gates of Rome. The husband continued to languish for two months; and, as he *would not die of his wounds*, he was strangled in his bed, within the apostolical palace, when under the immediate protection of his wife, whom, together with her brother, our author formally acquits of a crime which never would have been perpetrated publicly without the connivance of the one, and the authority of the other. In a few days she retired from Rome, with six hundred horsemen, not to indulge her grief, but to take some recreation at Nepi after the perturbation which she suffered on the death of her husband, whose attendant and

We have quoted Guicciardini at length, as the passages in Italics were altered and suppressed by the court of Rome after the first edition. But they receive the strongest confirmation from the preceding quotation out of Burchard's Diary, from which it also appears that the eldest son had obtained the city of Benevento and other territories, as an independent principality, on the 7th of June, and was assassinated on the 14th of July thereafter. (Eccard, II. 2081.)

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physicians were imprisoned, and some procedure was instituted against them. But they were soon released; *Liberati parum post, cum esset immunis, qui mandantibus ceperat, optime notum,* (*Eccard,* 2123.); a sentence omitted by Gordon, and which our author, who labours also to exculpate the brother, has not probably seen; but he forgets to explain to us, by what other authority the murder could have been perpetrated, or from what motive unless to release the sister from a match disagreeable to the whole family. Such are the crimes from which Mr Roscoe, in his history, and in this preposterous dissertation, vindicates Cæsar Borgia, and the incestuous Lucretia.

The second volume contains a distinct account of the league of Cambray, and of the remaining transactions in Italy under Julius II.; the elevation of Leo X. to the Papal chair; the declining state of literature at that period; and the political intrigues that occupied the first years of the new pontificate. We again meet with some solemn trifling on the name of Leo; together with minute accounts of ceremonials, processions, and spectacles; the public exhibition and exploits of an elephant, &c.; in which our author has been misled by the dangerous example of Gibbon, whose pen could impart an adventitious importance to the most trivial occurrences. Upon some occasions, the narrative seems to be a mere vehicle for translations of modern Greek and Latin verses, of which the originals themselves have little or no intrinsic value, and which, to our ears at least, possess no distinguished poetical merit. The following specimen will probably convince the reader, that our author's versification is sufficiently melodious, but that his time would have been employed to better purpose in digesting the materials, and correcting the defects of his historical compositions, than in translating the Greek verses prefixed by Musurus to the first edition of Plato by Aldus.

'SPIRIT DIVINE, who 'midst thy kindred throng
Of sainted heroes sit'st; to whom 'tis given
To track the burning wheels, that bear along
The great Creator o'er the deeps of heaven,
IMMORTAL PLATO! from thy lofty sphere,
Revisiting again this genial earth,
Accept the volume, we thy votaries bear,
The sacred work that owes to thee its birth.
Where full displayed, we trace the mighty hand
Of him, the ONE great architect; unchang'd
Who fills the void of space, and whose command
Th' empyreal orbs in eight-fold order rang'd.
Suspended high, of all his works the chief,
The fix'd sun pours his unextinguish'd light,

Whilst

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Whilst seven inferior stars, in soft relief,
Shed their mild lustre o'er the shadowy night.
Or wondering mark th' unceasing central force,
Bound by whose chain the mighty whole revolves,
While unreluctant in its silent course,
Each in due time its fated round absolves.
Thence too the glorious hope, that fires the soul
With secret longings for its heavenly home,
Spurns the dull bonds of earth, the base controul
Of mortal fate, and lives beyond the tomb.
Nor uninstructed by thy sacred page,
We bid the city's towering ramparts rise,
By justice guard them, and by statutes sage
Define the bounds of right; with watchful eyes,
Whilst Shame and Punishment, immortal pair,
Protect the peopled haunts. But ah, what tongue
To number all the sacred truths shall dare
That breathe thy warm, inspiring page along?
Thou then, accept the votive tome, and haste
To ROME's seven-crowned hills; where still resides
Imperial sway, and 'midst AUSONIA's waste
Rich TIBER rolls his fertilizing tides.
Not there a tyrant's scowling brow to meet,
Of Scylla born, who mocks the heavenly muse;
No Dionysius fierce; for there shall greet
Thy welcome presence, HE whom Europe views
With wondering awe, her pastor and her guide,
From great LORENZO sprung; the brightest star
Of MEDICEAN fame; with conscious pride
Whom his own FLORENCE hails; and from afar
The scepter'd rulers of the nations own,
And as their Lord obey; in towering state,
Imperial LEO named; who bears alone
The key that opes Olympus' lofty gate.
There, as the holy portals meet thy sight,
A friendly train around thy steps shall throng,
Accomplish'd bards, whom virtuous toils delight,
Lords of the lyre, and masters of the song.'

(Vol. II. p. 241, 242.)

But the prevailing defect of the work is prolixity, both of thought and style, of which a remarkable instance occurs at the close of the second volume. After a long and tedious account of the particulars of Bembo's embassy to the Venetian state, two quarto pages and a half are employed to tell us, that Lewis XII. could not have heard of these particulars before his death. In this manner, the work is spun out to four costly quarto volumes, adorned with frontispieces, vignettes, and medallions, and containing

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taining eighteen hundred pages, which might have been easily reduced to two quartos of a very moderate size. Prolixity, however, is not the only defect of our author's style, the blemishes of which are the less entitled to excuse, as he professes in his preface 'to raise a barrier against that torrent of a corrupt and vitiated taste, which, if not continually opposed, may once more overwhelm the cultivated nations of Europe in barbarism and degradation.' (Pref. xxxvi.) The following, among many other passages, may be selected as specimens of that very corrupt and vitiated taste, against which, our author, if he has any meaning, proposes his own style as a barrier, which may prevent the barbarism and degradation of civilized Europe. 'The long *devotion* of time and of labour which it (the history) must unavoidably require.' (Pref. i.) 'As these branches of study (history and biography) are equally *conversant* with individuals of our own species.' (*Id.* iv.) 'The *immortal* work of Tiraboschi,'—and Mazzuchelli, 'who has executed in six volumes in folio, a comparatively small portion of his *colossal attempt*.' (*Id.* xiv.) 'To the *testamentary humanity* of Bartolomeo Platina, he was indebted for a commodious and handsome residence at Rome.' (I. p. 48.) —'Poetical prose, that *hermaphrodite* of literature, equally deprived of masculine vigour and of feminine grace.' (*Id.* 60.)—'Pontano had obtained a glimpse of that nobler edifice which was displayed about a century afterwards to the immortal Bacon,' &c. (*Id.* 54.)—Theocritus, 'that *charming* author.' (II. 260.) —'The genial warmth of pontifical kindness found its way into those bosoms, which the frowns of his predecessor had hardened into animosity and resistance.' (III. 61.)—At the period which immediately preceded the Reformation, 'Europe saw the luminary of classical learning at a higher meridian than at any time either before or since.' (IV. 53.) From these instances of affectation and conceit, the reader will probably conclude that our author's style would form a very inadequate barrier against that corrupt and vitiated taste of which he complains.

But the affectation of sentiment, or of profound philosophical observation, is not less frequent, nor less ridiculous, than those instances of affectation in style. The rumours of approaching calamities, though they may not arise from any supernatural interpositions, are not always, says our author, to be wholly disregarded. 'On the approach of a storm, the cattle, by a native instinct, retire to shelter; and the human mind may experience a secret dread, resulting from a concurrence of circumstances, which, although not amounting to demonstration, may afford strong conviction of approaching evil, to a person of a warm enthusiastic temperament. Those impressions which he is ready

to

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to impart, the public is prepared to receive; and the very credulity of mankind is itself a proof of impending danger.' (I. 42.) According to this sage and enlightened remark, the fanaticism of an impostor, and the folly of his hearers, when combined together, afford a sure proof of the evils which he predicts. On the death of Ludovico Sforza, after a close imprisonment for the space of ten years, our author observes, that 'pain and privation, racks and chains, may agonize the body; but the indignant reaction of a mind conscious of its rectitude, opposes a barrier to their effects; while death, a ministering angel, is ever at hand to ward off the extremes of suffering. This, alas! was not the fate of Ludovico;—the sufferings of his mind were probably more acute than those of his body. The human ruin was complete. Other calamities may be tolerated,—but a wounded spirit who can bear?' (*Id.* 301.) This despicable cant is even exceeded in our author's observation on the death of Gonsalvo, the great captain, who repented of three things, the last of which he would never reveal. 'Gonsalvo's third cause of regret would, in this case, have implied a contradiction to his two former. He would probably have unfolded a tale—but he died a penitent, and trusted it with his other sins to the bosom of his God.' (II. 47.) Such affectation of sentiment as is fitter for a Shandean tale of corporal Trim, than for the life of the great captain, reduces history, to use a phrase of our author, below the level of romance, and deserves to be the more severely reprehended, as Mr Roscoe, where he adheres to the Italian historians, appears to be sufficiently qualified for such chaste and sober composition as history requires.

In the third volume, we meet with the same ridiculous *minutiæ* of rainy weather, ceremonials, and processions, in the account of Leo's public entry into Florence, and of his interview with Francis I. at Bologna. But from these faults we turn with pleasure, to our author's spirited account of the battle of Marignano, from which it must appear, that the defects of his composition are chiefly those of affectation, haste, and caprice.

'At the conclusion of one of those inflammatory exhortations, with which the cardinal of Sion was accustomed to harangue his countrymen, the resolution was adopted instantly to attack the French, although only about two hours of day-light remained. By a rapid and unexpected march, the whole body of the Swiss presented themselves before the French encampments at Marignano, on the thirteenth day of September 1515. The attack immediately commenced. Their impetuosity was irresistible. The intrenchments were soon carried, and a part of the artillery was already in the hands of the assailants. As the French recovered from their surprise, they began to make head against their adversaries, and the horse joining in the action, a dreadful engagement took

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took place, which continued with various success, and great slaughter, to a late hour of the night. During this contest, Francis was in the midst of the battle, and received several wounds. The *bandes noires*, whom the Swiss had threatened with total extermination, contributed, with the French *gendarmerie*, to retrieve the loss. The darkness of the night, although it did not terminate the contest, rendered it for a time impossible for the combatants to proceed in the work of destruction; and an involuntary truce of some hours took place, during which both parties kept the field, impatiently waiting for that light which might enable them to renew the engagement. Accordingly, with the dawn of day the battle again commenced, when it appeared that the French monarch had availed himself of this interval to arrange his artillery, and to reduce his troops into better order than when they had been attacked on the preceding day. The vanguard was now led by the Sieur de Palisse with seven hundred lances, and ten thousand German infantry. The body of the army, under the royal standard, was commanded by the king, and consisted of eight hundred men at arms, ten thousand Germans, five thousand Gascons, and a large train of artillery, directed by the duke of Bourbon. Trivulzio led the *corps de reserve*, which consisted of five hundred lances, and five thousand Italian infantry. The light infantry, under the command of the Sieur de Chita, and the bastard of Savoy, brother of the king, were ordered to act as circumstances might require. The attack of the Swiss was now supported with unshaken firmness. A detachment, which was intended to surprise the right wing of the French army, was intercepted by the duke of Alençon, and pursued by the Basque infantry of Pietro Navarro, who put every man to the sword. After having resisted the charge, the French became the assailants. Francis, at the head of his *gendarmes* first made an impression on their line; but the numbers of the Swiss were so great, and their courage and discipline so exemplary, that he would in all probability have been repulsed, had not D'Alviano at that moment rushed into the midst of the combat, at the head of a small, but select and intrepid body of cavalry, and by the cry of *Marco*, the war signal of the Venetians, given new courage to the French, and dispirited the ranks of their adversaries, who conceived that the Venetian army had, at this juncture, joined in the engagement. After sustaining the contest for several hours, the Swiss were obliged to relinquish the palm of victory; but, even under these circumstances, they had the firmness and resolution to form in regular order, and to quit the scene of action under such discipline, that the French monarch, whose army was exhausted by watchfulness and fatigue, did not venture on a pursuit. Weakened by intestine divisions, deserted by their allies, and defeated by the French, they hastened to Milan, where they demanded from the duke such subsidies as they knew he was wholly unable to pay. This, however, afforded them a sufficient pretext for withdrawing themselves altogether from the theatre of war, and leaving their Italian allies to the mercy of the conquering army.

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'The battle of Marignano is justly considered by both the French and Italian historians, as highly honourable to the gallantry and prowess of the French arms. The example of Francis I. who had, in the course of the conflict, repeatedly extricated himself from situations of imminent danger by his own personal courage, had animated his soldiers to the most daring acts of heroism; insomuch, that Trivulzio, who had before been engaged in no less than eighteen important battles, declared, that they resembled only the sports of children in comparison with this, which might truly be called a war of giants. The chevalier Bayard fought at the side of his sovereign, where he gave such proofs of romantic courage, that Francis, immediately after the engagement, insisted on being knighted by him upon the field of battle. The ceremony was instantly performed in the true spirit of chivalry, and Bayard, making two leaps, returned his sword into the scabbard, vowing never more to unsheath it, except against the Turks, the Saracens, and the Moors. This victory is chiefly to be attributed to the superiority of the French artillery; but the arrival of D'Alviano, although accompanied by so small a body of soldiers, undoubtedly contributed to the success of the day. The number of Swiss left dead on the field is stated by different historians at eight, ten, fourteen, and even fifteen thousand; whilst the loss of the French varies from three to six thousand, among whom, however, were many of the chief nobility of France. On this spot, polluted with carnage, Francis gave orders that three solemn masses should be performed, one to return thanks to God for the victory, another for the souls of those who were slain in battle, and a third to supplicate the restoration of peace. He also directed that a chapel should be built adjacent to the field of battle, as a testimony of his gratitude, and a permanent memorial of his success.' III. 36—39.

Our author's account of the origin and progress of the Reformation, though sufficiently interesting, is written throughout with a degree of prejudice against Luther, and of partiality towards Leo, of which the following instance must appear remarkable. The famous bull of excommunication issued against Luther, for which the policy of Leo has been universally condemned, was dated the 15th of June 1520, and is ascribed by Mr Roscoe, after Pallavicini, to a preceding letter from the reformer to the Pontiff, written at the intercession of the Augustine monks, but in a strain of such irritating and insulting invective, as the Roman see could no longer either overlook or forgive. The supposed date of the letter, in the Latin edition of Luther's works, is 'Nurembergiæ, MDXX. 6. Aprilis;' the date which it bears in the German copy or translation, is the 6th of September, which must, according to our author, be 'a most evident error; for the *execrable bull*, as Luther denominates it, had then been published nearly three months; and it is not to be supposed that

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that he would in this letter have passed it over in silence.' (IV. 16. n.) For this reason, such protestant writers as Mosheim and Robertson, &c. are accused of passing the letter over in silence, in order to attribute the schism in the church to the rash and intemperate conduct of the Roman pontiff; and Seckendorff is formally charged with postponing the negociations between Luther and Miltitz for a whole year, in order to support the fictitious date of the letter; as 'all such discussions must have been terminated by the bull of the 15th June preceding, after the publication of which, the papal legate could hold no communication with a declared heretic, much less could they have lived together at Lichtemberg, *hilariter inter ipsos.*' (Id.)

As reviewers, it is incumbent upon us to vindicate the characters of former historians, when so lightly attacked; and we are persuaded that Mr Roscoe would not have hazarded such inconsiderate charges against the most eminent and venerable protestant writers, had he read over the passage in Seckendorff which he pretends to refute. Miltitz, the papal legate, whom Leo had sent with a consecrated rose to Frederick of Saxony, and with instructions to conciliate Luther, if possible, to the Romish see, procured from the latter a mild and submissive letter to the Pope, dated 3. March 1519. In June and July of the same year, Luther engaged in public disputations with Eccius at Leipsic, from which the parties returned sufficiently irritated, but without any new provocation from the pontiff. Eccius repaired with his complaints to Rome, where we find him on the 3d of May 1520; and on the 8th of July, a form or copy of the bull, dated June 15th, was sent by Leo to Frederick elector of Saxony, while the publication of the bull itself, throughout Germany, was entrusted to Eccius. On the 28th of August thereafter, as Seckendorff proves from Luther's epistles, a general chapter of the Augustine monks was held at Eisleben for the election of a vicar; and, by the advice of Miltitz, a deputation of the order was sent to Luther, to persuade him to write again to the Pope, a letter, testifying, as he might safely do, that he had never entertained any hostile designs against his person or authority. The deputation was received on the 1st of September; and on the 11th, Luther, in his correspondence with Spalatinus, was inclined to write, and to treat the Roman see not too severely, yet with some derision; 'ne sedem ipsam atrocius tractet, ita tamen ut sale aliquo illam aspergat;' (Seck. 98. the very style of his letter;) but afterwards, October 3d, he changed his mind, and determined not to write to the Pope. Seckendorff, however, has also produced, from the Saxon archives, the correspondence of Miltitz, who, on the 19th of August, in a letter to the elector, was preparing to attend

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tend the convention or chapter of Augustines at Eisleben; and, on the 29th, wrote to Luther, proposing an interview, and exhorting him to yield to the persuasions of the deputation. On the 2d of October, he proposed an interview with Luther at Lichtemberg, and engaged, if the latter would adhere to his promise, of writing and behaving submissively to the Pope, to get him released from the *bull*, which could have no effect for a hundred and twenty days. On the same day, he informed the elector of an interview which he had at Leipsic, with Eccius, who produced the *bull* which he had published in Misnia, Mersburg, and Brandenburg, (Seck. p. 116.); and, on the 14th of October, he explains his conference with Luther at Lichtemberg on the 11th. 'Lutherus ex Spiritus Sancti inspiratione non offenditur, quicquid clament, aut *quascunque bullas* publicent. *Scripturus est* intra *dies* 12. *ad pontificem* modeste prorsus et humiliter, in *prefatione* nempe *libelli* quem elaboraturus et pontifici missurus est. *Epistolæ dies adscribitur vi. Septemb.* qui est decimus post capitulum August. Islebiense, et quindecimus a *publicata bulla.*' He concludes with soliciting from the elector, in Luther's name, a letter of thanks to the pontiff for the consecrated rose, and promising, 'cum Eccio et ejus factione aliter, quam sperarent actum ire, et fore ut *aliud breve* impetretur ad *abrogandam vel moderandum bullam.*' (Id. 98. 99.) The letter to Leo was prefixed by Luther to his treatise *de libertate Christiana*, which he sent to the pontiff; and its real date and object are thus indisputably ascertained. It was written about the middle of October, at the request of Miltitz, who expected to procure the revocation of a bull so fatal to the Roman see; but it was antedated the 6th of September, that it might coincide with the deputation from the Augustines on the first of that month. Luther, however, retained his original intention of treating the Roman see with some derision, to which he was sufficiently incited by its late severe proceedings in the bull against himself, and by its partiality towards his opponent Eccius. The 6th of September was inserted, probably by Luther himself, in the edition of the letter and treatise in German; but in the Latin edition published by his widow, 6. *Aprilis*, instead of being prefixed, was annexed to the year (Nurembergiæ, MDXX. 6. *Aprilis*,) as a conjectural date. This erroneous date, which imposed upon Sleidan, was adopted by Pallavicini and Maimbourg the Jesuit, for the justification of Leo's political conduct; and our author, adhering to Pallavicini's narrative as the most favourable to the hero of his work, did not probably discover till afterwards, the contradictory account given by protestant writers, which, therefore, he employs a long note to obviate or refute. But we must own, that our reliance upon Mr Roscoe's accuracy

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is much diminished, when, with Seckendorff open before him, he opposes crude arguments to historical facts, the evidence of which he has not the patience to examine, or even to read over with the least attention.

To make some amends, however, for the injustice done to Luther, the account of his second appearance before the diet at Worms, may be read with satisfaction; and the following character of that great reformer is ably, though not perhaps so impartially, delineated.

'In order to form a proper estimate of the conduct and character of Luther, it is necessary to consider him in two principal points of view. First, as an opponent to the haughty assumptions and gross abuses of the Roman see; and, secondly, as the founder of a new church, over which he may be said to have presided until the time of his death, in 1546, an interval of nearly thirty years. In the former capacity we find him endeavouring to substitute the authority of reason and of scripture for that of councils and of popes, and contending for the utmost latitude in the perusal and construction of the sacred writings, which, as he expressed it, could not be chained, but were open to the interpretation of every individual. For this great and daring attempt he was peculiarly qualified. A consciousness of his own integrity, and the natural intrepidity of his mind, enabled him not only to brave the most violent attacks of his adversaries, but to treat them with a degree of derision and contempt, which seemed to prove the superiority of his cause. Fully sensible of the importance and dignity of his undertaking, he looked with equal eyes on all worldly honours and distinctions; and emperors, and pontiffs, and kings, were regarded by him as men and as equals, who might merit his respect or incur his resentment, according as they were inclined to promote or obstruct his views. Nor was he more firm against the stern voice of authority, than against the blandishments of flattery, and the softening influence of real or of pretended friendship. The various attempts which were made to induce him to relax in his opposition, seem in general to have confirmed, rather than shaken his resolution; and if at any time he shewed a disposition towards conciliatory measures, it was only a symptom that his opposition would soon be carried to a greater extreme. The warmth of his temperament, seldom, however, prevented the exercise of his judgment; and the various measures to which he resorted for securing popularity to his cause, were the result of a thorough knowledge of the great principles of human nature, and of the peculiar state of the times in which he lived. The injustice and absurdity of resorting to violence, instead of convincing the understanding by argument, were shewn by him in the strongest light. Before the imperial diet he asserted his own private opinion, founded, as he contended, on reason and scripture, against all the authorities of the Roman church; and the important point which he incessantly laboured to establish, was the right of private judgment in matters of faith. To the defence of this proposition, he was at all times

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times ready to devote his learning, his talents, his repose, his character, and his life; and the great and imperishable merit of this reformer, consists in his having demonstrated it by such arguments, as neither the efforts of his adversaries, nor his own subsequent conduct, have been able either to refute or invalidate.

'As the founder of a new church, the character of Luther appears in a very different light. After having effected a separation from the see of Rome, there yet remained the still more difficult task of establishing such a system of religious faith and worship, as, without admitting the exploded doctrines of the papal church, would prevent that licentiousness which, it was supposed, would be the consequence of a total absence of all ecclesiastical restraints. In this task, Luther engaged with a resolution equal to that with which he had braved the authority of the Romish church; but with this remarkable difference, that, in the one instance, he effected his purpose by strenuously insisting on the right of private judgment in matters of faith, whilst, in the other, he succeeded by laying down new doctrines, to which he expected that all those who espoused his cause should implicitly submit. The opinions of Luther on certain points were fixed and unalterable. The most important of these were, the doctrine of the real presence in the Eucharist, and the justification of mankind by faith alone. Whoever assented not to these propositions was not of his church; and although he was ready, on all occasions, to make use of arguments from scripture for the defence of his tenets, yet, when these proved insufficient, he seldom hesitated to resort to more violent measures. This was fully exemplified in his conduct towards his friend Carlostadt, who, not being able to distinguish between the Romish doctrine of transubstantiation and that of the real presence of Christ in the sacrament, had, like Zuinglius, adopted the idea that the bread and the wine were only the symbols, and not the actual substance of the body and blood of Christ. Luther, however, maintained his opinion with the utmost obstinacy; the dispute became the subject of several violent publications, until Luther, who was now supported by the secular power, obtained the banishment of Carlostadt, who was at length reduced to the necessity of earning his bread by his daily labour. The unaccommodating adherence of Luther to this opinion, placed also an effectual bar to the union of the Helvetic and German reformers; and to such an uncharitable extreme did he carry his resentment against those who denied the real presence, that he refused to admit the Swiss, and the German cities and states, which had adopted the sentiments of Zuinglius and Bucer, into the confederacy for the defence of the Protestant church; choosing rather to risk the total destruction of his cause, than to avail himself of the assistance of those who did not concur with him in every particular article of belief.' (Vol. IV. p. 46—49.)

The revival of letters, and of the fine arts, under Leo X., forms, unquestionably, the most pleasing and interesting part of the work. Our author's Italian literature is accumulated upon

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a subject, on which his taste and criticism are very happily displayed. Instead, however, of corresponding with our ideas of a luminous history of the revival of letters, the narrative degenerates almost perpetually into biographical anecdotes of learned men, in which the obscure and illustrious, historians and keepers of the Vatican library, are almost equally prominent. The transitions from one author or subject to another, are often harsh, inelegant, and awkward, (see vol. III. p. 243. 304. IV. 166.); nor are the anecdotes themselves of the utmost importance, or different, in general, from those which every biographical dictionary may supply. Such, for instance, is that of the lewd Aretin; who, having lampooned Tintoretto the painter, was invited to his house to sit for his picture; when the latter producing, instead of his pencils, a pistol from his bosom, and desiring the affrighted poet to compose himself till he took measure of him, aimed at him deliberately from head to foot; adding, before he released him, 'I find you are just the length of two pistols and a half;' and this unmeaning anecdote is not only gravely recorded, with a thousand others just as important, but is again commemorated in one of the twenty-four vignettes prefixed respectively to each chapter of the work. The observations, however, upon Machiavel, Guicciardini, Paul Jovius, and many other distinguished writers, will be read with pleasure; but here we must not overlook the affectation of reducing proper names indiscriminately to Italian. Thus, Paul Jovius is Paullo Giovio; Aldus Manutius, the printer, is Aldo Manuzio; Machiavel is uniformly written Machiavelli; Petrarch, Petrarca; Placentia, Piacenza; Michael Angelo, Michaelagnolo; and we could hardly recognize in the Cardinal of Gaeta, the Cardinal Cajetan, a name well known in the history of the Reformation. Of these names, some were adopted by the authors themselves, as their only designation in the literary world; others are long established historical appellations; and they are all so firmly rooted and naturalized in English, that any attempt to reduce them to the Italian orthography, betrays almost as much affectation as to alter the common and settled orthography of our own language. Mr Roscoe would have done well to have consulted the postscript of Mr Gibbon's preface to the three last volumes of his history, before he attempted to justify, in his preface, the adaptation of proper names to one invariable rule of conformity with the language from which they were derived.

Our limits preclude any farther extracts than the following critical observations on the history of Guicciardini, which we separate from the biographical account of the author. 'The union of individual biography with general history,' is justified in

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in the preface, 'as these branches of study are equally conversant with the individuals of our own species:' an argument already quoted, which we profess we do not entirely comprehend.

'The historical writings of Guicciardini have not only entitled their author to the indisputable precedence of all the historians of Italy, but have placed him at least on a level with those of any age or of any country. His first great advantage is, that he was himself personally acquainted with most of the transactions which he relates, and frequently acted in them an important part. He also united in himself almost every qualification that is necessary for a perfect historian; a fearless impartiality, a strong and vigorous judgment, equally remote from superstition and licentiousness, and a penetration of mind that pierced through the inmost recesses of political intrigue. His narrative is full, clear, and perspicuous; and the observations to which it occasionally gives rise, are, in general, just, apposite, and forcible. The principal blemishes which have been attributed to him as a writer, are those of having frequently given too much importance to events of inferior consideration, and of having, in imitation of the ancient historians, assigned to several of his principal actors, orations which, although sufficiently consonant to their sentiments, were never in reality delivered. If, however, the writings of all his contemporaries had perished, his works alone would have exhibited a perfect picture of the age, and must ever be regarded as the mine from which future historians must derive their richest materials. Fastidious critics, and indolent readers, may complain of the minuteness of his narrative, or the length of his periods; but every sentence is pregnant with thought, every paragraph teems with information; and if, sometimes, they do not please the ear, they always gratify the understanding. The principal defect in his history, is such as is perhaps inseparable from his character as a statesman and a soldier, and appears in his accounting for the conduct of others wholly by motives of interest and of ambition, without sufficiently adverting to the various other causes which have in all ages had a considerable influence on the affairs of mankind.' IV. p. 164—6.

The twenty-second chapter, on the revival of the fine arts, is the most laboured of the whole, and, in our opinion, is incomparably the best. The unexpected death of Leo, which historians have ascribed to an excess of joy on the recovery of Parma and Placentia from the French, is with greater probability imputed to poison, by which the lives of the popes have been so frequently abridged. A whole chapter is finally appropriated to the character of Leo, which is summed up, and nicely balanced, with a minuteness which we have no inclination to examine.

Upon the whole, then, these ponderous volumes have disappointed our expectations of obtaining an adequate history of the revival of learning; worthy at least of the importance of the subject.

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subject. The prevailing defect of the work, is a minute and tedious prolixity, and the want of sufficient energy either of thought or of style. The accumulation of materials does not always add a proportionable value to history; and an author has learned but half the secrets of his trade, who is ignorant of the art of blotting, to which the greatest writers have been indebted for their success. No labour can be too great to attain to perfection; and if, instead of endeavouring, in his preface, to extenuate the general defects of his history, Mr Roscoe had transcribed it over again, under the eye of some severe critic, and had resolutely reduced it to half its present size, the remainder, from the condensation of the narrative, would have acquired an additional value, when every idle anecdote, or superfluous incident was carefully expunged, and the redundance of sentiment and of diction retrenched. As it stands, the history may please the *dilettanti*, to whom the medallions and verses are, perhaps, a sufficient recommendation; but it neither will gratify the general reader, nor ought it to supersede any future efforts upon the subject, when the present edition has passed away. In general, however, its materials will always be valuable to future historians, by whom the author's opinions, in matters of taste and criticism, will always be respected: and his writings impress us with one uniform conviction, that he is a truly amiable and benevolent man.

ART. V. *Memoires Posthumes de Marmontel, Historiographe de France, Secretaire perpetuel de l'Academie Française.* Imprimées sur le Manuscrit autographe de l'Auteur. 4 tomes. 12mo. Paris, 1804.

WE are not sure that we have perused any book, since the commencement of our critical career, that has afforded us more entertainment than those little volumes. They were written in the author's declining years, for the use of his children; and are tinctured, no doubt, with the garrulity of age, as well as overburdened with petty anecdotes and trifling details, which cannot be expected to command an extensive interest: But the narrative is, upon the whole, so gay and airy, the tone of sentiment so mild and unassuming, and the living pictures, with which the busiest part of the scene is crowded, so full of delicacy, truth, and vivacity, that it is impossible not to be charmed with the greater part of the performance.

As the interest which it excites, however, in its various stages, is different both in kind and in degree, we shall separate, both in our abstract and our observations, the history of the author's early

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early life and education, from the narrative of his occupations in Paris; and dismiss, with very little notice, the short and imperfect sketch which he has given, in the concluding volume, of the first events of the Revolution.

Marmontel was born in 1723, in the little town of Bort, in the Limosin, in a very humble rank of society. He has not specified the profession of his father; but, from the account which he has given of the domestic economy of his family, and of the state of society among their equals, it is sufficiently apparent that their condition was but one degree removed from that of the ordinary peasantry. Nothing has struck us more, we will confess, than the refinement, intelligence, and independence, which he describes as prevailing in this class of society. We had no idea that the lower orders in France were by any means so well educated, so comfortable, or so well informed, as they appear to be from the incidental statement of these memoirs; and the whole account of this village society has been to us, we will confess, full of interest and instruction. In a family which seems to have lived, like that of Fabricius, upon roasted turnips and chesnuts, clothed with hemp and wool spun by the hands of their females, and lodged in a cottage surrounded with bee-hives and apple trees, we find not only the purest and most tender affection, but a degree of intelligence, and even of accomplishment, that seem to belong to a very different condition. The mother of Marmontel, with no other education than that of the little convent of Bort, had acquired, he says, not only a remarkable polish of mind, but a feeling of propriety in her language, so delicate and fine, that it seemed to be the pure instinct of good taste, and made a great impression on the bishop of the diocese, to whom she afterwards wrote in behalf of her son; and Marmontel himself, though his father could not scrape together four or five pounds in the year for the expences of his education, was not only instructed in Latin, along with the other children of the village, by a philanthropic priest in the neighbourhood, but was carried, at the age of eleven, to the little college of Mauriac. We do not know whether this was common among the peasantry of old France; but we believe that few instances of similar indulgence or ambition could be produced among the poor of this country:—and yet, from the description of the establishment at Mauriac, it would appear that all the pupils were nearly of this description.

'I was lodged, as was the custom of the school, with five other scholars, at an honest mechanic's in the town; and my father, sad enough to return without me, left me there with my packet and provisions for the week: these provisions consisted in a large loaf of rye-bread, a little cheese, a piece of bacon, and two or three pounds of

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beef; my mother had added to them a dozen apples. This was the weekly provision of the best fed scholars of the school. The mistress of the house cooked for us; and for her trouble, her fire, her lamp, her beds, her *lodging*, and even the vegetables of her little garden that she furnished for our soup, we gave her twelvepence halfpenny a piece per month; so that my whole expences might amount to between four and five pounds a year; a very great sum for my father to advance.' Vol. I. p. 17.

In this humble seminary he remained studying the languages, logic, and rhetoric, for six years; and, though naturally deficient in memory, soon came, by unwearied application and regularity, to be one of the most distinguished scholars in his class. We pass over a number of school anecdotes of exercises, robberies, and rebellions; but we cannot resist mentioning one little simple trait of maternal pride and affection. The first boy in each class was honoured with a cross of merit, which he wore at his bosom.

'When my dimity waistcoats were returned,' says our author, 'to my mother to be washed, she looked eagerly to see whether the silver chain which suspended the cross had blackened my buttonhole; and if she perceived that mark of triumph, all the mothers in the neighbourhood were told of her joy—our good nuns returned thanks to heaven—and my dear Abbé Vaissière with more fervour than any of them.' Vol. I. p. 31.

From his account of his vacation pleasures, we are also tempted to extract the following picture of humble happiness and innocence.

'I have already observed that, in my little town, the education of boys was carefully conducted: their example became, to the girls, an object of emulation. The instruction of the one influenced the spirit of the others; and gave to their air, their language, and their manners, a tint of politeness, of decorum, and of agreeableness, that nothing has made me forget. An innocent freedom reigned among us all: the girls and the young men used to walk together in an evening by the light of the moon. Their usual amusement was singing; and it seems to me that these young voices, united, used to form sweet harmony and charming concerts.'—'The connexions that were formed there did not at all disquiet our families: there was so little inequality of condition and fortune, that the parents were almost as soon agreed as their children; and after marriage, love did not often languish: but that, which was attended with no danger to my companions, might extinguish my emulation, and make the fruit of my studies abortive.

'I saw hearts choosing and forming ties with each other: example inspired me with a similar inclination. One of our young companions, and the prettiest to my taste, appeared to me still disengaged, and, like me, to have only the vague desire of pleasing. In her freshness, she had not that tender and soft brilliancy with which beauty is painted, when it is compared to the rose; but the lively red, the down, and

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roundness of the peach, afford you an image that very much resembles her. As for wit, with so sweet a mouth, could she be without it? Her eyes and her smile would alone have given wit and grace to her simplest language; and, from her lips, good-day, and good-night, seemed to me exquisitely engaging. She might be one or two years older than I; and this inequality of age, rendered still more imposing by an air of steadiness and prudence, intimidated my dawning love: but, by degrees, in trying to make my attentions please her, I perceived that I succeeded, and, from the moment I thought I had won her heart, I loved her in good earnest. I made her a plain avowal of it, and she as plainly answered me, that her inclinations were not at variance with mine. "But you well know," said she to me, "that, to be lovers, we must hope one day to be married; and how can we expect it at our age? You are scarcely fifteen: and are not you going to pursue your studies?"—"Yes," said I to her, "such is my determination, and the wish of my mother."—"Well then! here will be five years of absence before you can be fixed in life, and I shall be more than twenty, without knowing for what you are destined."—"Alas! it is too true," said I to her, "that I know not what will become of me; but promise me, at least, never to marry without consulting my mother, nor without asking her whether I have not some hope to offer you." She gave me her promise with a charming smile, and, during the rest of the vacation, we abandoned ourselves to the pleasure of loving each other, with the ingenuousness and the innocence of our age. Our private walks, our most interesting conversations, were passed in imagining for me possibilities of future success or fortune, that might favour our wishes; but, as these sweet illusions succeeded each other like dreams, the one effaced the other, and, after they had delighted us for a moment, we finished by weeping over them, as children weep when a breath overturns the house of cards they have built.' Vol. I. p. 52, 53. 56—59.

Soon after this innocent engagement, the father of the young lover insisted upon his breaking off his unprofitable studies, and took him to Clermont, where he intended to establish him in the counting-house of a considerable merchant. The dealer, however, and the rhetorician disagreed in two days; and the disconsolate youth, going into a church to compose his thoughts in prayer, was suddenly seized with the idea of devoting himself to the clerical profession. After obtaining his father's consent, he accordingly applied to be received into the academy of the Jesuits at Clermont; and having passed his examinations with eclat, was allowed to occupy his leisure hours as a private tutor to some of the more opulent scholars. By this means he was enabled to subsist himself in comfort, and, what delighted him still more, to attire his youthful person in the reverend habit of an abbé. During his residence at Clermont, he saw the venerable Massillon, then on the verge of life, at his house at Beauregard, and has spoken with feeling of

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the impression made upon him by the sight of this illustrious orator, although he has preserved no distinct anecdotes of his conversation or behaviour. At the end of the year, he returned exulting to his paternal cottage, his hands filled with presents for his sisters, and glorying in that ecclesiastical habit which struck misery and despair into the heart of his young betrothed. In the end of his second year's study, he was summoned home by the sudden death of his father; and was so much affected by the shock, that he was forced to go and recruit his health and spirits in the country residence and spiritual conversation of the good priest who had superintended his earliest education.

From this retreat he was drawn, at the distance of a few months, to act as private tutor to the son of M. de Linars, and passed a short time in this family with equal satisfaction and improvement. He then received the *tonsure* from the hands of the Bishop of Limoges; and, during a short visit which he paid his mother, to undeceive her as to a ridiculous report she had heard of his inlisting in a regiment of cavalry, he was very strongly tempted, by an emissary of the Jesuits, to enter into their powerful society. He went to Thoulouse to deliberate upon this project; from which, however, he was fortunately dissuaded, by an eloquent and pathetic letter from his mother, enlarging upon all its dangers and disadvantages. At Thoulouse, when little more than eighteen, he acquired great reputation by supplying the place of the professor of philosophy during an occasional absence, and was again enabled to subsist himself in comfort by instructing a limited number of opulent pupils. He was then elected a member of the college of St Catharine in that city, and made his first *debut* in the literary world by sending a poem to the academy of the Floral games, which failed, however, to obtain the prize at which he had aspired. Enraged at this disappointment, the young author wrote to Voltaire, and sent him a copy of his poem; the philosopher not only returned him a flattering answer, but sent him a copy of his works corrected with his own hand. For three succeeding years he continued to write for the academy, and every year obtained prizes of considerable value;—the detailed account which he gives of the solemnity attending their distribution, and of his own emotion when his success was proclaimed three times in one day, is extremely lively and amusing, though too long for insertion.

His resistance to the intrigues of the bishop's proctor in the college of St Catharine, was the means of procuring him a very cold reception when he applied for ordination; and his correspondence with Voltaire, to whom he continued to transmit his prize poems, confirmed in him that growing disinclination to the clerical profession

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fession which had begun with his escape from the seduction of the Jesuits. He hesitated a good while upon the choice of life which he was now to make:—the career of a man of letters at Paris—the bar at Toulouse—or the vocation of a teacher at Limoges, all presented themselves to him successively, with different attractions of security and splendour, and, in the end, he found it necessary to consult his mother. In his last journey to the place of his nativity, he found this beloved parent in a state of visible decay, and, after receiving from her the most affectionate and tender advices, left her with the sad presentiment, that they were to meet no more upon earth. There is nothing more amiable or exemplary in the whole character of Marmontel, than the sincere and tender affection with which he seems always to have regarded his mother; and it is impossible to read, without respect and emotion, the melancholy reflections which preyed upon his heart, as he now took farewell of her.

"Yet a little while and she will be no longer mine, this mother who, from my birth, has breathed only for me, this adored mother, whose displeasure I feared as that of heaven, and, if I dare say it, yet more than heaven itself;" for I thought of her much oftener than of God; and when I had some temptation to subdue, or some passion to repress, it was always my mother that I fancied present. "What would she say, if she knew what passes in me! What would be her confusion, what would be her grief!" Such were the reflections that I opposed to myself; and my reason then resumed its empire, seconded by nature, who always did what she pleased with my heart. 'Those who, like me, have known this tender filial love, need not be told what was the sadness and despondency of my soul. Yet I still held by a frail hope; a hope too dear to be wholly relinquished until the last moment.' I. 180.

On his return to Thoulouse, he received a note from Voltaire, pressing him to come immediately to Paris, and adding, that M. Orri, the Comptroller-General of Finance, had undertaken to provide for him. This at once decided his choice; and, in the year 1745, with six guineas in his pocket, he set out for the metropolis.

Hitherto the life of Marmontel has been that of a simple and industrious scholar, aiming, by modest diligence, at an humble independence, and only ambitious of distinction for the sake of the gratification which his parents and benefactors would derive from his successes. From the moment of his arrival in Paris, it assumes a very different character—he was plunged, almost from the beginning, into all the bustle and intrigue of literary circles, and into all the glare and dissipation of fashionable society: instead of rural walks with the virgins of his native village, and consultations with his mother, and discussions with curates and schoolmasters, he has intrigues with actresses and cast-off mistresses,—dinners

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dinners of artists,—revels with the *intendans des menus plaisirs*,—rehearsals, coteries, jealousies, and perpetual anxieties. It is to the excitements of this turbulent scene, no doubt, that we are indebted for his most pleasing performances; but we cannot help fancying that he made a bad exchange for his own comfort and tranquillity, and think we see, in this history, a new instance of the wide difference there is between literary fame and individual happiness. From the tone of the first part of these memoirs, we think it easy to perceive that the author looked back with regret upon the simple and innocent pleasures of his youthful obscurity, and that he often repented of the ambition which had led him so far away from the scenes of his purest enjoyments. As he proceeds in his narrative, however, he kindles with the increasing animation of the subject, and we soon cease to hear of the regrets and recollections which attended the retrospect of his childhood. We do not consider the history of M. Marmontel's life at Paris, either as very edifying, or very interesting in any other point of view; but, as the events of it form a sort of index or introduction of some amusing anecdotes and characters, it is necessary to run them over at the outset.

Marmontel came to Paris because M. Orri had promised to provide for him; and the first thing he hears on his arrival is, that M. Orri is himself in disgrace, and can no longer provide for any body. By the advice of Voltaire he now sets about writing a tragedy, and is almost starved while it is preparing. During a part of this time he lives with a profligate *literateur* of the name of Beauvin and his mistress, and at the same time frequents the society of Voltaire and his pupils, and is introduced into the circle of Madame Harenc. After his piece is finished, he is exceedingly disturbed by a quarrel between the two female actresses for the chief character: at last it is assigned to the young Madlle. Clairon, and Dionysius the tyrant is represented with great applause in 1748. The author immediately comes to be in the greatest request in all the fashionable circles of Paris and Versailles; and, after enjoying the glare of his tumultuous popularity for a few months, he forms a connexion with a beautiful Madlle. Navarre, a cast-off mistress of Marshal Saxe, and goes to spend some idle and dissipated months with her at a chateau of the Marshal in Champagne. On his return, he soon learns that his mistress has given him a successor, and, by and by, she comes into his chamber with her new lover, a Chevalier de Mirabeau, who is foolish enough afterwards to marry her, and take her away with him to Italy. The virtuous Abbé, however, finds it impossible to live without a mistress, and, upon a statement of his case, the celebrated Madlle. Clairon consents to accommodate him;—they live together

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together for some time in great harmony;—but the heroine soon languishes for variety, and tells him coolly, one afternoon, that she is going to leave him a while for a new lover. When this fantasy is gratified, she is willing to come back; but the offended poet will have nothing more to say to her as a mistress; though she continued, he assures us, to be his most intimate and respected friend to the latest hour of her life.

In the midst of this heartless and debasing profligacy, an incident occurs which might have roused a more generous spirit from its dream of sensuality. Madlle. B. the innocent girl with whom he had exchanged his youthful vows, and who had seen with silent grief and astonishment, that clerical habit which pledged him to celibacy, finding that he had renounced all views of ecclesiastical preferment, and was living the life of a layman in Paris, sends him a message by one of his townsmen, reminding him of the promise he had exacted from her, not to marry without the consent of his mother, and informing him that a proposal having now been made to her, of which her parents approved, she had thought herself bound to consult him on the occasion. This communication, he confesses, gave him some emotion; but he applauds himself much for replying to it, that the lot he could propose to her with him is too full of hazard and uncertainty to be worthy of her acceptance, and that he can only envy the person who is enabled to offer her a more secure felicity. He then goes back to his rehearsals with great exultation and self-complacency.

After Dionysius, he produced Aristomenes, and with equal applause: and being again in want of a mistress, he is fortunate enough to supply himself a second time with an article of that sort from the seraglio of Marshal Saxe. This is a Madlle. Verriere, whom he began with teaching to recite, and afterwards seduced. The Marshal was offended, it seems, with this intrigue; and Marmontel, who seems to have been by no means so remarkable for courage as for gallantry, declares, that he never stole to her house without trembling. At last, the Prince de Turenne proposes to take her off his hands; and the poet, with some tragical grimace, assents, and never sees her again. After this, he goes to live with M. De Popliniere, a rich financier, who had been forced to marry his mistress in order to retain his place, and who kept open house at Passy for players, artists, ambassadors, and all sorts of idle people. His life here was not very regular; but he was introduced to a very brilliant society, and came to live a good deal with D'Alembert, Diderot, Grimm, Rousseau, &c. By flattering the king in occasional verses, he gained the favour of Madame de Pompadour; and when another of his forgotten tragedies was represented without success, (owing, as he alleges, to the chief actres

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actress having got tipsy during the representation), the favourite procures for him an appointment of *Secretaire des Batimens*, under her brother M. De Marigny.

This was about 1750; and, for eight years after, he continued in this office, and seems to have lived a gay, idle life about court. In this interval, however, he provided for the husband of his sister, and seems to have had influence enough to procure the patent of the *Mercure de France* for M. Boissy. Upon the application of this person for some contributions to this journal, it first occurred to him to try his hand at a moral tale; and he produced Alcibiades, and afterwards Solyman II., the Scruple, and several others. Those pieces were much and deservedly admired; and, upon the death of Boissy in 1758, the interest of Madame de Pompadour obtained the *Mercure* for the author who had contributed so essentially to support it.

This journal he seems to have conducted with great judgment and ability. The remainder of his tales were written for it; and he appears to have shewn considerable powers of discrimination in pointing out, through that medium, the merit of rising talents. It was here that De Lille and Thomas were first introduced to the favour of the public. A little incident soon occurred, however, which figures in his luxurious and easy life as a terrible and tragical adventure. A brother poet of the name of Cury had written some satirical verses on the Duc D'Aumont, and had read them twice over to Marmontel. He was indiscreet enough to repeat them afterwards in society, and was denounced by the Duke as their author. As he refused to betray his friend, he was sent to the Bastile, where he was treated with every sort of attention, and dismissed after a confinement of eleven days, during which he was sumptuously entertained, and indulged with books and all the implements of study. The Mercure, however, was not restored to him; but he was indemnified by a pension of 125l. After this, he takes a journey over a considerable part of France, and pays a visit to Voltaire at Ferney; and soon after is received a member of the French Academy in 1763.

In a little while after this he published his Belisarius, which was censured by the Sorbonne, but applauded by all the literary circles of Paris. He then makes a journey to Aix la Chapelle and Spa with Madame de Seran, the Platonic favourite of the King, and there composes his *Incas*. He afterwards wrote several operas; and at last, at the age of fifty-four, marries Madlle. de Montigny, a young girl of eighteen, the niece of the Abbé Morellet, with whom he lives in great happiness and tranquillity till the æra of the Revolution. In 1793, he retires for safety to Abloville, where he employs himself in the education of his children, and in composing

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posing these Memoirs for their instruction. In 1797, he was elected a deputy to the National Assembly, and specially instructed to defend the Catholic religion; but, before the end of the same year, the party to which he had attached himself was violently expelled; and, narrowly escaping the *deportation* that fell to the lot of most of his coadjutors, he regained his retreat, where he remained, occasionally occupied with literary projects, till his life was terminated by apoplexy in December 1799.

There is nothing in this life, we think, that will appear very amiable to an English reader. The author's lightness of heart, his playful imagination, and splendid reputation, are no doubt extremely desirable; but there is too much profligacy and too much dependence for our insular taste; and a man of letters in this country, we think, would scarcely condescend to owe his advancement to the favour of an actress, or the mistress of a minister. The charm of the book, indeed, does not consist at all in the interest excited by the personal adventures or personal character of the author, but in the picture it presents of Parisian society, and the portraits with which it is enriched of the individuals who then adorned it.

This society was, we are willing to believe, the most refined and accomplished that probably was ever assembled upon earth; and was rendered engaging by an intimate and cordial union of literary talents with all the graces of female elegance, and all the polish of exalted rank. The men of letters learned facility from their fair auditors, who gained taste and intelligence from them in return; and persons of the highest consideration in the country, by placing a part of their glory in the rank they held in such a combination, communicated to the whole a degree of dignity and personal consideration, that has seldom fallen to the lot of talents elsewhere. Notwithstanding all this fascination, however, and in spite of the brilliant spectacle that such a society must have afforded to a spectator, we cannot help thinking that there was too much art and too much ambition in the system, to let it be always very delightful to those who composed it. It is with conversation, we believe, nearly as it is with life; those enjoy it the most who give themselves the least trouble about it; and an excessive anxiety to secure and to improve all its advantages, takes away more pleasure than can be bestowed even by its greatest success. Wherever great pains are bestowed to render society select, a certain fastidious, jealous, and exclusive tone is generated, by which the temper and the feelings which give us the greatest relish for society are gradually perverted; and wherever the art of talking is studied as a passport to distinction, the quiet and intimate enjoyment of conversation is almost infallibly lost; and

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and the delightful, but unequal flow of spontaneous animation, is exchanged for feats of practised vivacity. Society of this description is a scene of perpetual contention, rather than of amusement and relaxation. We enter it with some degree of anxiety, and leave it either filled with the vanity of successful exertion, or mortified with the impression of failure and defeat. In all great and polished capitals, there is a tendency, we think, to such a consummation. The multitude renders selection necessary, and the abundance of materials serves to make it easy; but selection necessarily leads to exclusion, and that, again, to exertion and constraint. It is known that, to gain admission into such a circle, a certain ordeal must be passed, and certain qualifications exhibited. It would be a sort of fraud merely to shew these like a ticket at the door, and to put them in our pocket as soon as our admission is secured. They must be exhibited daily; they must be compared and brought to the test. Exertion then necessarily takes the place of ease and enjoyment; the tone of a *coterie* gradually usurps the place of free and characteristic conversation; and, except where it is prevented by the exuberant spirits of youth, or the overflowing of constitutional gaiety, the intercourse of a very select society loses much of those simple graces and natural enjoyments that belong to accidental assemblies.

In the beginning of his career, this seems to have been felt very forcibly by Marmontel himself, though his temperament appears to have been unusually joyous, and his manners extremely easy and prepossessing. Talking of the society at Mad. de Tencin's, which, at his introduction, was by far the most distinguished in Paris, he says—

'I soon perceived that each guest arrived ready to play his part, and that the desire of exhibiting did not always leave conversation the liberty of following its facile and natural course. It was who should seize quickest the moment as it flew, to place his epigram, his story, his anecdote, his maxim, or his light and pointed satire; and to make the moment opportune, the circuit they took was often unnatural.

'In Marivaux, impatience to give proof of acuteness and sagacity was visibly betrayed. Montesquieu, with more calm, waited till the ball came to him; but he expected it. Mairan watched opportunity. Astruc did not deign to wait for it. Fontenelle alone let it come without seeking it; and he used so soberly the attention with which he was listened to, that his acute remarks and charming stories never occupied but a moment. Helvetius, attentive and discreet, sat collecting for a future day.' I. p. 317, 318.

We add the following paragraph, both on account of its connexion, and as it contains a character very delicately drawn and exemplified.

'Madame de Tencin, who, to obtain favour from the state, could put

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put more springs in action both in town and at court than any other person in the kingdom, was to me only a lazy old woman. "You are not fond of these parties of men of wit," said she. "Their presence intimidates you; well! come and talk with me in my solitude, you will there be more at your ease; and the simplicity of your disposition will accommodate itself better to my dull good sense." She made me tell her the history of my life, from my infancy, entered into all my interests, was touched at all my sorrows, reasoned with me on my views and my hopes, and appeared to have nothing else in her head than my cares. Ah! how much acuteness of intellect, what suppleness and activity, did this careless air, this appearance of calm and leisure conceal from me! I still smile at the simplicity with which I used to exclaim on quitting her; *What a good simple creature!* The fruit I gathered from her conversations, without perceiving it, was a more sound and deeper knowledge of the world. For instance, I remember two pieces of advice she gave me; one was to secure to myself a livelihood independent of literary successes, and to put into this lottery only the overplus of my time. "Woe to him," said she, "who depends wholly on his pen; nothing is more casual. The man who makes shoes is sure of his wages; the man who writes a book or a tragedy is never sure of any thing." Her other counsel was to seek friends among women rather than among men. "For by means of women," said she, "you may do what you please with men; and then these are either too dissipated, or too much occupied with their own personal interests, to attend to yours: whereas, women think of your interest, be it only out of indolence. Mention this evening to a woman, who is your friend, an affair that intimately concerns you; to-morrow, at her spinning-wheel, at her embroidery, you will find her occupied with you, torturing her fancy to invent some means of serving you. But be careful to be nothing more than the friend of her whom you think may be useful to you; for, between lovers, where once there happens any cloud, dispute, or rupture, all is lost. Be then assiduous to her, complaisant, gallant even if you will, but nothing more; you understand me." Thus in all our conversations, the plainness of her language imposed on me so well, that I never took her subtle intellect for any thing more than ordinary good sense.' Vol. I. p. 369—71.

After the death of this extraordinary woman, Madame Geoffrin collected the greater part of her society, and reunited it with several additions under her own auspices. The character of this lady is admirably drawn also; but it is too long for insertion. We gratify our readers with the following portraits; more briefly sketched indeed, but touched with the hand of a master.

'Of this society, the gayest man, the most animated, the most amusing in his gaiety, was d'Alembert. After having passed his morning in algebraic calculations, and in solving the problems of mechanics or astronomy, he came from his study like a boy just let loose from school, seeking only to enjoy himself; and by the lively and pleasant turn that his

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his mind so luminous, so solid, so profound, then assumed, he soon made us forget the philosopher and the man of science, to admire in him all the qualities that can delight and engage. The source of this natural gaiety was a pure mind, free from passion, contented with itself, and in the daily enjoyment of some new truth that recompensed and crowned his labours; a privilege which the mathematics exclusively possess, and which no other kind of study can completely obtain.

'Marivaux would have been very glad to have had this jovial humour too; but he had a business in his head that incessantly pre-occupied him, and gave him a sullen air. As he had acquired by his works the reputation of a subtile and refined wit, he thought himself obliged to give perpetual proofs of this wit, and he was continually on the watch for ideas susceptible of opposition or analysis, in order to turn or wind them as his fancy dictated. He would agree that such a thing was true *as far as a certain point, or in a certain view*: but there was always some restriction, some distinction to make, which no one perceived but himself. This exertion of the attention was laborious to him, and often painful to others; but it sometimes gave birth to happy perceptions and brilliant flashes of genius. Yet it was easy to discover, by the inquietude of his looks, that he was in pain about the success he already had, or about that he was about to obtain. There never was, I believe, self-love more delicate, more wayward, or more fearful; but as he carefully humoured that of others, we respected his; and we only regretted that he could not resolve to be simple and natural.

'The Abbé Morellet, with more order and clearness in a very rich magazine of every kind of knowledge, possessed in conversation a source of sound, pure, profound ideas, that, without ever being exhausted, never overflowed. He shewed himself at our dinners with an open soul, a just and firm mind, and with as much rectitude in his heart as in his understanding. One of his talents, and the most distinguishing, was a turn of pleasantry delicately ironical, of which Swift alone had known the secret before him. With this facility of being severe, if he had been inclined, no man was ever less so; and if he ever permitted himself to indulge in personal raillery, it was but a rod in his hand to chastise insolence, or punish malignity.

'Saint Lambert, with a delicate politeness, though a little cold, had, in conversation, the same elegant turn, the same acuteness of mind that you remark in his writings. Without being naturally gay, he became animated by the gaiety of others; and on philosophical or literary subjects, no one conversed with sounder reason nor more exquisite taste. This taste was that of the little court of Luneville, where he had lived, and whose tone he preserved.

'Helvetius, pre-occupied with his ambition of literary celebrity, came to us, his head heated with his morning's work. To write a book that should be distinguished in his age, his first care had been to seek for some new truth to publish, or some bold and new idea to produce and support. But as new and fruitful truths have been infinitely rare for the last two thousand years, he had taken for his thesis the paradox

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paradox which he has developed in his work *De l'Esprit.* Whether it were that by force of contention he had persuaded himself of what he wished to persuade others, or whether he were still struggling against his own doubts, and sought to conquer them, we were amused at seeing him bring successively on the carpet the questions that occupied, or the difficulties that embarrassed him; and after having afforded him for some time the pleasure of hearing them discussed, we engaged him to suffer himself to be carried along with the current of our conversation. He then gave himself wholly to it, with infinite warmth, as simple, as natural, as ingenuously sincere in his familiar converse, as you see him systematic and sophistical in his writings. Nothing less resembles the simplicity of his character and of his habitual life, than the premeditated and factitious singularity of his works; and this want of harmony will always be found between the manners and opinions of those who fatigue themselves with imagining strange things. Helvetius had in his soul the complete contrary of what he has said. There never was a better man: liberal, generous without ostentation, and beneficent because he was good, he conceived the idea of calumniating all honest men and himself, by giving to all moral actions no motive but self-love. Abstracted from his writings, we loved him such as he really was, and you will soon see what a resource his house was for men of letters.

'A man still more ambitious of glory than he, was Thomas; but, more in tune with himself, he only expected success from the rare talent he possessed of expressing his sentiments and his thoughts; sure of giving to common subjects the originality of a lofty eloquence, and to known truths new developement, new extension, and new lustre. It is true that, absorbed in his meditations, and incessantly pre-occupied with what might acquire him an ample fame, he neglected the little cares and the light merit of being engaging in society. The gravity of his character was gentle, but reserved; silent, smiling with difficulty at the gaiety of conversation, without ever contributing to it. He even scarcely ever spoke freely on subjects that were familiar to him, unless it were in an intimate and confined circle: it was there only that he was brilliant with the light of intellect, and astonishing in copiousness. At our dinners, he added to our number, and it was only by reflection on his literary merit, and on his moral qualities, that he enjoyed there any consideration. Thomas always sacrificed to virtue, to truth, to glory, never to the graces; and he has lived in an age when, without the influence and favour of the graces, there was no brilliant reputation in literature.' II. p. 120—8.

These are French portraits; but that our readers may not suppose that they have been flattered by the hand of their countryman, we add his delineation of three foreign members of the same society.

'The Abbé Galiani was, in his person, the prettiest little harlequin that Italy ever produced; but on the shoulders of this harlequin was the head of Machiavel. An Epicurean in his philosophy, and with a melancholy soul, having looked at every thing on the side of ridicule, there was

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was nothing, either in politics or in morality, on which he had not some good story to tell; and these stories had always the merit of pertinence, and the wit of an unforeseen and ingenious allusion. Figure to yourself too the prettiest little natural graces, in his manner of relating, and in his gesticulation, and you may conceive what pleasure we derived from the contrast between the profound sense of the story, and the bantering air of him who told it. I do not at all exaggerate when I say, that we forgot every thing in order to hear him, even for whole hours. But when his part was played, he was like a cypher in the company; and, sad and mute in a corner, he had the air of impatiently waiting the catchword to re-enter on the stage. It was with his arguments as with his stories; he would be listened to. If he were sometimes interrupted, he would say, "But let me finish, you shall soon have full leisure to answer me." And when, after having described a long circle of inductions, (for that was his way) he at last concluded; if any one shewed an inclination to reply to him, you might see him slide in among the crowd, and quietly escape.

'Caraccioli, at first sight, had in his physiognomy the heavy and massive air with which you would paint stupidity. To animate his eyes, and bring out his features, it was necessary that he should speak. But then, and in proportion as that lively, piercing, and luminous intelligence with which he was gifted awoke, it sent forth beams of light; and acuteness, gaiety, originality of thought, simplicity of expression, the grace of an animated smile, and a look of sensibility, all united to give an engaging, intelligent, and interesting character to ugliness. He spoke our language ill, and painfully; but he was eloquent in his own; and when the French term did not occur to him, he used to borrow the word, the turn, the image he wanted, from the Italian. Thus, he every moment enriched his language with a thousand bold and picturesque expressions that excited our envy. He accompanied them too with those Neapolitan gestures that, in the Abbé Galiani, so well animated expression; and it was said of both of them, that they had wit even to their fingers' ends. Both too had excellent stories, and they had almost all a delicate, moral, and profound meaning. Caraccioli had studied men as a philosopher; but he had observed them more as a politician and a statesman, than as a satirical moralist. He had contemplated the manners, the customs, and the policy of nations on a large scale; and if he cited some particular features of them, it was only as examples, and in support of the inferences he drew. In knowledge, his riches were inexhaustible, and he distributed them with the most engaging simplicity; beside, he had in our eyes the merit of being an excellent man. Not one of us would have thought of making a friend of the Abbé Galiani; each of us was ambitious of the friendship of Caraccioli; and I, who have long enjoyed it, cannot express how desirable it was.

'But one of the men to whom I have been most dear, and whom I have most tenderly loved, has been the Count de Creutz. He too was of the literary society and dinners of Madame Geoffrin; less eager to please

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please, less occupied with the care of attracting attention, often pensive, still oftener absent, but the most charming of the convivial circle, when, without distraction, he gave himself freely to us. It was to him that nature had really given sensibility, warmth, the delicacy of moral sentiment, and of that of taste; the love of all that is beautiful, and the passion of genius as well as that of virtue: it was to him that she had granted the gift of expressing and painting in touches of fire, all that had struck his imagination, or vividly seized on his soul: never was a man born a poet, if this man were not so. Still young, his mind ornamented with a prodigious variety of information; speaking French like ourselves; and almost all the languages of Europe like his own, without reckoning the learned languages; versed in all kinds of ancient and modern literature; talking of chemistry as a chemist; of natural history as a pupil of Linnæus; and singularly of Sweden and of Spain, as a curious observer of the properties of climates and of their divers productions; he was for us a source of knowledge, embellished by the most brilliant elocution.' II. p. 132—7.

Brilliant as this society must be allowed to be, we should give but an imperfect view of its attractions, if we omitted to represent it in its more limited and confidential compartments. Marmontel has been fortunate enough to draw the cabinet picture from life also.

'After having dined at Madame Geoffrin's with men of letters or with the artists, I was again with her in the evening in a more intimate society; for she had also granted me the favour of admitting me to her little suppers. The feast was very moderate; it was commonly a chicken, some spinage, an omelet. The company were not numerous; they consisted at most of five or six of her particular friends, or of three or four men and women of the first fashion selected to their taste, and reciprocally happy to be together. But whatever these convivial circles might be, Bernard and I were admitted to them. One of them only had excluded Bernard, but had approved of me. The group that composed it, consisted of three ladies and but one gentleman. The three ladies, who might well be likened to the three goddesses of Mount Ida, were the beautiful Countess de Brionne, the beautiful Marchioness de Duras, and the charming Countess d'Egmont. Their Paris was the Prince Louis de Rohan. But I suspect that at that time he gave the apple to Minerva; for to my mind the Venus of the supper was the seducing and engaging d'Egmont. She was the daughter of Marshal Richelieu, and she had the vivacity, the wit, the graces of her father: she had too, as was said, his volatile and voluptuous disposition; but this was what neither Madame Geoffrin nor myself had any appearance of knowing. The young Marchioness de Duras, with as much of modesty as Madame d'Egmont had of charming grace, gave us the idea of Juno, by her noble severity, and by a character of beauty that had neither elegance nor delicacy. As for the Countess de Brionne, if she were not Venus herself, it was not that in the perfect regularity of her

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her form, and of all her features, she did not unite all that can be imagined to paint ideal beauty. Of all charms, she wanted but one, without which there is no Venus on earth, and which made the witchery of Madame d'Egmont; it was the air of voluptuousness. As to the Prince de Rohan, he was young, active, wild, with a good heart; lofty by starts when in concurrence with dignities that rivalled his own, but gayly familiar with men of letters who were free and simple like me.

'You may readily conceive, that at these little suppers my self-love was in league with all the means I might have of being amusing and agreeable. The new tales that I was then writing, and of which these ladies had the first offerings, were, before or after supper, an entertaining reading for them. They made regular appointments to hear them, and when the little supper was prevented by any accident, they assembled at dinner at Madame de Brionne's. I confess that no success ever flattered me so sensibly as that which these readings obtained in this little circle, where wit, taste, beauty, all the graces were my judges, or rather my applauders. There was not a single trait, either in my colouring or my dialogue, however minutely delicate and subtle, that was not forcibly felt; and the pleasure I gave had the air of enchantment. What enraptured me, was to see so perfectly the most beautiful eyes in the world swimming in tears at the little touching scenes where I made love or nature weep. But in spite of the indulgence of an excessive politeness, I well perceived too the cold and feeble passages which they passed over in silence, as well as those where I had mistaken the word, the tone of nature, or the just shade of truth; and these passages I noted, to correct them at my leisure.' II. p. 144—48.

This, we suppose, is the *ultimatum;* and we have no doubt it was very charming; yet a great part of its charm was probably derived from the proud and unsocial idea of exclusion, against which we have already protested:—the fashionable mob was shut out from these little suppers—that mob which would have thought it an honour to be admitted to them: and this was the great consolation of those who were retained. Take away this trait of distinction, and it will not be difficult to conceive an assemblage more calculated for social enjoyment, than four ladies supping quietly with one prince and an humble man of letters, who amused them with reading his works to them. The works could not be much better before they were printed than afterwards; and we should really think it rather a bad symptom of a gay, gallant, and intimate party, that they could not amuse themselves better in an evening, than by reading each other asleep over fairy tales.

We are tempted to add one picture more to the splendid gallery we have already run over so rapidly. It is that of Madlle. l'Espinasse, the friend of d'Alembert, and the idol, it appears, of the whole of Madame Geoffrin's assembly. Of her, Marmontel speaks in the following terms of hyperbolical approbation.

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'I cannot mention the Graces, without speaking of one who had all this gift both in mind and in language,—it was the friend of d'Alembert, M. l'Espinasse, a wonderful composition of correctness, talent, and prudence, with the liveliest fancy, the most ardent soul, and the most inflammable imagination that has existed since the days of Sappho. The continued object of attention, whether she spoke (and no one spoke better) or whether she listened; without coquetry, she inspired us with the innocent desire of pleasing her; without prudery, she made freedom feel how far it might venture, without disturbing modesty or wounding decorum. No where was conversation more lively, more brilliant, nor better regulated than in her society. That degree of temperate and ever equal warmth, in which she knew how to support it, now by gently inclining it to moderation, and now by animating it, was a rare phenomenon. The continual activity of her soul communicated itself to our minds, but without excess: her imagination was its spring, her reason its regulator. And take notice that the heads she thus moved at her will were neither weak nor light: the Condillacs and the Turgots were of the number; d'Alembert by her side was like a simple and a docile child. Her talent for throwing out an idea, and giving it for debate to men of this class; her talent for discussing it herself, and, like them, with precision, sometimes with eloquence; her talent for introducing new ideas and varying conversation, always with the ease and the facility of a fairy, who, with a stroke of her wand, changes at her will the scene of her enchantments; this talent, I say, was not that of an ordinary woman. It was not with the follies of fashion and vanity that she every day, during four hours of conversation, without langour, and without interval, knew how to render herself interesting to a circle of enlightened men.' II. p. 321—2.

This character, it will easily be believed, gave us an extreme curiosity to learn something more of the extraordinary creature who inspired it, and we entered with no common interest upon M. Marmontel's account of her history. We are concerned to say, however, that the detail of it seemed to correspond very ill with this magnificent eulogy, and that Madlle. l'Espinasse has suffered dreadfully in our estimation since we perused it. She was a girl of no family, employed by an old Marchioness to read to her, and dismissed by her for engrossing the attention of the literary men who resorted to her. Captivated with d'Alembert, and fond of his society, but too proud and too ambitious to marry a man of no fortune, she seems to have laid herself out, like other adventurers of the same class, to captivate some man of family or fashion, whom her conversation might have been able to seduce into a connexion that she must have known would ruin him. After having spread her snares unsuccessfully for two or three of her countrymen, she contrived, at last, to entangle a noble Spaniard to such a degree, that he was recalled by his family; and then, as his

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health was impaired, she assisted in forging a certificate from a physician to get him back into her power; and died of vexation and disappointment when his premature death frustrated her unjustifiable projects. Let the reader try if he can make any thing more than this of Marmontel's more animated narrative.

'The ardent soul and romantic imagination of Madlle. l'Espinasse made her conceive the project of rising from the narrow mediocrity in which she was fearful of finishing her days. With all the means she possessed of seducing and of pleasing, even without being beautiful, it appeared to her very possible, that, in the number of her friends, and even among the most distinguished, some one might be so in love with her, as to offer her his hand. This ambitious hope, more than once deceived, did not despond; it changed its object, always more exalted, and so lively, that it might have been taken for the intoxication of love. For instance, she was at one time so passionately struck with what she called the heroism and the genius of Guibert, that, in the art of war and for the talent of writing, she saw nothing comparable to him. Yet he escaped her like the rest. Then it was the conquest of the Marquis de Mora, a young Spaniard of high birth, to whom she thought she might aspire; and indeed, whether it were love or enthusiasm, this young man had conceived a passionate sentiment for her. We saw him more than once in adoration before her, and the impression she had made on his soul assumed so serious a character, that the family of the Marquis hastened to recall him. Madlle. l'Espinasse, crossed in her desires, was no longer the same with d'Alembert; and he not only endured her coldness and caprice, but often the bitterness of her wounded temper. He brooked his sorrows, and complained only to me. Unhappy man! such were his devotion and his obedience to her, that in the absence of M. de Mora, it was he who used to go early in a morning to ask for his letters at the post-office, and bring them to her when she woke. At last, the young Spaniard falling sick in his own country, and his family waiting only his recovery to marry him suitably, Madlle. l'Espinasse contrived to have it pronounced, by a physician at Paris, that the climate of Spain would be mortal to him; that, if his friends wished to save his life, they should send him to breathe the air of France; and this consultation, dictated by Madlle. l'Espinasse, was obtained by d'Alembert from his intimate friend Lorry, one of the most celebrated physicians in Paris. The authority of Lorry, supported by the patient, had in Spain all its effect. The young man was suffered to set off on his return; but he died on the road; and the deep sorrow that Madlle. l'Espinasse felt at it, completed the destruction of that frail machine that her soul had ruined, and brought her to the grave.' Vol. II. p. 329—31.

This book certainly is not calculated to give us a very exalted idea of the morality of Parisian society in general; but the unmeasured praise which is bestowed on this presumptuous and unprincipled woman surprises us more than any thing else we have met with.

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The characters we have quoted from these Memoirs, our readers will have observed, are all very flattering; and this undoubtedly is the turn of the author's disposition; but he has enlivened his exhibition with a few severities also; and the portraits of Raynal, of Caylus, Buffon, Rousseau, &c. indicate the same discriminating talent that was more amiably employed in characterizing the excellences of his favourites. Of the real character of Rousseau, we believe the world is now fully informed. M. Marmontel represents it, we think, with the utmost candour, and certainly in a light the most unfavourable.

'No one,' he remarks, 'ever observed more strictly than he the melancholy maxim of *living with his friends, as if they were one day to be his enemies.* When I first knew him, he had just gained the prize of eloquence at the academy of Dijon, with that fine sophism in which he has imputed to the sciences and the arts the natural effects of the prosperity and wealth of nations. Yet he had not then declared himself as he has since done, nor did he announce any ambition to form a sect. Either his pride was unborn, or he concealed it under the shew of a timid politeness, that was sometimes even obsequious, and bordered on humility. But in his fearful reserve, distrust was evidently visible; his eye secretly observed every thing with a suspicious attention. He was very rarely affable, and never opened his heart; he was not the less amicably received. As we knew he indulged a restless self-love; wayward, easily hurt; he was humoured, treated with the same attention and the same delicacy that we should use toward a beautiful woman, very vain and very capricious, whose favours we wished to obtain. He was then composing the music for the *Devin de Village*, and he sung to us at the harpsichord the airs he had written. We were charmed with them; we were not less so with the firm, animated, and profound manner in which his first essay on eloquence was written. Nothing could be more sincere, I ought to say it, than our benevolence for his person, nor than our esteem for his talents. It is the recollection of these days that made me indignant against him, when I saw him, for foolish trifles, or wrongs of his own creating, calumniate men who treated him so kindly, and would have been so happy to love him. I have lived with them all their lives; I shall have occasion to speak of their minds and their hearts. I never perceived in them any thing like the character that his evil genius attributed to them.

'As for me, the little time that we were together in their society, passed between him and me coldly, without affection, and without aversion for each other: the way in which we treated each other admitted neither of complaint nor of praise: and in what I have said, and in what I may still say of him, I feel myself perfectly free from all personality.' I. p. 346—8.

In another passage he speaks of him still more freely.

'After the success which his two works, crowned at Dijon, had produced among the superficial, Rousseau, foreseeing that by colouring para-

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doxes with his style, and by animating them with his eloquence, it would be easy for him to draw after him a crowd of enthusiasts, conceived the ambition of forming a sect; and, instead of being a simple associate in the philosophic school, he wanted to be the chief and sole professor in a school of his own; but in withdrawing from our society, like Buffon, without dispute and without noise, he would not have completed his object. To attract the crowd, he had attempted to give himself the air of an old philosopher; he shewed himself at the opera, in the coffee-houses, in the walks, first in an old great coat, and then in the habit of an Armenian; but neither his little dirty wig, and the stick of Diogenes, nor his fur cap, arrested the passengers. He wanted some grand disturbance to advertise the enemies of men of letters, and particularly of those who were marked with the name of philosophers, that J. J. Rousseau was divorced from them. This rupture would draw to him a crowd of partizans; and he had safely calculated that the priests would be of the number. It was therefore not enough for him to separate from Diderot and from his friends; he abused them; and, by a dart of calumny directed against Diderot, he gave the signal of the war he had declared against them on parting.' II. p. 338—340.

A great variety of anecdotes, equally discreditable to his affections and his veracity, are scattered through these volumes; and his character is summed up in the following sentence.

'He was never spoken of in society but with tender interest. Even criticism itself was for him full of respect, and tempered with eulogies. He would say, it was but the more adroit and perfidious. In the most tranquil repose, he always chose to fancy or to say that he was persecuted. His disease was to imagine in the most fortuitous events, in the most common occurrences, some intention of injuring him, as if in the world all the eyes of envy had been fixed on him. If the Duke of Choiseul had conceived the conquest of Corsica, it was in order to take from him the glory of being its legislator. If the same Duke went to sup, at Montmorency, with the Duchess of Luxembourg, it was to usurp the place that he was wont to occupy near her at table. Hume, he would say, had been envious of the reception which the Prince de Condy had given him. He never pardoned Grimm for having had some preference over him at Madame d'Epinay's; and you may see in his memoirs how his cruel vanity revenged this offence.' III. p. 220. 221.

The first name in French literature, during the period to which these Memoirs extend, was unquestionably that of Voltaire; and they contain a considerable number of anecdotes relating to him. The impression, upon the whole, is favourable; and it may be relied on the more safely, as it is given without enthusiasm or apparent partiality. He is represented as more friendly and indulgent than we had been led to imagine; full of vivacity and impatience, to a degree of childishness and folly; extremely changeable in his humour; vain, satirical, and ambitious of glory without modesty and without measure.

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The observation he makes upon the encouragement he gave to all young men, who shewed any talent for poetry, is very just and acute: 'The French Parnassus was an empire, the sceptre of which he would have yielded to no one on earth; but for this very reason, he delighted to see its subjects multiply.' He behaved to Marmontel with uniform kindness; offered him money in his distresses; went with him to the first representation of his tragedies; and sympathized in all the anxiety and all the triumph of the author. From his earliest outset in life, he was ambitious of distinction and advancement at court; and bought the place of a gentleman of the bed-chamber, to put himself in the way of promotion. But the King was prejudiced against him; and the courtiers, who were jealous of his talents, easily found means to foster his dislike. Voltaire's own impatient vanity, indeed, very effectually seconded their efforts, by leading him to do a number of rude and imprudent things, which royalty can never pardon in a person of inferior condition. We shall mention but one from the collection before us.

'He had written an opera for the court, called *Le Temple de la Gloire*. The third act, of which Trajan was the hero, presented a flattering allusion for the king; it was a hero, just, humane, generous, pacific, and worthy the love of the world, to whom the temple of glory was open. Voltaire doubted not but that the king would recognize himself in this eulogy. After the play he met him in his way out, and seeing that the king passed without saying any thing to him, he took the liberty of asking him, *Is Trajan satisfied?* Trajan, surprised and displeased, that he should have dared to interrogate him, passed on in cold silence; and the whole court thought Voltaire very wrong for having dared to question the king.' I. p. 388. 389.

We suppose there can be but one opinion upon that subject; but this and other mortifications, which plainly shewed him that he was not destined to make his way at Versailles, determined him to accept the King of Prussia's invitation to Berlin. The obstacles which were thrown in the way of this journey, and the circumstances by which it was at last decided, are both equally characteristic.

'Voltaire wanted a thousand pounds to defray his expences: and Frederic, after some hesitation, agreed to let him have that sum. But Madame Denis wanted to accompany her uncle, and for this additional expence Voltaire asked for another thousand pounds. This was what the King of Prussia would not listen to. "I shall be very happy," said he in his answer, "that Madame Denis accompanies you; but I do not ask it."—"Look," said Voltaire to me, "at this meanness in a king. He has barrels of gold, and he won't give a thousand poor pounds for the pleasure of seeing Madame Denis at Berlin! He shall give them, or I myself will not go." A comical incident came and finished

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finished this dispute. One morning, as I was going to see him, I found his friend Thiriot in the garden of the Palais-Royal, and as I was always on the watch for literary news, I asked him if he had heard any. "Yes," said he, "there is most curious news: you are going to M. de Voltaire's, and there you shall hear it; for I am going there as soon as I shall have taken my coffee."

'Voltaire was writing in his bed when I went in: in his turn he asked me, "What's the news?"—"I know none," said I, "but Thiriot, whom I have met in the Palais-Royal, says he has something very interesting to tell you. He is coming."

"Well, Thiriot," said he, "you have some curious news to tell us?"—"Oh! very curious, and that will please you particularly," answered Thiriot, with his sardonic laugh, and the nasal twang of a capuchin.—"Let's hear what you have to tell?"—"I have to tell you that Arnaud-Baculard is arrived at Potsdam, and that the King of Prussia has received him with open arms."—"With open arms!"—"That Arnaud has presented him an epistle."—"Very bombastical and very insipid!"—"Not at all, very fine, so fine that the King has answered it by another epistle."—"The King of Prussia, an epistle to Arnaud! No, no, Thiriot; they have been making a joke of you."—"I don't know what you call a joke, but I have the two epistles in my pocket."—"Let's see,—quick, let me read these masterpieces of poetry. What insipidity! what meanness! how egregiously stupid!" said he, in reading the epistle of Arnaud: then, passing to that of the King, he read a moment in silence, and with an air of pity. But when he came to these verses—

"Voltaire's a setting sun;
But you are in your dawn;"

'He started up, and jumped from his bed, bounding with rage: "Voltaire a setting sun, and Baculard in his dawn! and it is a King who writes this enormous folly! let him think only of reigning!"

'It was with difficulty that Thiriot and I could prevent ourselves from bursting into laughter to see Voltaire in his shirt, dancing with passion, and addressing himself to the King of Prussia. "I'll go," said he, "yes, I'll go to teach him to know men;" and from that moment his journey was decided. I have suspected that the King of Prussia intentionally gave him this spur; and without that, I doubt whether he would have gone, so angry was he at the refusal of the thousand pounds, not at all out of avarice, but out of indignation at not having obtained what he asked.' I. p. 397—401.

The strange levity of his character, and the rapid transition of his emotions, is well illustrated by the following anecdote.

'When I went to condole with him on the death of Madame Duchâtelet, his most beloved mistress, "Come," said he on seeing me, "come and share my sorrow. I have lost my illustrious friend; I am in despair, I am inconsolable." I, to whom he had often said that she was like a fury that haunted his steps, and who knew that in their disputes

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putes they had more than once been at daggers drawn, I let him weep, and seemed to sympathize with him.—And there he was exhausting language in the praises of that incomparable woman, and redoubling his tears and his sobs. At this moment arrives the intendant Chauvelin, who tells him some ridiculous story, and with him Voltaire is bursting with laughter. I laughed, too, as I went away, to see in this great man the facility of a child, in passing from one extreme to another in the passions that agitated him. One only was fixed in him, and, as it were, inherent in his soul; it was ambition and love of glory.' I. p. 382. 383.

The same traits appear still more conspicuously in our author's account of the visit which he paid to him at Ferney.

'Nothing can be more singular, nor more original, than the reception Voltaire gave us. He was in bed when we arrived. He extended to us his arms; he wept for joy as he embraced me; he embraced the son of his old friend, M. Gaulard, with the same emotion. "You find me dying," said he, "do you come to restore me to life, or to receive my last sighs?" My companion was alarmed at this preface; but I, who had a hundred times heard Voltaire say he was dying, gave Gaulard a gentle sign of encouragement. And indeed, a moment afterward, the dying man making us sit down by his bed-side, "My dear friend," said he, "how happy I am to see you! particularly at the moment when I have a man with me whom you will be charmed to hear. It is M. de l'Ecluse, the surgeon-dentist of the late King of Poland, now the lord of an estate near Montargis, and who has been pleased to come to repair the irreparable teeth of Madame Denis. He is a charming man: but don't you know him?"—"The only l'Ecluse that I know," answered I, "is an actor of the old comic-opera-house."—"'Tis he, my friend, 'tis he himself. If you know him, you have heard the song of the *Grinder*, that he plays and sings so well." And there was Voltaire instantly imitating l'Ecluse, and with his bare arms and sepulchral voice, playing the *Grinder*, and singing the song:

'Oh! where can I put her?
My sweet little girl!
Oh! where can I put her?
They'll steal her and . . . .

'We were bursting with laughter; and he quite serious: "I imitate him very ill," said he; "'tis l'Ecluse that you must hear, and his song of the *Spinner!* and that of the *Postilion!* and the quarrel of the *Apple-woman with Vadé!* 'tis truth itself. Oh! you will be delighted. Go and speak to Madame Denis. I, ill as I am, will get up to dine with you. We'll eat some wild-fowl, and we'll listen to M. de l'Ecluse. The pleasure of seeing you has suspended my ills, and I feel myself quite revived." Madame Denis received us with that cordiality which made the charm of her character. She introduced M. de l'Ecluse to us; and at dinner Voltaire engaged him, by the most flattering praises, to afford us the pleasure of hearing him. He displayed all his talents, and we appeared

appeared charmed with them. It was very requisite; for Voltaire would not have pardoned us a feeble applause.' (II. p. 251—253.)—' He retired to his closet for a few hours; and in the evening, at supper, kings and their mistresses being the subject of our conversation, Voltaire, in comparing the spirit and gallantry of the old and new courts, displayed to us that rich memory which nothing interesting ever escaped. From Madame de la Vallière to Madame de Pompadour, the anecdotic history of the two reigns, and in the interval that of the regency, passed in review with a rapidity and a brilliancy of beauty and colouring that dazzled us. Yet he reproached himself with having stolen from M. de l'Ecluse moments which, he said, he would have occupied more agreeably for us. He begged him to indemnify us by a few scenes of the *Apple-woman*, and he laughed at them like a child.' II. p. 266.

The following passage sums up his character in a manner we think neither exaggerated nor unfavourable.

' He had sought glory by all the roads that are open to genius, and had deserved it by immense labours and brilliant successes. The arm of ridicule was the instrument of his vengeance, and he wielded it most fearfully and cruelly. But the greatest of blessings, repose, was unknown to him. It is true that envy at last appeared tired of the pursuit, and began to spare him on the brink of the grave. On his return to Paris, after a long exile, he enjoyed his renown and the enthusiasm of a whole people, grateful for the pleasures that he had afforded them. The weak and last effort that he made to amuse them, *Irène*, was applauded as *Zaïre* had been; and this representation, at which he was crowned, was for him the most delightful triumph. But at what moment did this tardy consolation reach him, the recompense of so much watching! The next day I saw him in his bed. "Well," said I, "are you at last satiated with glory?"—"Ah! my good friend," he replied, "you talk to me of glory, and I am dying in frightful torture!"

' Such was the end of one of the most illustrious of all literary men, and one of the most engaging of all social companions. He was alive to injury, but so he was to friendships. That with which he honoured my youth, was unvaried till his death; and a last proof that he shewed me of it was the reception, full of grace and kindness, which he gave my wife, when I presented her to him. His house was perpetually filled with the crowd that pressed to see him, and we were witnesses of the fatigue he gave himself to reply suitably to each. That continual attention exhausted his strength; and for his true friends it was a painful spectacle. But we were of his suppers, and there we enjoyed the last glimmerings of that brilliant intellect which was soon to be wholly extinguished.' III. p. 217—19.

If we had room for any more extracts upon this subject, we should be tempted to present our readers with the exemplary history of M. Lefranc de Pompignon, *philosophe de Province*, who, on his admission to the French academy, had the boldness to deliver an oration directed against the speculations of Voltaire and his associates in the *Encyclopedie*. Immediately he was attacked

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tasked by that terrible ridicule against which it was difficult to stand anywhere, and absolutely impossible to make head at Paris. Voltaire tasked himself to produce every day a new piece of pleasantry at his expence, and kept his word with such unrelenting vigour, that at last the children in the street sung his verses of derision, and pointed at his unfortunate victim whenever he appeared abroad; so that in a short time he was driven back to the country, where he died, like a true Frenchman, of vexation and mortified vanity. But it is time, before closing the book, to see if it affords matter for any more general observations.

We have already said something of the state of society. In addition to the fault of being too artificial and *recherché*, it was evidently too profligate and unprincipled. Men of all ages and descriptions seem to be habitually occupied with schemes of seduction, and the married women almost universally amuse themselves with a succession of intrigues. There are some anecdotes in this book, however, that do not seem to agree so well with this apparent toleration of female profligacy, or serve at least to prove that a certain degree of virtue, or the appearance of it, is necessary to the subsistence even of the most dissolute society. We allude to the history of Madame Poplinière, and to that of Madame d'Héronville, both of which we think are very instructive, and may serve as an antidote to the more licentious moral of the tales among which they are recounted.

Madame Poplinière, the wife of the rich financier already mentioned, lived in the most brilliant and seducing society that France could at that time supply, and though she was suspected of various acts of gallantry, maintained her station in public with as good a countenance as her neighbours. In an unlucky fit of jealousy, however, her husband one day discovered a secret communication between her chamber and that of the Marshal de Richelieu; and upon this proof of her infidelity, separated from her entirely, and publicly proclaimed the cause of his dissatisfaction. From the moment of this exposure, she was entirely deserted and avoided.

'Her husband allowed her, I believe, eight hundred pounds a-year with which she went to live, or rather die, in an obscure retreat, forsaken by the splendid society that had so often flattered her, and that despised her when she was in misfortune. A slight swelling that she had in her breast was the germ of a corrosive humour that slowly devoured her. Marshal Richelieu, who sought elsewhere for new pastime and new pleasures, whilst she was consuming in the most cruel torture, did not neglect to pay her the duties of civility as he passed; and hence it was said in society after she was dead: "Indeed M. de Richelieu has behaved most admirably to her! He did not cease to see her till her last moment."

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'It was to be loved thus, that this woman, who, at her own house, had her conduct been correct, would have enjoyed the public esteem, and all the comforts of an honoured and enviable life, sacrificed her repose, her fortune, all her pleasures. And what renders yet more frightful this delirium of vanity is, that neither her heart nor her senses had any considerable share in it. Madame de la Poplinière, with a lively imagination, was of extreme coldness; but an intriguing duke had appeared to her, as to many others, a glorious conquest: and it was this that occasioned her ruin.' I. 329, 30.

The story of Madame D'Héronville, is not less remarkable. This lady had been the mistress of Lord Albemarle, the English ambassador, and was universally admired for the gentleness and grace of her manners, and for something sweet, delicate, and interesting in her temper and dispositions. She had never been suspected of any other irregularity; and after the death of her noble lover, was treated with great respect by the most considerable of his friends. Happening accidentally to do an important service to the Count D'Héronville, a nobleman of the first rank in France, he was so transported with love and gratitude, that he insisted upon marrying her; and though she had at first the prudence to decline his proposals, she was at last prevailed upon to accept them. The catastrophe was lamentable, though exemplary.

'The only prudent conduct for both of them to observe (and this was the advice I gave my friend) would then have been to confine themselves to a society of men, chosen as their mutual inclination guided, to render the society agreeable, and if possible attracting to women, or to be contented without them, and not to pretend to think of them. Madame d'Héronville felt perfectly that this conduct was the only one that suited her. But her husband, impatient to introduce her in society, would persist in doing violence to public opinion. Unhappy imprudence! he ought to have known that this opinion was interwoven with the dearest interests of women; and that already too indignant that mistresses should steal from them their husbands and their lovers, they were determined never to suffer them to come and usurp their condition, and enjoy it amid them. He flattered himself that, in favour of his wife, so charming a character, such rare merit, so many estimable qualities, so much decency and prudence,—in her, frailty itself would make it forgotten. He was cruelly undeceived in his mad mistake. She endured humiliations, and she died of grief.' I. 367, 68.

Nothing is more remarkable in these Memoirs, and indeed in the whole history of French literature, than the prodigious importance of the stage as a road to distinction and riches. All talent was forced in a manner into that direction, and rewarded with a liberality, that to those at a distance appears excessive and undistinguishing. It was by means of his tragedies, that Marmontel

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montel was raised into public notice and favour, and it was upon them that all his labour and exertion was bestowed. His tales were written carelessly to fill up the pages of a literary journal, and without any idea of their contributing at all to his reputation. Yet these tales are read with admiration over every corner of Europe, while the existence of the tragedies is scarcely suspected by fifty persons out of his own country.

It is generally known, we believe, that Madlle. Clairon effected a great revolution in the style of acting in tragedy, by reducing that stately and pompous declamation which had been thought necessary to the dignity of the buskin, to the simple and varied tones of natural emotion. It is not so generally understood, however, that the necessity of this reformation was first perceived by Marmontel, and that he had the merit of suggesting it to this incomparable performer. For a long time, he says, she resisted his most powerful exhortations, and said that he wanted her to assume a familiar and comic tone, quite unsuitable to tragedy.

'At last,' says he, 'she came suddenly and voluntarily over to my opinion. She came to play Roxane at the little theatre at Versailles. I went to see her at her toilette, and, for the first time, I found her dressed in the habit of a sultana; without hoop, her arms half-naked, and in the truth of Oriental costume: I congratulated her. "You will presently be delighted with me," said she. "I have just been on a journey to Bourdeaux; I found there but a very small theatre; to which I was obliged to accommodate myself. The thought struck me of reducing my action to it, and of making trial of that simple declamation you have so often required of me. It had the greatest success there: I am going to try it again here, on this little theatre. Go and hear me. If it succeed as well, farewell my old declamation."

'The event surpassed her expectation and mine. It was no longer the actress, it was Roxane herself, whom the audience thought they saw and heard. The astonishment, the illusion, the enchantment, was extreme. All inquired, where are we? They had heard nothing like it. I saw her after the play; I would speak to her of the success she had just had. "Ah!" said she to me, "don't you see that it ruins me? In all my characters, the costume must now be observed; the truth of declamation requires that of dress; all my rich stage-wardrobe is from this moment rejected; I lose twelve hundred guineas worth of dresses; but the sacrifice is made. You shall see me here within a week playing *Electre* to the life, as I have just played Roxane."

'It was the *Electre* of Crébillon. Instead of the ridiculous hoop, and the ample mourning robe, in which we had been accustomed to see her in this character, she appeared in the simple habit of a slave, dishevelled, and her arms loaded with long chains. She was admirable in it; and some time afterward, she was still more sublime in the *Electre* of

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of Voltaire. This part, which Voltaire had made her declaim with a continual and monotonous lamentation, acquired, when spoken naturally, a beauty unknown to himself; for on seeing her play it on his theatre at Ferney, where she went to visit him, he exclaimed, bathed in tears and transported with admiration, "*It is not I who wrote that: 'tis she: she has created her part!*" And indeed, by the infinite shades she introduced, by the expression she gave to the passions with which this character is filled; it was perhaps that of all others in which she was most astonishing.

'Paris, as well as Versailles, recognized in these changes the true tragic accent, and the new degree of probability that the strict observance of costume gave to theatrical action. Thus, from that time, all the actors were obliged to abandon their fringed gloves, their voluminous wigs, their feathered hats, and all the fantastic apparel that had so long shocked the sight of all men of taste. Lekain himself followed the example of Madlle. Clairon; and from that moment their talents, thus perfected, excited mutual emulation, and were worthy rivals of each other.' II. 46—9.

It is remarkable, that this revolution in French acting was accomplished about the very time that a similar reformation was effected on the English stage by the powerful genius of Garrick.

After having detained our readers so long with what we consider as the most interesting parts of this book, we cannot think of afflicting them with any abstract of M. Marmontel's melancholy speculations on the earlier events of the Revolution. He is very ill-informed, very angry, and very dull; and though his narrative contains several passages of unquestionable eloquence, still, as there is nothing original in his information, or profound in his views, we shall be easily excused for passing over this portion of his work without farther notice.

It only remains to say a word or two on the character of the author. Without great passions, or great talents, he seems to have had a lively imagination, a pliant and cheerful disposition, and a delicacy of taste and discrimination of still greater value in the society which fixed his reputation. Although good tempered and social, he seems, we think, to have been in a good measure without heart or affection; or, rather, the dissipated and sensual life to which he devoted himself after his removal to Paris, appears to have obstructed in him the growth of all generous and exalted feeling. His behaviour to Madlle. B., and to another lady whom he deserted at the æra of his imprisonment in the Bastile, as well as some other traits contained in these volumes, seem at least to justify this opinion. At the same time, it should not be forgotten, that his affection for his mother was always ardent and sincere, and that he never forgot or neglected his relations, when fortune put it in his power to render them any

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any service. In society, he appears to have been joyous and easy; gay, without affecting to dazzle; and ingenious, without intolerance or fastidiousness. His Tales, upon which his character with posterity will most probably depend, are undoubtedly performances of great merit. They contain the most lively picture of French manners that is any where to be found, joined with a charming facility of diction, and great elegance and politeness in the whole management of the characters. Considering the purposes for which they were written, it can scarcely be imputed as a fault to them, that the tissue is sometimes too flimsy, and the subjects too frivolous. It *is* a fault, however, that the style is occasionally a little affected, and that a certain varnish of *pretiyism* and pedantry is sometimes spread over conceptions of the most beautiful simplicity. The style of these Memoirs frequently reminds us of the author of the Moral Tales; it is less brilliant, indeed, and more diffuse; but there is much of the same amenity and delicacy, and the delineation of character is to the full as remarkable for nicety of discrimination and lively facility of expression.

There is a most miserable translation of this work into English; from which, we are ashamed to say, that indolence has tempted us to borrow our extracts with a great deal too little alteration.

ART. VI. *Specimens of early English Metrical Romances, chiefly written during the early part of the Fourteenth Century: To which is prefixed, a Historical Introduction, intended to illustrate the Rise and Progress of Romantic Composition in France and England.* By George Ellis, Esq.

Ancient English Metrical Romances, selected and published by Joseph Ritson.

THE history, the laws, and even the religion of barbarous nations, are usually expressed in verse. Whether poetry is preferred for the sake of the facility with which it may be committed to memory where written records are unknown, or whether the solemnity of these subjects is supposed to require a mode of expression the most distant from that of common life, would be difficult to discover, and superfluous to inquire. But it is sufficiently obvious, that what is preserved only by recitation, must soon be altered and corrupted, enlarged or compressed, so as may best suit the powers of the reciter's memory, or most readily arrest the attention of those whom he wishes to please by the repetition. Thus, in the course of a few generations, the religious poem becomes a mythological fable, and the history degenerates into incredible romance: Still, however, the poetry of an early age continues to be interesting to the moderns, even when entirely

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entirely perverted from the purposes to which it was originally applied. The bard may have changed his subject from the facts occurring in his own period, or that of his father's, to the feats of foreign or imaginary heroes: but his work will not the less continue to reflect the manners of the time in which he composed. A Gothic poet, like a Gothic painter, discards all attention to local costume, and pourtrays his characters, his manners, his scenery, according to the characters, manners and scenery of his own age. It is therefore no matter whether the scene be laid in Greece or in Taprobana; the description, however unlike what it is intended to represent, will always present a very just picture of the manners of France and England in the feudal times. Accordingly, since the attention of our antiquaries has been turned towards the metrical romances of England and Normandy, we have gained more insight into the domestic habits, language, and character of our ancestors, during the dark, warlike, and romantic period of the middle ages, than Leland and Hearne were able to attain from all the dull and dreary monastic annals, which their industry collected, and their patience perused. In fact, to form a just idea of our ancient history, we cannot help thinking that these works of fancy should be read along with the labours of the professed historian. The one teaches what our ancestors thought; how they lived; upon what motives they acted, and what language they spoke; and having attained this intimate knowledge of their sentiments, manners and habits, we are certainly better prepared to learn from the other the actual particulars of their annals. From the romance, we learn what they were; from the history, what they did: and were we to be deprived of one of these two kinds of information, it might well be made a question, which is most useful or interesting? In this point of view, we entirely lay aside the consideration which the metrical romances often claim as works of fancy, presenting to the imagination a pleasing detail of romantic adventure, and graced occasionally by poetical flights of considerable merit. With such ideas of the importance of these ancient legends of chivalry, we are bound to express our gratitude to those by whose labours they have been drawn from the dusty and chaotic confusion of public libraries, and presented to the public in a legible and attainable shape.

Bishop Percy, the venerable editor of the Reliques of Ancient Poetry, was, we believe, the first who turned the public attention upon these forgotten hoards of antiquarian treasure, by an Essay upon Metrical Romance, prefixed to the third volume of his work, in which the merits and qualities of the poetry of chivalry are critically investigated, and a list given of such metrical romances as had come to the reverend editor's knowledge, to which

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we are now in a capacity to make large additions. Warton followed Bishop Percy in his taste for the ancient romance, of which he was an indefatigable student. Whenever he has occasion to mention a tale of chivalry, in his History of Poetry, it seems to operate like a spell, and he feels it impossible to proceed with the more immediate subject of his disquisition, until he has paced through the whole enchanted maze, and introduced his reader into all its labyrinths. Of the great variety of strange and anomalous digressions, with which that work abounds, and which, separately considered, possess infinite merit and curiosity, a large proportion arose solely from his attachment to this romantic lore. But although the curiosity of the public was in some degree excited by the references of these ingenious and inquisitive authors to the poetry of other times, it was not easy to procure for it adequate gratification. The ancient metrical romances were very early superseded by prose works upon the same subjects. These last, although far inferior, in interest and merit, to the poetical tales which preceded them, claimed and obtained a superior degree of credit, founded upon the fiction alleged to be inseparable from metre; upon the degraded state of the minstrels, whose province it was to recite these disparaged rhyming legends; and, above all, upon a grave pretext set up by the author of each prose work, that he had translated it *verbatim et literatim* from an ancient Greek or Latin original. As no such Greek or Latin original for a romance of chivalry has ever been produced, we may be safely allowed to doubt whether any such ever existed. But our ancestors received these accounts with unhesitating credulity, and gravely read the voluminous romances of Launcelot du Lac, and Palmerin of England, as translations from ancient annals, while they rejected with scorn the rhyming legends of the minstrels on the same subjects. Thus the metrical romances were obliged to give way to the prose works, which were, in fact, borrowed from them; and so complete was the substitution of the one species of fable for the other, that the press, which was then invented about the period of this revolution in public taste, groaned under the splendid folios of the former, while the latter remained in obscure manuscripts, or were only printed in the meanest manner and for the meanest of the people. Thus the very existence of the metrical romance, as a distinct, separate, and more ancient kind of composition, was unknown and unnoticed till the publication of the works which we have mentioned. Even long after that period, printed editions being as rare as manuscripts, remained very little disturbed by those who possessed them, and absolutely inaccessible to every other person. At length, as the taste for old ballads began to awaken that for romantic fiction, Pinkerton and others reprinted in their

miscellanies,

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miscellanies some of the shorter and more ancient of our metrical tales of chivalry; and others were republished singly both in London and Edinburgh. But the first comprehensive and general work, upon this interesting subject, was undertaken by the late Mr Ritson. No one could, in some respects, have been more admirably qualified for the task. Although it is now three years since this publication appeared, yet the subject is so intimately and immediately connected with the more popular and elegant work of Mr Ellis, that, in reviewing the one, we think it a duty we owe to the public to take some notice of the other, and at least point out to their attention the undeserved neglect into which it has fallen.

This collection contains twelve metrical romances of chivalry, selected by the editor as those which, from a general acquaintance with such compositions, he deemed most worthy of publication. There is prefixed a long and elaborate dissertation on Romance and Minstrelsy; and learned notes are subjoined to the collection, with a glossary of obsolete words.

In the important task of arranging and correcting the text of these poems, it is impossible to bestow too much praise upon the editor. To an industry incapable of fatigue, and a fidelity which defied every power of temptation, the late Mr Ritson united acute abilities and an intimate acquaintance with every collateral source from which light could be thrown upon his subject. In possessing, therefore, a collection so important to our ancient literature, we have the satisfaction to know, that the poems published are most strictly and literally genuine, and that they are ably and clearly illustrated in the corresponding notes.

The first romance in the collection, is Ywain and Gawain, a most beautiful tale of chivalry, from which Warton has given copious extracts in his History of English Poetry. It is certainly the finest romance in the work, perhaps the most interesting which now exists. It is of French origin, being written, or at least greatly enlarged, by the famous Chretien de Troye, who flourished in the twelfth century. We cannot resist giving a very short summary of the story. Guenever, the wife of the famous Arthur, hearing, upon a time, the knights who guarded her chamber-door, telling to each other their exploits of chivalry, suddenly issues from her apartment, and commands Sir Colgrevance, who was then speaking, to continue his narration. The knight unwillingly obeys, and tells a long and marvellous adventure which had befallen him beside an enchanted well, where he had been finally discomfited by a puissant knight, the guardian of the fountain, the wonders of which are described in strong Gothic painting. Sir Ywain resolves to undertake the adventure, and, having set forth in disguise, slays in single fight the champion of the

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the fountain, upon the threshold of his own castle gate. But the victor, enclosed in the court by the fall of the portcullis, is in the utmost danger from the followers of the slain warrior. He is rescued at length by means of Lunet, a damsel belonging to the castle, who conceals him in a chamber. Here he obtains a sight of the widow of the knight of the fountain, and falls desperately in love. His passion is at length successful, through the intervention of the damsel, who very sensibly reminds her lady, that the conqueror must needs more than make up the loss of the vanquished. Sir Ywain marries the dame, with whom he lives in great happiness, until he obtains her permission to visit the court of Arthur, pledging his knightly word to return within the year. But Sir Ywain forgot his promise, a circumstance which did not prevent his becoming distracted for the loss of his lady, when reminded of his breach of faith by a damsel whom she dispatched to the court of Arthur, to renounce her husband, and proclaim him *dishonoured and truthless*. He is restored to his senses by a sage lady, whose enemies he discomfits by his prowess, and then resumes his profession of knight-errantry. While wandering in quest of adventures, he observes a lion combating a dragon, and goes to his assistance, both because the lion was the more noble animal, and on account of the ancient and irreconcileable feud betwixt knights-errant and dragons. The dragon being slain, the grateful lion attaches himself to his ally, and maintains a great part in all his future adventures. They come to the enchanted fountain, where Ywain unexpectedly meets with Lunet, the damsel to whom he had formerly been so much indebted. She is bound to find a champion against a certain day, to fight with her mistress's false steward, who had accused her of treason. Their meeting under circumstances of mutual distress, is very happily described by the old minstrel. Sir Ywain promises to appear and defend her upon the appointed day. In the mean while, he is involved in a variety of adventures, from many of which he is extricated by the lion; so that the time is nearly past when he appears to combat the steward. Lunet is restored to life and liberty; and by her subsequent address, Sir Ywain is reconciled with his lady.

'And so Sir Ywaine and his wife
In joy and bliss they led their life;
So did Lunet and the lioun,
Until that death have driven them doun.'

The next romance, called Launfal, though a beautiful fairy tale, might have been as well omitted, as it is published by Mr Ellis in the notes to Way's translation of Le Grand's *Fabliaux*. We hope it was not inserted with the peevish purpose of pointing out supposed errors in Mr Ellis's edition, although we observe some explanations of the difficult passages, given with a '*not as*

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Mister Ellis says;' and that in cases where the justice of the correction is as uncertain as the dispute is insignificant. The Second Volume contains Sir Libius Disconius, *i. e.* Le Beau Decogneu, (of which Bishop Percy has given an elegant *precis* in his essay on Metrical Romance); Hornchild the King of Tars; Emare, and a metrical Chronicle of England. The Third Volume contains Florence of Rome, the Earl of Tholouse, the Squire of Low Degree, and the Knight of Courtesy and Lady of Faguell. We believe that both the Chronicle of England, and the beautiful fairy tale of Sir Orpheo, might have been greatly enlarged by recourse to the Auchinleck MS. in the Advocates' Library of Edinburgh, to which Mr Ritson seems to have had ready access. Upon the whole, the romances are judiciously selected, and we have already praised the well-known accuracy of the editor.

We cannot confer the same unmixed praise on the introductory Essay on Romance and Minstrelsy. We were, on the contrary, about to bestow our very strongest and most decided reprobation upon the acrimonious spirit of vindictive controversy in which it is written, when we were in some degree disarmed by the avowal, that it was composed under the pressure of 'continued ill health and low spirits;' and by the recollection, that the scene has been long since closed by the hand of death. But we must not, in our respect for the dead, altogether forget what is due to the living. Much coarse and insolent invective is poured on Bishop Percy, who seems to have incurred the editor's resentment in a double capacity,—as a dignitary of the church, and a successful publisher of ancient poetry. We do not think Mr Ritson imbibed this spirit from the works which he studied. Surely, neither the gallant Sir Lancelot, nor the courteous Sir Gawain, would have given a reverend Bishop the lie direct, on account of a disputed reading in the old song of Maggie Lauder! We would have antiquaries remember, that the ridicule which their pursuits are at all times apt to incur, becomes pointed in proportion to the indecent vehemence of their argument. Whether the controverted line (which refers to the dwelling of a certain bagpiper) ought to be read, 'Come ye *frae* the border,' or 'Live you *upo*' the border,' or, finally, '*Ye* live *upon* the border,' might surely have been debated, if, indeed, it was worth debating, (*num pugna est de paupere regno*) with the temper and manners of a gentleman. The frequent charge brought by Mr Ritson against the editor of the Reliques of Ancient Poetry, of adulterating, by modern improvements, the ancient poems which he published, appears to us to be urged with far too much grossness. We do not, indeed, approve of this species of sophistication, by which the man of taste is sometimes a gainer at the expence of the antiquary. But

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when we consider, that the Reliques were published at a time when the public taste was far from encouraging the pursuits of the mere antiquary, we wonder not that the learned editor should have been tempted to render his ancient poetry more attractive by his own elegant interpolations. And we apprehend, that as few modern publishers possess the taste and judgment of Bishop Percy, so, even those as highly gifted, want, in the present day, the apology which we have pleaded for the editor of the Reliques.

In the general scope of Mr Ritson's essay, we discover much both of the defects and merits which characterize his lucubrations. The accumulation of materials bears witness to the undeviating and incessant labour of an antiquary zealously employed on a favourite topic. A number of curious facts are drawn together respecting the romances of all nations, but especially concerning those of England. The first part of the Essay treats of the origin of romances; and the author is particularly anxious to combat the system which deduces those fictions from the north of Europe. He produces some plausible arguments to prove that many of the Scandinavian romances were borrowed or translated from the French, and that the Edda of Sturleson has no claim to high antiquity. The author's ardour in controversy has, however, sometimes hurried him too far. Thus he informs us, when giving the history of Odin of Scandinavia, that this famous personage 'attempts to kiss Rinda, daughter to the king of the Ruthes, and receives a slap on the face. According to Torfæus, he even ravished this young lady; but the passage, upon looking into Saxo, to whom he seems to refer, could not be found.' (Essay, p. xxxi.) Now, we have looked into Saxo, and found the passage at great length in the Paris edition of 1514, folio xxv. In several other instances, the authority of Saxo seems to countenance the mythology of the Edda, much more than Mr Ritson is disposed to admit. No positive opinion is given, in the Essay, upon the origin of romance, although the theories of former writers are combated with apparent success from an intimate acquaintance with authorities of the middle ages. Indeed, we have been long of opinion, that Mr Ritson was, both by talent and disposition, better qualified to assail the opinions of others, than to deduce from the facts which he produces a separate theory of his own.

In the second part of the Essay, English romance is treated of; and the author contends, with great ardour, for the superior antiquity of the French works upon that subject. Indeed, this is not surprising, when it is considered that French was not merely the court and law language of England, but was spoken universally by the nobles and gentry, from the Conquest, down to the reign of Edward III.

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The third part of the Essay treats of the English minstrels, a race of men against whom Mr Ritson seems to have entertained a special malice, and whom he anxiously blends with the jugglers, whose tricks of legerdemain formed another branch of our ancestors' amusement. Now, although it is extremely probable that the same person might occasionally practise both arts, yet, in themselves, they were separate and distinct professions. Nor do we agree with Mr Ritson, in supposing that the minstrels, whose profession was music and the recitation of poetry, were not frequently themselves poets. Their daily bread depended upon their stock of tales and songs; and it must have been as natural for them to have composed the romances which they sung, as for a modern musician to compose the pieces which he performs. Above all, we cannot see why the arts of composition, which are admitted to have been exercised by the minstrels of France, should be supposed unattainable by those of England. Subsequent to the reign of Edward III., most of the popular French romances were translated into English, which then became the language, as well of the nobles as of the vulgar. Why the minstrels, who were most interested in these translations, should be deemed unequal to the task of accomplishing them, we can see no good reason for believing. A wandering and idle race of men, attendant on the barons who went to war in France, they had time to acquire both languages; and the art of rhyming must have been easy to persons who almost every day of their lives were employed in poetical recitation. Minstrels and bards are often employed as synonymous terms, although the poetic powers of the bards are indisputable. As late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, this combination occurs in the poem of a Scotish satirist describing London.

> 'Bot yet the *menstrallis and the bairdis*,
> Thair trowand to obtain rewardis,
> About his ludgene loudlie played.'
>
> *Legend of the Bischop of St Androis.*

A proof how far the task of the poet and of the reciter were required from the minstrel, occurs in a very ancient poem, of which there is one MS. in the British Museum, and another in the library of Peterborough cathedral. It contains the history of an intrigue betwixt Thomas of Ercildoune, called the Rhymer, and the Queen of Fairies, by whom, as every one knows, he was transported to the 'Londe of Faerie,' and gifted with those supernatural powers of poetry and prophecy, by which he was afterwards distinguished. The following dialogue passes betwixt the bard and his faery leman upon this memorable occasion.

> 'Fare wel, Thomas, I wend my way,
> I may no longer stande with the.'—

Gif

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Gif me sum tokyn, Lady gaye,
That I may say I spake with the.—

'To harp and carpe, Thomas, wher so ever ze gon,
Thomas, take the these with the.'—
Harping, he said, ken I non,
For tong is chefe of mynstralcie.—

'If thu wil spelle, or talys telle,
Thomas thu shal never make lye;
Wher so ever thu goo, to fryth or felle,
I pray thu speke never non ille of me.'*

From this decisive declaration, which a poet and minstrel made on the nature of his own profession, it appears plainly, that, in more ancient times, the minstrel's principal and most honourable occupation referred to poetry, rather than music; and the Rhymer might have been justly described as one 'who united the arts of poetry and music, and sung verses to the harp, of his own composing,' if he had not disdained the musical skill to which it was Mr Ritson's persuasion that the talents of the minstrel were exclusively limited. We should have been anxious to have heard what reply his keen and eager spirit could have suggested; but poor Ritson is now probably decyphering the characters upon the collar of Cerberus, or conversing in unbaptized language with the Saxon and British chiefs of former times;

——————————'with Oswald,
Vortigern, Harold, Hengist, Horsa, Knute,
Allured, Edgar and Cunobeline.'

Upon the whole, it occurs to us, from a careful perusal of his Essay, that Mr Ritson's talents were better adapted to research than to deduction, to attack than to defence, to criticism than to composition; and that he has left us a monument of profound industry and extensive study, undirected by any attempt at system, and tarnished by the splenetic peculiarities of an irritable temperament. Still let it be remembered to his honour, that, without the encouragement of private patronage, or of public applause; without hopes of gain, and under the certainty of severe critical censure, he has brought forward such a work on national antiquities, as in other countries has been thought worthy of the labour of universities, and the countenance of princes.

The

* We understand that the whole of this curious poem will shortly be published in a collection made by Mr Robert Jamieson, late of Macclesfield.

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The work of Mr Ellis is of a nature adapted for general circulation, and for conveying a lively and pleasing picture of the contents of the ancient metrical romances, without literal transcription of their whole contents. With this view, the editor has analyzed each romance in prose, introducing, at the same time occasionally, as a continuation of the narrative, such parts of the original as seemed to possess either peculiarities of expression or poetical beauty, sufficient to render their preservation desirable, as fair or favourable specimens of the whole composition. In transcribing these selected passages, Mr Ellis has discarded the antique orthography, preserving, however, carefully, every ancient word, while he reduces the spelling to the modern standard, according to the mode adopted in his previous publication, entitled, 'Specimens of Ancient English Poetry.'

Such is the plan of the present work. It is obvious, that by adopting it, Mr Ellis voluntarily resigned the object of Mr Ritson's publication, who gave his romances entire to the world; a mode more acceptable, doubtless, to the antiquary, though infinitely less interesting and amusing to the general reader, as well as to the editor. We have no doubt that some more severe student of our national antiquities may censure the liberties which Mr Ellis has taken with his materials, and deprecate his scouring the shield of ancient chivalry. But, with great reverence for such grave judges, we presume to think, that the shield may be safely scoured, where there is no danger of its being proved, in the process of purification, to be no antique buckler, but a barber's bason, or a paltry old sconce. This is far from being the case in the present instance. The burnishing of the armour has only tended to ascertain the valuable materials of which it is sometimes composed, and which were heretofore obscured by cobwebs and rust. So far are we from thinking that the popular labours of Mr Ellis will supersede a complete edition of these curious legends, that, we doubt not, the wit and elegance with which he has abridged and analyzed their contents, will encourage many a gentle reader to attempt the originals, who would before have as soon thought of wearing the dress, as of studying the poems of his ancestors. Socrates is said to have brought philosophy from heaven to reside among men; and Addison claimed the merit of introducing her to the tea-tables of the ladies. Mr Ellis, in his turn, has brought the minstrels of old into the *boudoirs* and drawing-rooms, which have replaced the sounding halls and tapestried bowers in which they were once familiar; so that the age of chivalry, instead of being at an end for ever, may perhaps be on the point of revival. In this point of view, much is gained, and nothing lost by the plan of Mr Ellis,

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Ellis. Those whom an abridgement cannot satisfy, may consult the originals with more convenience and facility, from a previous knowledge of their contents, and of the libraries where they exist, while curiosity is excited in others who would never otherwise have thought on the subject. This general interest may perhaps end in a complete edition of all that old bards

'In sage and solemn times have sung,
Of turneys and of trophies hung;
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.'

To the Romances, Mr Ellis has prefixed an introduction, which contains a more plain and comprehensive view of the rise and progress of the minstrels and their poetry, than we ever remember to have met with. As the subject is curious, we will endeavour to give the reader a short statement of their history, with such remarks as occur to us.

Normandy appears to have been the cradle of minstrelsy. The Northmen who wrested that province from the feeble successors of Charlemagne, had doubtless, like all other barbarous people, especially the Scandinavian tribes, their national poets, under the name of scalds, or by whatever other term they were distinguished. On their settling in Neustria, their native speech speedily melted down into the more commodious and extended language used by the inhabitants of Northern France, which was called *Romance*, being, in fact, a corrupted Latin, introduced by the Romans into their Gallic province. In this language, the minstrels composed most of their works, until, from that circumstance, the word romance, from signifying the early Norman-French, came at length to mean those chivalrous tales usually composed in that tongue. Of the authors of these compositions, Mr Ellis has given us the following concise, but excellent account.

'The following may perhaps be accepted as a tolerable summary of the history of the minstrels. It appears likely that they were carried by Rollo into France, where they probably introduced a certain number of their native traditions; those, for instance, relating to Ogier le Danois, and other northern heroes, who were afterwards enlisted into the tales of chivalry; but that, being deprived of the mythology of their original religion, and cramped perhaps, as well by the sober spirit of Christianity, as by the imperfection of a language whose tameness was utterly inapplicable to the sublime obscurity of their native poetry, they were obliged to adopt various modes of amusing, and to unite the talents of the mimic and the juggler, as a compensation for the defects of the musician and poet. Their musical skill, however, if we may judge from the number of their instruments, of which very formidable catalogues are to be found in every description of a royal festival, may not have

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have been contemptible; and their poetry, even though confined to short compositions, was not likely to be void of interest to their hearers, while employed on the topics of flattery or satire. Their rewards were certainly, in some cases, enormous, and prove the esteem in which they were held; though this may be partly ascribed to the general thirst after amusement, and the difficulty experienced by the great in dissipating the tediousness of life; so that the gift of three parishes in Gloucestershire, assigned by William the Conqueror for the support of his *joculator*, may perhaps be a less accurate measure of the minstrel's accomplishments, than of the monarch's power and of the insipidity of his court.

'To the talents already enumerated, the minstrels added, soon after the birth of French literature, the important occupation of the *diseur* or *declaimer*. Perhaps the declamation of metrical compositions might have required, during their first state of imperfection, some kind of chant, and even the assistance of some musical instruments, to supply the deficiencies of the measure; perhaps the aids of gesture and pantomime may have been necessary to relieve the monotony of a long recitation: but at all events it is evident, that an author who wrote for the public at large, during the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, was not less dependent for his success on the minstrels, than a modern writer of tragedy or comedy on the players of the present day. A copyist might multiply manuscripts for the supply of convent-libraries; but while ecclesiastics alone were able to read, there was no access to the ears of a military nobility, without the intervention of a body of men who travelled in every direction, and who were everywhere welcomed as the promoters of mirth and conviviality.

'The next step was easy. Being compelled to a frequent exercise of their talent in extemporaneous compositions, the minstrels were probably, like the *improvisatori* of Italy, at least equal, if not superior, to more learned writers, in the merely mechanical parts of poetry; they were also better judges of the public taste. By the progress of translation they became the depositaries of nearly all the knowledge of the age, which was committed to their memory: it was natural, therefore, that they should form a variety of new combinations from the numerous materials in their possession; and it will be shown hereafter, that many of our most popular romances were most probably brought by their efforts to the state in which we now see them. This was the most splendid æra of their history, and seems to have comprehended the latter part of the twelfth, and perhaps the whole of the thirteenth century. After that time, from the general progress of instruction, the number of readers began to increase; and the metrical romances were insensibly supplanted by romances in prose, whose monotony neither required nor could derive much assistance from the art of declamation. The visits of the minstrels had been only periodical, and generally confined to the great festivals of the year; but the resources, such as they were, of the ponderous prose legend were always accessible. Thus began the decline of a body of men, whose complete degradation seems to have been the subsequent

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subsequent result of their own vices. During the period of their success they had most impudently abused the credulity of the public; but it is a whimsical fact, that the same fables which were discredited while in verse, were again, on their transfusion into prose, received without suspicion. It should seem that falsehood is generally safe from detection, when concealed under a sufficient cloak of dulness.' Ellis. I. p. 19—23.

By attending to this history, we may easily solve the difficulty which Ritson found in reconciling the degraded state of the minstrels to the high rewards and countenance which they sometimes received, even in preference to those of the clerical profession. It appears, on one occasion, that two mendicant friars, soliciting hospitality at the gate of a convent, were received with acclamation under the idea of their being minstrels, and kicked out again when they announced their real character. It is also proved, we believe, that one minstrel received four shillings for his performance, and six priests only sixpence, at the same festival. * But such instances of extravagant reward to individuals of a class which dedicates personal exertions to public amusement, are consistent with the general disrespect to which this body in general is condemned. Individual instances excepted, the player and the musician of modern days, the genuine successors of the minstrels, incur a certain degree of contempt from their situation, which they are too often driven to merit. It is somewhat hard, that as society advances in civilization, and as demands are made on this class of men for refinement and improvement in their respective arts, their seclusion from the society where that refinement is to be acquired, becomes proportionally more rigid and strict. We cannot stop to appreciate the moral causes of the fastidious harshness with which society requites those on whom it depends for its most exquisite amusements.

Having shortly traced the history of the minstrels, Mr Ellis proceeds to examine the progress of their compositions. Of these, as we have already hinted, the first seem to have been unadorned annals or histories, reduced to measure for the convenience of the reciter, who was to retain them upon his memory. This field, however, soon became too barren and uninteresting. Other sources of narration were sought for. Some occurred in the ancient songs of the scalds, the legitimate productions of the minstrels. Others of Arabian origin found their way to France through Spain. But a much more numerous class was derived

* This is no doubt quite inconsistent with modern manners, as may appear, by considering, whether Young Roscius or a Welsh curate is best paid, and to which the gates of an episcopal palace would fly most speedily open.

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derived from the tales of the Armoricans, the neighbours of the Normans, who derived themselves from a Welch colony. From this source, the minstrels probably drew their first accounts of

> ——————' What resounds
> In fable or romance, of Uther's son,
> Begirt with British and Armoric knights.'

This theme, however, acquired its chief popularity after the acquisition of England by William the Conqueror. It is now completely proved, that the earliest and best French romances were composed for the meridian of the English court, where that language continued to be exclusively used, at least till the time of Edward III. When the Norman race of monarchs had once secured themselves on the throne of England, and identified the honour of that country with their own, they began to feel an interest in its early history, and to listen with applause to the feats of its heroes. The legends of the Welch, on these occasions, were much more acceptable than those of the Saxons. The latter were the people whom the Normans had conquered, and whose kings they had dispossessed: the praise, therefore, of their departed heroes revived sentiments of discord, better forgotten by all parties. But the exploits of the British were carried back to so ancient a period, and so intermingled with Celtic fable, that they recalled no sentiments of ancient independence, and suggested no ideas dangerous to the Norman race. The exploits of Arthur were therefore unanimously adopted, as the subject of tales and romances without end; and these were drawn by the Norman minstrels from the British traditions flowing from Wales, and floating in what had lately been the British kingdom of Cumberland; but especially from the works of Geoffrey of Monmouth. Mr Ellis gives us an abridgement of that author's Chronicle of Britain, and his *Vita Merlini*, a poem in Latin verse. This last work only exists in MS., which is much to be regretted, as, from very frequent reference to particulars of British story, it affords demonstrable evidence, that Geoffrey did not, as has been repeatedly affirmed, himself forge the incidents of his Chronicle, but really drew them from the Armorican Chronicle, put into his hands by Walter, archdeacon of Oxford. The whole tissue of fables, therefore, concerning Arthur, which compose the most striking part of Geoffrey's history, and indeed the history itself, seem, in the words of our author, to be less a sudden fabrication, the work of any one man's invention, than 'a superstructure gradually and progressively raised on the foundation of the history attributed to Nennius,' the purity of which, by the way, had been already sullied by the Monk Samuel. Mr Ellis next proceeds to shew that the state of

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of Wales, during the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, was favourable to an exchange of literary materials betwixt the bards of that country and the Norman minstrels, as well as between the former and their brethren of Armorica.

'But as there is reason to believe that the British lays were seldom if ever committed to writing, it might be expected that different minstrels would tell the same story with some variations; that, unable to retain in their memory the whole of a long narrative, they would carry off, in the first instance, detached adventures, which they would afterwards connect as well as they were able; and that a system of traditional history, thus imperfectly preserved through the medium of a very loose translation, and already involved in much geographical and chronological confusion, would assume the fabulous appearance which we find in the French narratives called romances.' I. p. 117.

To conclude his account of the materials from whence English romance was drawn, the editor observes, that although we owe to the Norman minstrels the greater part of the romances now extant, which were avowedly translated into English, as soon as that language came to supersede the French; yet a small number were most probably originally composed in English for the use of the Scottish court, where French was never exclusively spoken, and afterwards imitated or translated by French minstrels. On this subject he gives an elegant summary of the system proposed by the editor of Sir Tristrem, which we had occasion to consider in our review of that volume. Upon this hypothesis, it is curious to observe, that as the earliest French romances were written in England, so the earliest English romances were composed in Scotland.

We heartily wish Mr Ellis had continued his dissertation on the materials of our metrical romance to a later period, as we have not seen a more clear and comprehensive view of the subject, so far as it goes. This desideratum is, however, in part supplied by the arrangement of his romances into classes, with the general preliminary remarks upon each class. The Appendix to the Introduction contains an account of Petrus Alphonsus *de clericali disciplina*, by Mr Douce, an industrious and ingenious antiquary; and, secondly, a translation by Mr Ellis of the Breton lais of Marie, twelve in number, exhibiting much of that genius for romantic fiction, which has been always an attribute of the Celtic tribes. We would willingly extract one of them for our reader's amusement; but are obliged to hasten to the metrical romances, which are the principal object of the collection.

The first class comprehends romances relating to King Arthur. These, as we have already seen, are probably the earliest in order, and although once most popular and numerous, are now become,

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come, in their metrical shape, exceedingly rare; because their very popularity rendered them the first objects of imitation to the prose authors, whose works superseded those of the minstrels. One romance of formidable length has been still preserved in MS., and forms the first article of Mr Ellis's work. It is called Merlin and Arthur, and resumes the account of these worthies, from their birth to the marriage of Arthur, when the transcriber of one fragment resigned his task, after having copied 10,000 lines. This is a romance in the very best style of minstrelsy, so far as language, and even incident, are concerned. The marvellous birth of Merlin, surreptitiously begotten by a fiend upon a maiden, under the most extraordinary circumstances, is one of those feats of witchery which arrest the imagination. The mother is condemned to death by a rigid law of the British against such as infringed the rules of chastity. But Blaise, a holy hermit, by christening the child at the instant of its birth, baffles the hopes of the devil, who had expected, by means of engendering with a virgin, to create a semi-dæmon, who should be devoted to the powers of evil.

'The good man then returned with his infernal proselyte, and restored him by means of the basket to the midwife; who, carrying him to the fire, and surveying his rough hide with horror and astonishment, could not refrain from reproaching him for his unreasonable choice of a mother who had never taken the usual means to have a child.

"Alas," she said, "art thou Merlin?
"*Whether* * art thou? and of what kin? * *Whence.*
"Who was thy father, by night or day,
"That no man wite ne may?
"It is great ruth, thou foul thing,
"That for thy love (by Heaven's King!)
"Thy mother shall be slain with woe!
"Alas that *staund* † it shall fall so! † *time.*
"I would thou were far in the sea,
"With that thy mother might scape free!"
When that he heard her speak so,
He *brayed* ‡ up his eyen two, ‡ *raised suddenly—with a start.*
And *lodly* § on her gan look, § *loathingly.*
And his head on her he shook,
And gan to cry with loud din;
"Thou lyest!" he said, "old queen!
"My mother shall no man *quell,* ‖ ‖ *kill.*
"For no thing that man may tell,
"While that I may stand or gon!
"Maugré hem every one
"I shall save her life for this.
"That thou shalt hear and see, ywis." I. 213. 214.

We

We have no time to stop to trace the completion of this promise, nor the rest of Arthur's history, which Mr Ellis has taken from a poetical account of his achievements and death, occurring in the Museum. The downfal of the chivalry of the Round Table was completed by the death of Sir Lancelot, its most redoubted supporter. Mr Ellis transcribes from the Morte Arthur the following eulogium over that hero, which may be said to comprehend the cardinal virtues of a *preux* chevalier.

"And now I dare say—that, Sir Launcelot, ther thou lyest, thou were never matched of none earthly knight's hands. And thou were the curteist knight that ever bare shielde. And thou were the truest freende to thy lover that ever bestrode horse. And thou were the truest lover, of a synful man, that ever loved woman. And thou were the kindest man that ever stroke with swerde. And thou were the goodliest person that ever came amonge prece (press) of knyghtes. And thou were the meekest man and the gentillest that ever eate in hal among ladies. And thou were the sternest knight to thy mortall foe that ever put spere in the rest!" I. 386—7.

The next class comprehends what Mr Ellis has ventured to call Saxon Romances, that is, romances referring to Saxon subjects, and claiming, perhaps, some foundation in the history of that people. Horn-Child, which bears the most decided marks of Saxon origin, is omitted, as already published by Mr Ritson, in an entire state; but we could have wished Mr Ellis had extended his criticism to that poem, or favoured us with some general remarks upon the romance of the Anglo-Saxons. Guy of Warwick, and Bevis of Hampton, occupy this station entirely. The first is a very long romance, and in general as dull as may be, with even more than the usual huge proportion of battles and tournaments. Yet it may be read with pleasure in Mr Ellis's abridgement, though the original would have defied the patience of most antiquaries. The combat betwixt Guy and Colbrond the Danish champion, is told in a more animated strain, and in a different stanza. We suspect that this is the only part of the romance which has any claim to a Saxon origin, and that all the rest has been added by some minstrel after the crusades. Mr Ellis seems disposed to identify the redoubted Sir Guy with Egils, a Norwegian pirate, who assisted Athelstan at the battle of Brunnanburgh. The Egils-saga, which contains an account of that chief's adventures, affords no countenance to this conjecture, which we incline to consider as fanciful. Bevis of Hamptoun resembles Guy of Warwick, but is of a far ruder, and apparently more ancient manufacture. There is a harshness and barbarous tinge about this poem, which bespeaks its being composed in a very rude state of society, or for the amusement of the lower ranks; two points which it is sometimes very difficult to distinguish

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guish. Notwithstanding their demerits, Guy of Warwick, and Bevis of Hamptoun, equalled, or excelled in popularity, almost all the romances of the middle ages.

The next is entitled an Anglo-Norman Romance, and contains the adventures of no less a person than Richard Cœur de Lion. It has, for many reasons, great claims on our attention. In the first place, it tends to show the progress from metrical history to metrical romance; for, in its more ancient and simple state, as a fragment still exists in the Auchinleck Manuscript, it appears to have contained little more than an historical detail, not much exaggerated, of the actual transactions of Richard in the Holy Land. But the inventions of succeeding minstrels have grafted upon the original narrative a number of extraordinary and supernatural events of the wildest and most romantic kind, in order to render it more astonishing or interesting to their hearers. There is, in particular, a minute account of a marriage betwixt Henry II. and an unknown Princess, by whom he had three children, namely, Richard, John, and a daughter unknown to our genealogists, called Topyas. This queen of England being a fiend, or something very little better, was unable to be present at any of the sacraments; and being once compelled to remain till the elevation of the host took place, she made an elopement through the roof of the chapel, carrying with her Topyas and John. The latter fell from the air, and broke his thigh bone; the mother escaped with the former, and was never more seen. The legend thus engrafted upon the English history, is taken from an event said to have happened to Count Fulk of Anjou, often alluded to by our Scottish historians, as a proof that, by one side of the house, the kings of England were descended from the devil. Perhaps, however, the minstrel hinted a satire at Eleanor of Guienne, who was, in fact, a sort of devil incarnate. Of this fiendish parentage, according to the romance, came that

King y-christened of most renown,
Strong Richard Cœur de Lioun.

The feat, by which he gained this well known appellation, is supposed to have happened during his confinement in the Austrian dominions, where he slew the Emperor's son by a box on the ear. The Emperor having scruples to accomplish his revenge, by dipping his hands in the royal blood of his prisoner, contented himself with introducing into Richard's company a hungry lion, under the conviction that he was guiltless of all consequences which might ensue from their meeting. Richard, who had armed his hand with a few ells of handkerchiefs, the gift of a loving princess, plunged it down the throat of the monster, tore out his heart, devoured it before the face of the Emperor, and thus acquired an ample title to the name by which he is

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is known in history. Amid this wild farrago, there occurs a minute incident of truth, which has escaped our historians. It seems pretty clear that Richard, while travelling in disguise through Austria, amused himself with dressing his own dinner, with some assistance from Sir Foulk Doyley, and Sir Thomas Multon, (the ancestor of the Dacres of Dacre). While these three warriors were busied in roasting a goose, they were teazed by an intrusive female minstrel, whom they rudely dismissed, without allowing her to share their good cheer. In consequence, she betrayed them to the Duke of Austria. This strange anecdote is alluded to by Petrus d'Elrilo, a writer of the 12th century, and by Otho de Saint Blaise, who maintains, that Richard himself turned the spit, forgetful that he wore a ring which announced the rank of the wearer to be far superior to his occupation. So strangely are truth and falsehood woven together in this curious performance. But this romance is also valuable, as a curious example of the change for the worse which the religious wars introduced into the European character. In the earlier romances, the heroes are no doubt sufficiently savage; they shed much blood in battle, and are determined enemies to giants and wizards. But the cause of these military exertions is generally one with which we can sympathize; the deliverance of a fair lady; the righting of a wrong done to the helpless; or the supporting the tottering throne of a lawful monarch. A certain generosity is also mingled in their valour; and they are generally as ready to forgive and spare the vanquished, as to quell the vaunting and resisting enemy. But the crusader discarded from his bosom all that was amiable and mild in the spirit of chivalry. He fought for the cause of God against unchristened heathen hounds, and had neither authority nor inclination to forgive their wrongs to Heaven, as he might have pardoned those offered to himself. This romance contains a lively detail of the bloody cruelties practised by the champions of Palestine upon an enemy. The following extraordinary specimen of what crusaders were supposed capable of performing, although totally fabulous, shews the idea which the minstrels conceived of such a character, when carried to the highest and most laudable degree of perfection.

'The best leeches in the camp were unable to effect the cure of Richard's ague; but the prayers of the army were more successful. He became convalescent; and the first symptom of his recovery was a violent longing for pork. But pork was not likely to be plentiful in a country whose inhabitants had an abhorrence for swine's-flesh; and

—— though his men should be hanged,
They ne might, in that countrèy,
For gold, ne silver, ne no monèy,

No

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No pork find, take, ne get,
That king Richard might aught of eat.
An old knight, with Richard biding,
When he heard of that tiding,
That the kingis wants were swyche,
To the steward he spake privyliche.
" Our lord the king sore is sick, I wis,
" After pork he alonged is;
" Ye may none find to selle:
" No man be hardy him so to telle!
" If he did, he might die.
" Now behoves to done as I shall say,
" That he wete nought of that.
" Takes a Saracen, young and fat;
" In haste let the thief be slain,
" Opened, and his skin off flayn;
" And sodden, full hastily,
" With powder, and with spicery,
" And with saffron of good colour.
" When the king feels thereof savour,
" Out of ague if he be went,
" He shall have thereto good talent.
" When he has a good taste,
" And eaten well a good repast,
" And supped of the *brewis* * a sup, * *broth.*
" Slept after, and swet a drop,
" Thorough Goddis help, and my counsail,
" Soon he shall be fresh and hail."
The sooth to say, at wordes few,
Slain and sodden was the heathen shrew.
Before the king it was forth brought:
Quod his men, " Lord, we have pork sought;
" Eates and suppes of the brewis *soote* †, † *sweet.*
" Thorough grace of God it shall be your boot."
Before king Richard carff a knight.
He ate faster than he carve might.
The king ate the flesh, and *gnew* * the bones, * *gnawed.*
And drank well after for the nonce.
And when he had eaten enough,
His folk hem turned away, and *lough* †. † *laughed.*
He lay still, and drew in his arm;
His chamberlain him wrapped warm.
He lay and slept, and swet a stound,
And became whole and sound.
King Richard clad him, and arose,
And walked abouten in the close.' II. 225—27.

Shortly after this horrible banquet, the Christian camp is attacked

tacked. Richard flies to repulse the invaders, succeeds, and returns, wearied with slaughter, to his tent.

' When king Richard had rested a whyle,
A knight his arms gan unlace,
Him to comfort and solàce.
Him was brought a sop in wine.
" The head of that ilke swine,
" That I of ate! (the cook he bade)
" For feeble I am, and faint, and mad.
" Of mine evil now I am fear;
" Serve me therewith at my soupere!"
Quod the cook, " That head I ne have."
Then said the king, " So God me save,
" But I see the head of that swine,
" For sooth, thou shalt lessen thine!"
The cook saw none other might be;
He fet the head, and let him see.
He fell on knees, and made a cry,
" Lo here the head! my lord, mercy!"

' The cook had certainly some reason to fear that his master would be struck with horror at the recollection of the dreadful banquet to which he owed his recovery, but his fears were soon dissipated.

' The *swarte vis* * when the king seeth, * *black-face.*
His black beard, and white teeth,
How his lippes grinned wide,
" What devil is this?" the king cried,
And gan to laugh as he were wode.
" What? is Saracen's flesh thus good?
" That, never erst, I nought wist!
" By Godes death, and his up-rist,
" Shall we never die for default,
" While we may, in any assault,
" Slee Saracens, the flesh may take,
" And seethen, and rosten, and do him bake,
" [And] Gnawen her flesh to the bones!
" Now I have it proved once,
" For hunger ere I be wo,
" I and my folk shall eat mo!" II. 228—29.

Soon after this incident, Saladin despatches an embassy to Richard to solicit the ransom of the garrison of Acres, including several persons of high rank, who, with the city, had fallen into the hands of the Christians. Richard receives the ambassadors courteously, and requests their company to dinner.

' The invitation was gratefully accepted. Richard in the mean time gave secret orders to his marshal that he should repair to the prison, select a certain number of the most distinguished captives, and, after carefully noting their names on a roll of parchment, cause their heads to be

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instantly struck off: that these heads should be delivered to the cook, with instructions to clear away the hair, and, after boiling them in a caldron, to distribute them on several platters, one to each guest, observing to fasten on the forehead of each the piece of parchment expressing the name and family of the victim:

" An hot head bring me beforn,
" As I were well apayed withall,
" Eat thereof fast I shall;
" As it were a tender chick,
" To see how the others will like."

'This horrible order was punctually executed. At noon the guests were summoned to wash by the music of the waits; the king took his seat, attended by the principal officers of his court, at the high table, and the rest of the company were marshalled at a long table below him. On the cloth were placed portions of salt at the usual distances, but neither bread, wine, nor water. The ambassadors, rather surprised at this omission, but still free from apprehension, awaited in silence the arrival of the dinner, which was announced by the sound of pipes, trumpets and tabours; and beheld, with horror and dismay, the unnatural banquet introduced by the steward and his officers. Yet their sentiments of disgust and abhorrence, and even their fears, were for a time suspended by their curiosity. Their eyes were fixed on the king, who, without the slightest change of countenance, swallowed the morsels as fast as they could be supplied by the knight who carved them.

'Every man then poked other;
They said, " This is the devil's brother,
" That slays our men, and thus hem eats!"

'Their attention was then involuntarily fixed on the smoking heads before them; they traced in the swoln and distorted features the resemblance of a friend or near relation; and received from the fatal scroll which accompanied each dish the sad assurance, that this resemblance was not imaginary. They sat in torpid silence, anticipating their own fate in that of their countrymen; while their ferocious entertainer, with fury in his eyes, but with courtesy on his lips, insulted them by frequent invitations to merriment. At length this first course was removed, and its place supplied by venison, cranes, and other dainties, accompanied by the richest wines. The king then apologized to them for what had passed, which he attributed to his ignorance of their taste; and assured them of his religious respect for their character as ambassadors, and of his readiness to grant them a safe-conduct for their return. This boon was all that they now wished to claim; and

'King Richard spake to an old man,
" Wendes home to your soudan!
" His melancholy that ye abate;
" And sayes that ye came too late.
" Too slowly was your time y-guessed;
" Ere ye came, the flesh was dressed,

" That

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" That men shoulden serve with me,
" Thus at noon, and my meynie.
" Say him, it shall him nought avail,
" Though he for-bar us our vitail,
" Bread, wine, fish, flesh, salmon, and conger;
" Of us none shall die with hunger,
" While we may wenden to fight,
" And slay the Saracens downright,
" Wash the flesh and roast the head.
" With *oo* * Saracen, I may well feed * *one.*
" Well a nine or a ten
" Of my good Christian men.
" King Richard shall warrant,
" There is no flesh so nourissant
" Unto an English man,
" Partridge, plover, heron, ne swan,
" Cow ne ox, sheep ne swine,
" As the head of a Sarezyn.
" There he is fat, and thereto tender;
" And my men be lean and slender.
" While any Saracen quick be,
" Livand now in this Syrie,
" For meat will we nothing care.
" Abouten fast we shall fare,
" And every day we shall eat
" All so many as we may get.
" To England will we nought gon,
" Till they be eaten every one." II. p. 232—6.

The other exploits of King Richard in the Holy Land were in a similar taste with this cannibal entertainment; and we are of opinion, that when such feats are imputed by way of praise and merit to the hero of the crusaders, and received, as doubtless they were, with no small applause by the audience, the fact will go a great way to ascertain, whether the European character was improved or debased by these eastern expeditions.

The next class of Romances comprehend such as relate to Charlemagne and his Paladins. These are founded on the chronicle of the Pseudo-Turpin, a collection of fables not very dissimilar to those brought together by Geoffrey of Monmouth, and which, like his chronicle, has become the source of innumerable romances. But they never seem to have been equally popular in England; nor, indeed, could it be expected, as the scene is usually laid in France, Spain, or Italy. The Italians, from the days of Pulci to those of Ariosto, and much later, have had very many poems founded on this basis. The romances which Mr Ellis has given under this class are three,—Roland and Ferragus, Sir Otuel, and Sir Ferumbras. The first of these is remarkable for

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a very curious debate upon theology, betwixt Roland, the Orlando of Ariosto, and Ferragus, a huge Spanish infidel giant, the Ferrau of the same poet. This controversy is introduced by a truce, in the midst of a duel between these champions, both of whom were invulnerable. After laying on each other with clubs for a reasonable time, Ferragus insists upon the Spanish custom of taking a nap after noon.

'Roland, whose courtesy was equal to his valour, readily consented; and the giant, almost instantly falling asleep, began to snore so unreasonably loud, that his adversary heard him first with astonishment, and at last with compassion, conceiving that he must be in great pain, and that neither man nor monster could be naturally inclined to slumbers so very noisy and unharmonious. He therefore, after surveying all the fragments of rock which they had lately thrown at each other, at length pitched upon one which appeared sufficiently smooth to form a tolerable pillow; and, having placed it with great care under the giant's head, had the satisfaction of perceiving that his repose became, in consequence, much more tranquil. Ferragus, however, at last awaked, stared about him, rubbed his eyes, and not being aware of Sir Roland's talents for bed-making, eagerly inquired who had so kindly provided him with a pillow; adding, that he should ever consider as his friend the person who had done him this good office; upon which the knight replied, that he had done it, partly indeed in charity to his own ears, which had been almost deafened: "but," continued he, "since you are now very fond of me, pray tell me whether you are all over invulnerable?" Ferragus answered that he was, excepting only in the navel; and then inquired, in his turn, into the birth, parentage, and education of his new acquaintance.

'It was not to be expected that the pious Roland should reply to all these particulars, without mentioning his religion; and this naturally led him to lament, that the good friend whom he was then addressing was ultimately doomed to go to the devil. Ferragus, on his part, aware that stupidity is usually imputed to the whole race of giants, became anxious to convince his opponent of his talents for disputation, and desired Roland to give him a lesson in Christianity; which the other readily undertook. The combat was, by mutual consent, postponed; and the Christian hero prepared to try whether the monster's head was more pervious to argument than to the knots of his club, or to the trenchant edge of Durindale.' Ellis, II. 305—7.

The theological arguments used by Roland we shall not now stop to quote. They were all used in vain; for no mode of converting the unbelieving heathen proved effectual; so that Roland had finally the trouble of slaughtering him. Sir Otuel, although the story is not interesting, is told with great spirit, and introduced by an excellent scene betwixt Charlemagne and a heathen ambassador. Ferumbras is another poem concerning the wars of Charlemagne

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Charlemagne against the infidels, on which we will not dwell, although it carries particular interest to a Caledonian critic, being the very romance which Robert the Bruce read to amuse and encourage his forlorn adherents while they were ferried over Loch-lomond. (See Barbour, book III.) Ferumbras is also the Fierabras after whose receipt the Knight of La Mancha pretended to compound his notable balsam.

The next romance is of oriental origin, being the earliest edition of the Seven Wise Masters, long known among the schoolboys of this country. It is followed by ten miscellaneous romances, of which we have only time to transcribe the names:—Florice and Blancheflour; Robert of Cysille; Sir Isumbras; Sir Triamour; Ipomydon; Eglamour of Artois; Lay le Fraine; Sir Eger and Sir Grahame; Roswal and Lillian; and Amys and Amylion;—all tales of doughty knights and ladies fair, once in high renown among the courtly and the gallant, but now condemned to an obscurity which, in some respects, is as undeserved as their original supereminent reputation.

It would far exceed our limits, upon which we have already somewhat trespassed, to give a complete character of the ancient metrical romances. Their importance, in a historical point of view, we have already noticed. They hold out to us, like Shakespeare's players, the abstract and brief chronicles of the time, and demand the serious consideration of every historian. Even in a literary point of view, their merit is not contemptible. It is true, the story is generally rambling and desultory, utterly incapable consequently of exciting the pleasure arising from a well conducted plan, all the parts of which depend upon each other, and tend, each in due degree, to bring on the catastrophe. So far is this from being the case, that, in a long romance, the adventures usually are all separated and insulated; only connected with each other, by their having happened to the same hero; just as a necklace of beads is combined by the thread on which they are strung. This arrangement, in fact, best suited the reciters, whose narration was to be proportioned to the time and patience of their audience; and whom this loose structure of story permitted to use freedom of compression or dilatation as best suited their purpose, since any single adventure might be inserted without impropriety, or left out without being missed. The same cause accounts for the loose and often tedious style in which the minstrels indulged. It was of consequence that their stanza should be so simple, as to be easily recollected, and their diction so copious, as not to suffer by any occasional deficiency of memory. For these reasons, Robert de Brunne tells us, that the common minstrels were unable to repeat tales written in a concise style

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style and complicated stanza, and that such became *naught* in their imperfect recitation. To these faults, we have often to add those of extreme awkwardness of contrivance and improbability of incident; but which neither offended the taste, nor shocked the faith of our plain and hardy ancestors. On the other hand, there is a sort of *keeping* in these ancient tales, which did not depend upon the minstrel's inclination, and from which he could not have departed, if he had a mind to do so. This arises from his painting the manners of his own time as they passed before his eyes, and thus giving a truth and unity to the chivalrous events he relates, which the modern labourers in the vineyard of romance are utterly unable to imitate. With all the pains these last can use to deck their champions in the antique taste, they are perpetually confounding the past time with the present, and are guilty of anachronisms almost as gross as his who introduced a tea-table scene into the history of John of Gaunt. Neither is the language in which these legends are told altogether unworthy of our applause. There often occur passages, which, from the spirit of the poet rising with the situation, may justly claim a rank among the higher and more masculine orders of poetry. And although, as we have already noticed, the general conduct of the story is desultory and slightly put together, yet many of the individual adventures, of which each long romance is composed, are happily conceived and artfully executed. The gloom of superstition likewise added a wild and dismal effect to the wonders of the minstrel; and occasionally his description of supernatural events amounts nearly to sublimity.

To these ancient monuments of the past ages, Mr Ellis has rendered the same good service in English, which the Count de Tressan performed in France, by the *Corps d'Extraits de Romans de Chivalerie*. In some respects, the works resemble each other considerably. They are both executed by men of rank and fashion, who formed their style not merely by perusing the best authors, but by frequenting the first company in their respective countries. Both display an acute sense of the ludicrous, and can readily enliven, by a witty turn or lively expression, the dull or absurd details which they are occasionally obliged to narrate. We question, however, whether this is not sometimes too much indulged by both authors, since such license, when frequently taken, is rather irreverent, and looks as if the jest were levelled at once against the reader, the editor, and the original minstrel. In other respects, Mr Ellis has a decided superiority over Mons. de Tressan. He is infinitely more faithful as an editor; and, as an author, exhibits much deeper research; which appears from his having chosen the metrical romances for his subject; whereas the Count has confined his attention to those in

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in prose, though far less ancient, and in every respect less interesting. But Mr Ellis's introduction sufficiently illustrates his superior skill as an antiquary, although he has brought forward fewer materials than Mr Ritson, and makes no parade of those which he has acquired: it is evidently because he wished to be an architect, not a mere collector of stones and rubbish. Every thing which he quotes is adapted to fill a place in his system; and thus he avoids the great error of antiquaries, who are too much busied with insulated facts, to present to their readers a connected historical view of the subject under discussion.

Notwithstanding this ingenious and lively publication, we still desire even the more to see a genuine edition of these ancient poems. It is painful to reflect, that they, with many unedited chronicles, the materials of our national history, are lying unhonoured and unconsulted amid the rubbish of large libraries. The indifferent sale of Mr Ritson's work may discourage individuals; but surely the object is worth the attention of the English universities, more particularly that of Cambridge; Oxford being still, we presume, engaged with the long promised edition of Strabo.

ART. VII. *The Principles of Moral Science.* By Robert Forsyth, Esq. Advocate. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 520. Edinburgh and London, 1805.

IT would pass for mere affectation of being superior to known national partialities, if we should pretend to take no interest in a comely octavo, published at Edinburgh, upon metaphysics and morality. This book, however, has other claims on our attention: and though we are afraid that, upon the whole, it will afford more satisfaction to those who are accustomed to depreciate the merit of our Scotish philosophy, than to those who, like us, are uniformly ready to exalt it; it cannot be denied, we think, that it indicates very considerable talents, and treats of a most important subject with some spirit and ingenuity.

Mr Forsyth's great merit appears to us to consist in a kind of homely sagacity and coarse good sense, which enables him to cut short many a perplexing controversy, and to break through those entanglements of fine and delicate sophistry, in which a more scrupulous reasoner would infallibly be detained. His object, indeed, seems rather to have been to seize firmly, and illustrate with precision, the practical utilities of the subject, than to pursue into new refinements of subtlety the abstract speculations to which it may give rise; and passing rapidly over most of the niceties and difficulties

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difficulties of the science, he attaches himself almost exclusively to the exposition of those important truths which seem to admit of demonstration, and as to which the labours of his predecessors have been most fruitful in discovery. His work, in short, is intended, we conceive, rather to afford a distinct view of what is supposed to be certain and useful in philosophy, than of what it may contain of curious and abstruse, and was not designed probably so much for the gratification of speculative curiosity, as for the substantial improvement of those who may seek in such studies for something more than an exercise of the understanding.

This design, we think, is highly meritorious; but there are so many faults of execution, that we cannot go much farther in our praise. From an absurd ambition of originality, the whole system is founded upon a strange and audacious paradox, which does not cease to disturb the reader to the very end of the performance. Many rash and peremptory assertions are made, as it appears to us, on very insufficient ground; and the whole work is composed in a tone so presumptuous and irreverent, that the fullest persuasion of the author's good sense and good intentions has not always been sufficient to keep us from being a little out of humour with him. In a work intended to illustrate the principles of taste and morality, there is nothing elegant and nothing amiable,—no enthusiasm for the subject, and no conciliation for the reader: and, in treating again of subjects which have engaged the attention of some of the most illustrious of our species, we do not meet with one expression of reverence and admiration for those who first explored the obscurities of mind, and lighted up those beacons by which inferior adventurers have been enabled to point out the errors of their course. Mr Forsyth proceeds too much like a cold-blooded dogmatist, who will receive no assistance and fears no opposition:—he rebukes all preceding philosophers in a few authoritative sentences, and then delivers his own doctrines with the most perfect confidence and composure: he afterwards illustrates them with great perspicuity, and frequently with considerable force and vivacity, but in a manner, on the whole, so ungraceful and overbearing, as infallibly to disgust all those who may not agree with him, and even to give some displeasure to those who may concur in his conclusions.

The greater part of the book consists of a clear and concise exposition of the best established doctrine with regard to the principles and operations of the human mind; illustrated, in many places, with considerable originality; and pursued, upon some occasions, to new and ingenious conclusions. The novelties, however, are more frequently tainted with rash and ambitious paradox; and the utility and effect of what is unexceptionable, is constantly

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constantly impaired by the recurrence of the fundamental illusion, or solecism rather, upon which the whole system is so perversely rested.

Morality, our author observes, is that science which professes to regulate the actions of men, and may be divided, he is pleased to inform us, into two separate inquiries: *1st*, To what end our actions should be directed; and, *2d*, What are the means by which this end may be attained. Upon the first, which is nearly parallel to the famous speculations of the ancients on the nature of the *summum bonum*, he enters into a long and elaborate discussion, for the purpose of establishing his grand paradoxical discovery, that happiness is by no means the natural or proper object of human pursuit.

The whole inquiry after the *summum bonum* is now obsolete, we believe, in the writings of philosophers; because, though it was never before denied, that happiness (with which good is synonymous) was the only conceivable object of voluntary exertion, it was found impracticable to fix the relative value of the different sources of happiness which the bounty of nature has opened to us, and altogether useless to invest any one with a nominal supremacy over all the others. We did not augur much good, therefore, from the first announciation of Mr Forsyth's inquiry into the proper end of human pursuit; but we certainly did not conceive it possible that any one should be found, more especially in this country, and this part of the country, who would seriously maintain, at this day, that happiness is not the chief good of a sentient creature, and that it is a great mistake to suppose that men are rationally employed in seeking their own enjoyment, or promoting that of others. Such, however, is the doctrine which this author propounds, and to which he is even pleased to say, that all men, in their hearts, are really converts, though led into a very general error in speculation, by the oversight of all preceding philosophers. That the reader may not suppose we exaggerate, in any degree, the extravagance of this proposition; and may learn, at the same time, what it is that our learned countryman recommends to them as an object of pursuit, instead of happiness, we quote the following sentence.

'It appears to me, then, that the great object which the human race ought to pursue, and the attainment of which they ought to regard as the business of their lives, is not to produce happiness, pleasure, or felicity, in themselves or others; but that, on the contrary, the end for which they were formed, and which alone they can pursue with success, is the improvement of their whole intellectual faculties, whether speculative or active. In one word, it is the business of man in this world

world to endeavour to *become an excellent being*, possessing high powers of *energy* and *intelligence*. This is his *chief good;* and ought to be the great and ultimate object of his pursuit, to which every other consideration ought to be sacrificed.' p. 9.

We do not imagine that any one who is capable of understanding the question, will require any argument to convince him of the fallacy of this strange proposition. The end of our actions is prescribed to us by nature, and not by reason. A rational being cannot even be supposed to act voluntarily, except with a view to its own good—to gain something agreeable, or avoid something disagreeable: but good, agreeable, desirable, excellent, are all mere synonymes for happiness—not immediate or sensual happiness, but that happiness which is the most exquisite, the most durable, and the most secure. It is absolutely impossible that we should not always aim at this happiness, or that we should ever aim at any thing else. Intellectual energy, fortitude and virtue, can have no value in our eyes, except in so far as they have a tendency to promote our own happiness, or that of others; and it amounts almost to a contradiction in terms, to say, that, if we are wise, we should pursue them for their own sake, without any view to the gratifications that may be derived from them, and indeed upon the very principle that such gratifications should never enter into our consideration at all. If we are to receive no gratification, either present or future, in mind or in body, from our actions, it seems quite apparent that we should never act at all. There must be a *motive* to excite volition, as certainly as an impulse to begin motion; and a motive neither does nor can mean any thing but an apprehension of good to be attained, or evil or uneasiness to be avoided.

All this, we should think, is sufficiently plain; but as Mr Forsyth has really taken a great deal of pains with his paradox, it is but fair that we should take some notice of the reasons by which he has supported it. The truth is, he says, that, in point of fact, men do not love or admire the causes or appearances of happiness in themselves or others, but reserve all their affection for valour, and self-command, and pity, and beneficence, and other qualities which imply the existence of pain and suffering. It is impossible, we should conceive, to put more bad reasoning into one proposition. In the first place, there are many qualities which we may approve of and admire in others, for which we should not wish to have any occasion in ourselves. It is precisely because we hate pain, and suffering, and danger, and neglect, for ourselves, that we love courage and compassion in others; we love and admire those qualities, therefore, not because they are connected with unhappiness, but because they are opposed to it, and promote

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promote our security and enjoyment by their general diffusion among men. This explains sufficiently why we should wish to see such qualities around us. That we should wish to possess them also ourselves, may be explained as easily, without having recourse to the monstrous supposition that unhappiness is an object of desire. They afford us pleasure, in the first place, through our sympathy with the pleasure of those who derive benefit from them, and whose gratitude and admiration is both useful and agreeable to us. They afford us pleasure too, by lessening to us the evil of inevitable misfortunes. A brave man suffers less, when exposed to danger, than a coward; and those who are bold and active, sooner get to the end of their difficulties. In the last place, the consciousness of possessing these qualities is pleasing, perhaps in consequence of some intuitive and inexplicable law of our constitution, or because it frequently gives us assurance of obtaining some future pleasure or reward, in this or in another world. We do not presume to determine, whether virtue can be distinctly conceived under any other notion than that of a disposition favourable to happiness; but we are quite certain, that no quality or disposition could be loved or admired, which had not a tendency to produce present or future happiness to ourselves or others. Finally, it may be observed, that the facts quoted by Mr Forsyth, are altogether inexplicable upon his own hypothesis. According to him, intellectual energy is the only proper object of human affection or desire, and it is also its natural object; but surely there is no great intellectual energy in benevolence, pity, gentleness, and all those mild and tender affections that are the natural objects of our love.

Mr Forsyth's second reason for holding that happiness ought not to be the object of our pursuit, is that, in point of fact, it is an object which we never can attain; and he enters into a long dissertation, to shew that no perfect felicity can be expected in this world, and even that no considerable addition can be made, by our exertions, to what is conferred upon us by the bounty of nature. The first position is certainly true; but it is equally applicable to every other object of human pursuit, and would condemn us to perpetual inactivity, if it afforded a legitimate reason for desisting altogether from the care of them. Does Mr Forsyth really imagine, that perfect wisdom, or mental energy, can be attained in this world, any more than perfect happiness? or, can he possibly hold, that all attainable degrees of happiness are to be despised and rejected, because the highest degree is not attainable? As to the second proposition, that we can in no degree increase our natural happiness by exertion, it is evidently either unmeaning, or completely erroneous. If, by natural, he means the

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the happiness which we enjoy without acting, or exerting ourselves at all, it must mean the happiness of lying still and famishing. If voluntary action lead to any part of this happiness, it is not natural, as opposed to any other part of our happiness; it is gained plainly by exertions, dictated by that very love and regard for happiness, which it is the purpose of this author to repress. That unthinking men very often make blunders, and prefer a transitory to a lasting enjoyment, or an uncertain to a secure one, is undoubtedly true; but the remedy for this is, to study and understand both the value and the constitution of happiness, not to disregard and despise it altogether.

The third argument against the pursuit of happiness, is very nearly akin to the preceding. It is, that it is manifest the Creator never intended us to enjoy happiness, but only to become wise and excellent beings. And here, we are told again, of extremes of cold and heat, tempests, and wild beasts—shortness of life, wars, pestilence, and ennui. All this may serve to show that perfect happiness was not intended for men upon earth. But surely it would not be difficult to shew, that bountiful provision has been made for a very considerable degree of enjoyment, and cannot require to be shewn at all, that man was formed by his Creator to love and to seek after those various enjoyments, and to be guided, in every act of his will, by the prospect and the hope of attaining them. Intellectual improvement leads to many of those pleasures, and may itself be reckoned as one of the most considerable; and provision is made therefore for that object, as well as for all the rest. But Mr. Forsyth surely cannot maintain that provision is made for perfect wisdom, or that there are not as many phenomena in the universe to prove, that the intellectual improvement of his creatures could not have been the end of the Creator, as that their felicity could not. In point of fact, the number of individuals who improve their understanding by their own exertions, is incomparably smaller than that of those who add to their happiness; and the sum of enjoyment, accumulated in the world by the exertions of men, is certainly much greater than that of wisdom or virtue. How many millions live and die, for countless generations, without making any sensible advancement in intellectual attainments! How often does disease or oppression arrest the progress of that which is most happily begun! And does not death cut off the promise of mental excellence as effectually as of actual enjoyment? The fact is, however, that this argument, from the views of the great Creator of the universe, is in its own nature presumptuous and inconclusive. We do not know the designs of the Creator in the construction of the universe, or the ultimate destination of men; but we know that he

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he has placed us here within reach of many enjoyments, and with a strong and indestructible propensity to obtain them. He must therefore have intended them as objects of our pursuit, unless he could have intended something very different from what has happened, and must always happen in his creation. The idea of its being our duty to co-operate with the designs of Providence, and to assist, as it were, the omnipotent Ruler of the world to accomplish his incomprehensible designs, is one that, under a certain appearance of piety, implies, we think, the most impious presumption. We must at all times co-operate with Omnipotence; and may rest assured, that no act or exertion of ours can either thwart or promote the purposes which he executes.

Mr Forsyth has not always spoken upon these subjects with the reverence which we think is becoming. He has satisfied us completely, in the concluding part of his volume, that he has a proper impression of the importance of religion, and entertains suitable notions of the Divine attributes; but there are in other places passages which we conceive to be very objectionable, and even in some degree indecent. The coarse familiarity of the following sentences, for instance, we think exceedingly offensive.

'But the mode in which men have most generally attempted to reconcile the existence of physical evil, or suffering, in the world, with the supposed purpose of its creation, is this: They have added a second supposition to the first. They confess that, by some cross accident, the Author of Nature has not succeeded in His benevolent plan of producing happiness in this world; but they allege that He will certainly produce another world, or a future state of existence, after this shall have terminated, in which every error will be rectified; those who now are the disturbers of human happiness will be punished, and the rest will enjoy perfect felicity.

'It must be obvious, however, that this account of matters is very unsatisfactory. We know the Author of Nature only from His works; and if he has not succeeded in the plan upon which He formed this world, it is evident that He may fail in the plan of making a better world.' p. 20, 21.

Enough has been said, we believe, of the wild dream of separating human activity from our pursuit of happiness: Yet, before we leave the subject entirely, we would recommend the following passage to the attention of the reader, as a favourable specimen of the author's talents as a writer.

'The whole error upon the subject appears to have arisen from mistaking the means which Nature employs for the ends or purposes which she designs to accomplish. In every work of art, the end or object which the artist has in view is distinguished by its superior permanence and stability from the temporary means which he uses for its production. When the house is finished, and the scaffolding taken down, we can

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can easily perceive that the scaffolding was erected for the house, and not the house for the scaffolding. The pain of hunger or thirst, and the pleasure of eating and drinking, are both at an end as soon as we have gratified those appetites; but the health and vigour which arise from proper nourishment remain. Hence, a rational being can easily perceive that hunger is not given for our torment, nor is the pleasure of eating bestowed as a source of happiness: They are only given as the means of preserving our constitution in a sound state. The same rule obtains with regard to all our enjoyments. We are led to exertion by the hope of pleasure; but the pleasure we receive terminates with the exertion, although the improvement which it produces remains and is permanent. For, in all human efforts, whether speculative or active, two things take place; a certain degree of contrivance and of vigour is exerted, and a certain degree of pleasure or of uneasiness is felt. If the effort is frequently repeated, we learn to perform it with greater ease; if it is a bodily effort of a moderate kind, our strength is increased in consequence of it; and if it is an effort of thought, the frequent repetition of it augments our ingenuity and vigour of mind. The case is directly the reverse with regard to the pleasure or the pain which our exertions produce. Activity is usually pleasing; but every repetition of a particular exertion diminishes the pleasure or the pain which it originally produced, till at last they are scarcely, if at all, perceived. Thus our exertions produce pleasure, but a pleasure which is continually diminishing; and at the same time they produce improvement, but an improvement which is continually increasing.' p. 22. 23.

All that is said here, is not equally objectionable; but the original blunder has communicated its infection to the greater part. The pleasure and the improvement which we derive from exertion, will generally be found to follow the same law, and not an opposite law. If we repeat the *very same* act of mind many times, it will cease to produce either; but if the exertion be varied, the pleasure will last as long as the improvement, and be proportionate in general to its rapidity. The radical objection, however, consists in the impossibility of defining improvement in any other way than as an increased capacity to enjoy or to bestow happiness: So that if we follow improvement, after the direct and immediate pleasure of exertion has declined, we only follow one species of pleasure instead of another.

The following passage, which is meant to illustrate the fatal consequences of preferring the pursuit of happiness to that of intellectual excellence, is a very convincing exposition of the danger of following casual and transitory enjoyments, instead of those that are secure and durable.

'We have no single object of pursuit, but alter our schemes, as avarice, ambition, pleasure, or conscience, chance to be uppermost. We perform religious ceremonies from habit, or a superstitious reverence for we know not what. We indulge our passions, because it pleases us for the

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the instant to do so, or because others do the same. We pursue the objects of these passions with anxiety, and are thrown into grief and despair by disappointment with regard to them. We do kind actions, because we are of a soft temper, or are met with in a good humour; and we act harshly when the contrary is the case. We pursue riches, because the world admires them; and we think ourselves and our families ruined by the loss of them, because fools have said that we are so. Thus we stagger on at random, without principle, through life. At the end of it, we know not whether we have been wise or foolish, and begin to wonder what is to become of us hereafter. The terrors of superstition lay hold of us. Some lay these asleep by levity, and others by vain prayers and repentance: till at last, between hope and despair, we find ourselves compelled to close our eyes, and to take a leap into the dark.' p. 299, 300.

After having settled, in this way, the proper object of all human exertions, Mr Forsyth proceeds to inquire in what this intellectual excellence, to which our whole attention is to be directed, consists; and discovers that it consists, 1st, of a capacity to think and judge clearly; and 2d, of a capacity to act vigorously. He then dedicates a short chapter to the examination of former systems of morality, which he explains very imperfectly, and censures with considerable arrogance. The following is almost the whole of what he condescends to say upon modern theories.

'In modern times, several attempts have been made to fix upon some general principle or rule of moral conduct. Dr Clark, for example, asserts, that the great rule of morality consists in acting according to the relations of things; or the fitness of applying certain actions to certain things, or relations of things. Woolaston alleges that we ought to act according to truth, or the true nature of things, considered as they are, and not as they are not; that is to say, we ought to treat our kindred, not as strangers, which they are not, but as our kindred, which they actually are. Shaftesbury maintains, like the Platonists, that the great principle of morality consists in preserving a proper balance among all our affections; so that none of them may exert greater influence than of right belongs to it. An ingenious author, William Godwin, has lately attempted to found a system of morality upon this principle, that, in our whole conduct, we ought to act towards ourselves and others according to strict justice, and that we ought to perform towards every man precisely what is due to him.

'These systems are all erroneous in two points of view. So far as they represent happiness as the proper object of human pursuit, they send us upon a vain chase to catch a rainbow that retires as we advance: So far as they represent propriety or reasonableness of conduct as the great rule of moral action, they are defective, inasmuch as they afford no precise measure by which this propriety or reasonableness can be judged of.' p. 50, 51.

The author then closes the first part of his inquiry, by dividing the

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the duties of men into those which they owe to themselves—to the Deity—and to society; and proceeds, in the second part, to consider the duties which man owes to himself, by examining, first, the different exertions of intellect which have a tendency to promote our improvement; and, secondly, the use and effect of the affections and passions by which we are usually stimulated to activity.

In the first chapter, 'On the Human Understanding and its subordinate Faculties,' the author delivers a concise account of what is generally received as to the faculties of perception, memory and reasoning. With regard to memory, however, he seems to have fallen into a very great mistake, where he appears to think that it is possible to reason without its assistance, or to carry on long trains of speculation, both as to future and past occurrences, with very little aid from that faculty. Now, all that we conjecture of the future, must be founded on what we remember of the past; and all that we infer as to such past events, as we do not know from memory or testimony, must be founded, in like manner, upon what we do remember. Without memory, we could not pursue the most simple reasoning to a conclusion; and as to deductions concerning past or future events, it is evident that our chance of being right depends altogether on the number of analagous cases with which our memory can supply us.

The next chapter is of Imagination, and contains nothing remarkable. The next is entitled, 'Of Arrangement, and the Formation of Language.' The first part is very indifferent;—the second is full of rashness and presumption; but not without considerable indications of acuteness and talent. The author reduces all words to three great classes—substantive nouns, or names of objects—adjectives, or names of resemblances or differences of objects—and verbs, or names of actions or events. Had the second volume of the Diversions of Purley been published when this chapter was written, it would probably have worn another aspect. Some of his observations, however, are ingenious. Of the words good and bad, wise and foolish, for instance, he remarks,

'These do not express the difference between any two particular objects; but they express, in general, all those differences of which we approve or disapprove, in whatever circumstance the difference may consist. Thus the word good, when applied to vinegar, means that it is sour; applied to honey, that it is sweet; applied to oak timber, that it is hard; to a down-bed, that it is soft; to a merchant, that he is rich; to a soldier, that he is brave; and to a scholar, that he is learned.' p. 110.——And afterwards,

'Such words enable us to talk in a general manner of whole classes of the differences betwixt objects, without alluding to any particular individuals;

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dividuals; and hence they are the great sources of ambiguity in language, and of misapprehension among men. Thus one man calls it wisdom to gather money; another calls it wisdom to get himself talked of; a third accounts himself wise when he knows how far it is to the moon; and a fourth, when he understands some unknown tongue that nobody cares about. Some people account every thing poverty that is below an hundred thousand pounds Sterling; while others think themselves rich with the hundredth part of that sum. When such general words, therefore, are used by a man without a previous explanation of the particulars included by him under them, we can derive little benefit from his discourse.' p. 112.

He has a strange speculation on the dreadful consequences that have followed the adoption of secondary substantives formed from adjectives and verbs;—such words, he observes, being merely intended to express the idea belonging to their etymon, do not, like the proper original substantives, denote any real existence; but, from the similarity of their form, men were led to ascribe such an existence to them. The poets personified them, and many of them even grew up into deities; till the world at last exhibited the strange spectacle of temples dedicated, and priests consecrated '*to the worship of mere vocables.*' The whole notion, we conceive, is absurd, and might be easily confuted. The author has confounded, in a great measure, the names of actions and qualities with the names of classes and genera of objects. To this chapter is annexed an appendix, containing a very unsatisfactory account of the distinction between the faculties of man and the lower animals. He makes it depend upon our exclusive possession of the power of voluntary memory; and illustrates it very unfortunately in the instance of speech, in which it is quite evident that the sight or conception of the object suggests the name, not in consequence of any effort of recollection, but by the force of such customary associations as he allows brutes to be capable of. This discourse concludes with a notable piece of obscure materialism, which seems intended to shew, that intellectual energy may be occasionally transmuted into bodily strength. If, in consequence of any defective confirmation, this intellectual energy cannot be exercised in the natural and ordinary way, it will act and exhaust itself, we are told, in some other manner; 'and hence,' says Mr Forsyth, 'arises the restlessness and extraordinary strength of madmen.'

The succeeding chapter treats of Taste. We have given our readers enough upon that subject in a preceding article. Mr Forsyth is of opinion, that all beauty consists in utility, or in the adaptation of every object to its end; and he also thinks, that sublimity is only a very high degree of beauty. Assuredly we do not

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think with Mr Forsyth. Towards the end of the chapter, he proceeds to inquire into the value of the fine arts, and their utility and function in society; and delivers an opinion so peculiar and characteristic, that (though the passage does contain a statement which we could have wished not to publish to any but our own countrymen) we are tempted to lay a part of it before our readers.

'The use of the fine arts, then, seems to be this: When men are altogether barbarous and ignorant, it is of much importance to prevail with them to exert their faculties with regard even to the most trifling objects. A marvellous tale told them in a song produces this effect. All the efforts of the fine arts are addressed to the passions. It is necessary they should be so to excite the attention of barbarians. They have only an indirect tendency, therefore, to render mankind rational. They foster and soothe the passions of love, ambition, and vanity; but they also teach men to admire skill and ability, and to take delight in something else than war, gaming, gluttony, and idleness, which are the vices of all savages. As succeeding artists improve upon each other, their countrymen become more discerning and skilful, till at last a great proportion of mankind learn to take delight in the exertion of thought, and in the pursuits of literature and of knowledge. When this object is accomplished, the fine arts have done their duty; and an important duty it is, seeing they are the means of alluring the human race to the pursuit of intellectual improvement. In themselves, however, and without regard to this object, they are of little real value; for a man is not a more excellent being when his ears are tickled by music, than when he hears it not; and we derive no greater improvement from an important truth, when it is conveyed to us in rhyme, than when it is conveyed in prose. To be a good judge of painting or of music, a man must no doubt possess a certain degree of intellect; but this degree is so moderate, and is capable of being acquired in so many other ways in a literary age, that the production of it, by means of these arts, affords no adequate reward for their laborious cultivation.

'In Scotland, for two hundred years past, we have had almost none of these arts. We have no splendid musical establishments. We have banished music from our religion; and it is little valued either by the enterprising or the speculative part of the nation. We have had a few good painters, but little attention has been paid to their works. We have few collections of paintings; and our most intelligent men have no knowledge of the beauties of the art, and give it none of their attention. Our poets have also been few; because poetry is held in little estimation, and the cultivation of the art is accounted a waste of time that produces no respectability.

'Yet the Scots are so far from being a barbarous people, that their country has been one of the most fertile nurseries of intelligent and accomplished men. Not only are those who remain at home of a sober and well-informed character, but crowds of well educated and active young men are daily issuing forth to all quarters of the globe; and by their

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their literature and their assiduity, obtaining possession of important stations in every country. It is evident, therefore, that in modern times at least, as high a degree of civilization and of intellectual improvement as has yet appeared in the world, may exist where the fine arts are almost entirely neglected.'

This comes of holding all sorts of pleasure and gratification—even the innocent and permanent gratifications arising from the exercise of taste—as of no sort of value or importance. But is it possible that, for two hundred years past, we have been so sedulously occupied in Scotland with the improvement of our intellectual energies, that we have voluntarily trampled upon all those allurements?

The next chapter, 'On the Causes of Error in Science,' is judicious. The following speculations are not altogether sound; but they are certainly ingenious and important.

'Some individuals having discovered a portion of the errors into which mankind have fallen upon religious and political subjects, rashly concluded from thence, that they could not depart too far from vulgar notions and prejudices; and thus, from supposing that all truth must consist of novelties, they have rendered their own efforts of little value, by the extravagant fancies in which they have been ultimately led to indulge. Others, on the contrary, from a firm attachment to the opinions which found earliest access to their minds, perceiving that they contain much truth, and that great absurdities have been adopted by those who ventured to disregard them, endeavour, as it were, to shut their ears, or to refuse their attention to any challenge that can be brought against received opinions.'—'In this point of view, there seems to be something defective in every mode of education which has yet been devised. From the practice of filling the memory of young persons with opinions which they are as yet unprepared to investigate, and which they cannot afterwards easily relinquish, it unfortunately happens, that persons of regular characters and sober manners are seldom the best qualified for the discovery or discernment of new truths; and that men of defective education and irregular lives often make the greatest discoveries in the sciences and arts, and possess comparatively more acute discernment than persons of better intentions and character. The celebrated Paracelsus, whose notions made so great an impression in the medical world, is a noted instance of acuteness of mind as separated from private respectability; and the misfortunes and vices of some distinguished English poets and men of letters, seem to establish the principle, that the minds which too easily receive education, or the habits approved by mankind, are apt, by the same passiveness of temper, to remain satisfied with whatever notions have been early impressed upon their memory, and avoid making valuable speculative efforts; whereas the more turbulent and restless spirits, by the very errors into which they plunge, escape imbibing unexamined opinions; and thus remain better qualified for the exercise of the understanding. Perhaps the more

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laborious religious education which the Roman Catholics receive, is the chief cause of their inferiority of invention to those educated in Protestant countries. That education would be the best which should inculcate the fewest unintelligible and unexamined opinions; while, at the same time, it should excite the mind to speculative curiosity, and produce habits of regularity and temperance in private life.' p. 172, 173, 174, 175.

The author then proceeds to examine the relative importance of the sciences; and gives, as might be expected, the first place to his own.

'The human race are so situated in this world, that the greater number of them must engage in severe labours; and the rest are induced voluntarily to submit to much toil. But moments of reflection are apt to come upon all men. The poor man sometimes becomes dissatisfied with his condition; the wise are apt to stand still, and to question the utility of all their cares; and the unhappy have at times dropped their task, to consider why it ought not to be abandoned for ever. Men of science have said of books, that they are unprofitable, and produce only weariness; and men of business have suspected, that the bustle of life is an idle labour, that brings no adequate reward. These are difficulties which moral science ought to explain. It accordingly teaches us, that our success in life depends, not upon the pleasures we enjoy, or the situations we occupy, but upon the intelligence and vigour of character which we acquire.' p. 182.

This is very well; but he goes a little too far, we think, when he says, that though every man need not be an astronomer, a mechanic, or a husbandman, yet every one 'ought to understand the true value, to himself and to mankind, of astronomy, of mechanics, or of agriculture.' To physics he gives due honour in its turn; but we confess we were not a little surprised when we found it stated, that among the benefits likely to flow from the general cultivation of chemistry, it was destined to prevent the English language from suffering the corruption which occurred to the Greek and Roman tongues. The reverse of this is so obvious, both from the multitude of barbarous and pedantic words with which the proficients in this science are used to deform their ordinary discourse, and from the crowd of authors whom it has drawn from shops and laboratories, instead of academies and closets, that we proceeded to the solution of Mr Forsyth's paradox with some degree of impatience. It is, as might have been expected, altogether unsatisfactory. In detailing an interesting experiment or discovery, he fancies that a writer can never be tempted to display his eloquence in pompous periods or affected allusions. Is Mr Forsyth unacquainted with the style of Darwin or Buffon? or must we refer him to the strictures we have been forced to make upon that of Count Rumford, Mr Leslie, and Dr T. Young?

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From the succeeding chapter 'On Intellectual Fatigue and Amusement,' we extract the following lively paragraph.

'The pleasure derived from activity is so great, and in the north of Europe, at least, the energy of the human character is such, that absolute idleness, or a suspension of voluntary exertion without sleep, speedily produces much uneasiness. Accordingly, to get quit of this state, and to enjoy a portion of the pleasure derived from activity, many persons, who are not under the necessity of earning a subsistence by constant employment, have devised what are called *amusements*, wherewith to occupy themselves. These amusements are generally, at best, absolutely useless and unimproving occupations. They are attempted to be justified as a relief from the fatigue which results from steady attention to any particular important object. In truth, however, they are in general nothing more than a set of ingenious and pleasant contrivances to enable individuals to pass through life with as little benefit as possible either to themselves or others.' p. 196. 197.

Of course, he has no toleration for card-playing; and answers, in a very testy manner, to the common apology, that it is a necessary resource to render society agreeable, 'What business have a set of persons to come together, who have nothing to say to one another? or why do they remain together, when every thing pleasant or instructive which they had to say is exhausted?' These are tremendous questions: We should tremble to be obliged to answer them.

This finishes the author's view of the speculative part of our nature. We come next to the active principles; and first to the Appetites. These, of course, he holds in contempt, along with all moral philosophers. He falls foul of the pleasures of the table with something of ascetic severity; and with a certain degree of national *naiveté* which exceedingly delighted us, he observes—

'It is also said to be in some measure owing to this vice, that a smaller proportion than formerly of the English dignified clergy, and others holding conspicuous stations in the universities or elsewhere, now possess a distinguished literary reputation.' p. 211.

The Benevolent Affections come next under review, and meet with very little quarter from the unrelenting champion of intellectual energy. In so far as they are founded upon the casual associations of memory, and not upon a fair and impartial estimate of what is truly excellent in their objects, they can only be considered, he maintains, as weaknesses. They impair, in some measure, our self-command and power of discrimination; and, when intellect is fully matured and arrived at perfection, must give place to a candid and impartial appreciation of whatever is excellent in the universe. This is another of the lamentable consequences of disregarding happiness as an object of pursuit. So long as the benevolent affections continue to afford us gratification,

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cation, we think it most probable, that the improvement of intellect will only excite men to cultivate them more carefully. In point of fact, it is believed we never love any thing but what is worthy of our love; and it is a wise, as well as an immutable law of nature, that we should give most of our love to the amiable qualities of those with whom we live most constantly, to whom we can do most good, and from whom we can receive most pleasure, rather than to some still higher excellence with which we have no connexion.

The Malevolent Affections and Passions, Mr Forsyth thinks, are of great use in sharpening the talents and developing the energies of the people among whom they are exercised; but they are degrading to the individual who is influenced by them, and will infallibly be checked and repressed by the gradual improvement of reason.

The next chapter, 'On the Passion of Avarice,' contains some judicious observations, but bears marks of great precipitation and inaccuracy. He defines it, as usual, as the desire of hoarding; and then observes, that Sparta, Athens, and Rome, all fell before this passion; and that no people has yet existed whom it has not been able to overthrow. Now, it is plain, we think, that it was not the desire of amassing, but the desire of spending, that undermined the power and the virtue of these nations. *Sævior armis, luxuria incubuit.* In explaining the beneficial effects of this passion on society, he seems again to confound it with that reasonable care for comfortable subsistence, and that generous love of independence, which form undoubtedly the great incentive to all regular industry. The practical observations, however, though not new, are forcible and sound.

'It must often be recollected that riches of themselves are of no value; that though the pursuit of them may be necessary to rouse the activity of ignorant men, yet that the possession of them to an individual is of little importance indeed. They can even seldom be rendered the means of doing direct good, that is to say, of producing excellence. For although Providence improves men in an oblique manner, by leading them to pursue wealth, yet to bestow it at once upon them has usually a contrary effect. Although a very rich man, then, can do some harm in the world, he can seldom do much good. If he bestow his riches upon an individual, he injures that individual, by depriving him of at least one inducement to the exertion of his talents. The best use of great wealth, therefore, often consists in scattering it prudently among many persons, so as to produce as little mischief as possible; that is to say, so as not to render the acquisition of more of it unnecessary to them. But while man remains in this world, it is to be feared that the necessity of pursuing a certain degree of wealth will always render the passion of avarice a dangerous rock in his way towards a very high degree

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degree of intellectual excellence. The only security against that passion will be found to consist in the clear discernment of what is truly valuable, and worthy of being sought after by a rational being.' p. 261-2.

There is nothing remarkable in the chapters on Self-Love, Ambition, &c. After these, we find a dissertation 'On the Passion for Reforming the World,' of which magnanimous propensity Mr Forsyth has made a distinct and separate principle of action; and has ascribed to it the conquests of Mahomet, the wars of the Reformation, and those of the French Revolution. There is a great deal of good sense and sagacity in his concise views of these transactions; but our limits will no longer enable us to make any extract.

After some observations on Joy and Grief, and the effects of Habit, the author comes to his review of the Value of the Passions. This is a long chapter; and is written with very considerable ability. The result is, that though, in the infancy of human reason, the agency of the passions is of incalculable utility in developing those energies, the value of which cannot then be understood, yet as they accomplish this object at the risk of great degradation and much obstruction to our intellectual improvement, they ought to be repressed and extirpated as soon as we come to perceive that the only true end of our creation is to promote that improvement in ourselves and in others. Some historical sketches of the progress of society are introduced to illustrate this proposition; and the reasoning is summed up in the following manner.

'In the mean while, it appears impossible to avoid admiring the skilful manner in which the moral education of the human mind is contrived, and particularly the way in which the passions are rendered subservient to our intellectual progress, previous to the period at which we acquire sufficient discernment to enable us to pursue directly, and from our own choice, the object on account of which we received existence. Every one of the passions leads us to perform some duty, or to do the very same actions which an enlightened understanding would have led us to perform had we been possessed of it. A complete knowledge of what is excellent, and worthy of pursuit, would induce us to preserve ourselves, and to propagate our species, that intelligent beings may abound, and that reason and virtue may be cultivated on the earth. The same knowledge would have led wiser beings to repel and to disarm unjust violence, to exert their talents in the cultivation of every art, to accumulate the means of subsistence, to bind together society by a reciprocity of good offices, and to seek distinction and eminence, that they may be employed for wise purposes. But hunger and thirst, lust, avarice, ambition, vanity, and self-love, induce us to pursue the same objects. The consequence is, that when the human mind becomes improved, and we discern our true situation and business in this world, we

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we find that we have been performing the very same actions that we would have wished to perform had we possessed the highest conceivable degree of knowledge and self-command. Thus are we trained up in the way wherein we should go; and thus, when we acquire extensive views of truth and excellence, we are under no necessity of changing our conduct. We continue to perform the same actions, but with different motives and purposes; reason, or the desire of perfection, being now become the motive, as blind inclination or passion was formerly.' p. 330. 331.

Our author then closes his second part, on the private duties of man, with some observations on the comparative advantages of a speculative and an active life; and proceeds, in the third part, to consider the duties of man towards his Creator.

There is a good deal of dogmatism and harshness in this part, and many things that are likely to give offence to those who are not aware that even Christian philosophers are in the practice of discarding revelation entirely from their minds, when speculating on the principles and evidence of mere natural theology. In the chapter on the being of the Deity, he is a good deal perplexed with the metaphysical objection, that if all existence requires a cause, the existence of the Deity should be explained in the same manner; and that it is quite unphilosophical and useless to have recourse to an uncaused Deity, in order to avoid the difficulty of an uncaused world. He endeavours to get rid of the objection, by some observations on the nature of mind, which, he says, we are only led to ascribe to a Creator, from the recollection and observation of its having had a beginning in human creatures; but which, in its own nature, seems to be independent and eternal. We have no reason, therefore, for supposing that the Supreme Mind ever had a beginning, or proceeded from an antecedent cause. As to the attributes of the Deity, he admits all the natural attributes on the ordinary grounds; but is inclined to deny absolute goodness or beneficence upon the peculiar grounds of his own system; and holds the other moral attributes of justice, &c. to be improperly ascribed to a being, who can neither have errors nor duties.

In two subsequent chapters, on the nature of the divine government of the universe, Mr Forsyth maintains, and we think with great force of reason, that it is infinitely more rational to ascribe every separate movement, and the continuance of every energy, to the immediate and incessant agency of the Supreme Being, than to contemplate the universe as a great machine, which performs, without his interference, the task which has been assigned to it.

'Thus, at every moment,' (says our author) 'by night and by day,

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day, during the lapse of ages, the silent energy of the Author of the universe is occupied in binding together every particle of the rocks of which the mountains and the solid globe of the earth are composed, and in pressing towards the ocean every single drop of water that flows in so many streams. When fire burns, it is because his present power is forming new combinations, and forcing aloft the lighter substances, according to rules which he uniformly observes. Every blade of every plant that grows, is an exertion of his energy; and every feeling, and every action of every animal on the earth, or in the waters, is an immediate effort of his power: So that, in truth, the universe is nothing else than a continued work or exhibition of Divine power constantly present and producing whatever exists.' p. 384. 385.

He next proceeds to inquire, whether the actions of men are in like manner to be considered as the necessary result of the Divine ordinances, and as part of the great system of action appointed and produced by his unceasing agency. This leads him to consider the celebrated controversy, as to the necessity or freedom of human actions, in which he takes part decidedly with the advocates of necessity; and, after a very forcible summary of that argument, proceeds with much intrepidity to deduce and to appreciate the consequences that may follow from it. It is not true, he observes, that this notion degrades man to a machine; it rather exalts him to a god.

'Neither is it true,' (he continues) 'that this opinion has a tendency to diminish the activity of men. It even stimulates them to higher efforts, by the proud sense which it inspires of the excellence of their nature, and by the confidence which they learn to repose in the invincible energy which supports their efforts and disposes of their existence. It is a notorious fact, in the history of mankind, that the highest exertions of intrepidity and of fortitude have in every age been produced by the belief of this principle. Attila the Hun, and Mahomet the Arabian, preached it with success to the barbarians of the North and the South, as the means of inspiring courage. The Stoics and the first Christians taught it to their disciples, as the sure source of stedfastness and resignation. It never fails to produce that contempt of the dangers and the pleasures of our present existence, which, when well regulated, prepares the mind for the most difficult undertakings. Accordingly, the vice into which those who believe this opinion are apt to fall, is not languor or indolence, but rashness and enthusiasm. The knowledge that their days are numbered enables them to enjoy the present moment, and to regard every species of future hazard with indifference. The knowledge that their life and their actions are produced and supported at every moment by the immediate interference and energy of the Author of the universe, removes all superstitious anxiety from their thoughts, and inspires them with full confidence in the future conduct of the great Being who condescends to be continually occupied with their concerns.

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'It is merely a speculative or theoretical notion, that the belief of the predestination, or necessity of human actions, has a tendency to diminish the exertions of men. In real life, we neither eat nor drink with less avidity or pleasure, because we know that hunger and thirst form a necessary part of our constitution. Nor does the poor man labour with less industry for the gratification of his appetites and the supply of his wants, because he foresees it to be his destiny to do so during life. The career of avarice or ambition, of love or revenge, is not proceeded in with less vigour, because we feel ourselves hurried along by the impulse of irresistible passions. The sure prospect of success does not diminish our ardour.' p. 401. 402.

It is no doubt true, the author afterwards admits, that this opinion is irreconcileable with the notion of a future state of judicial rewards and punishments. It is impossible to suppose that the Deity should be at once the author and the punisher of the same actions. This difficulty he endeavours to overcome by a doctrine which, to many, will appear very monstrous and immoral; and which we certainly think propounded with improper confidence, though it is supported with much ingenuity and strength of reasoning. There is no moral evil, and no guilt, he maintains, in the eye of the Deity. Men resent certain actions which interfere with their happiness or improvement; but God sees all from a different station; and as he has made and ordained all in his wisdom, he finds all equally good in its way. 'He creates the envious man, for the same reason that he creates the poisonous snake: he forms the ambitious man, for the same purposes as the lion, and the tiger.' They call forth prudence and skill in other men, and perform an important part in training the whole species to intellectual energy and improvement. He next attempts to reconcile this doctrine with the subsistence of moral distinctions among mankind.

'But although men cannot properly be considered as possessing either merit or guilt towards their Maker, yet they may very readily be guilty towards each other, and become just objects of punishment. This may seem paradoxical; but it is true. Nature has created certain animals in a state of hostility to each other. The wolf is at war with the lamb, and the hawk with the partridge. Man is at war with many animals, because they are dangerous to his safety. Were a wild beast to rush from the forest, and to assault the village which we inhabit, there is no doubt that both the inclination and the duty of self-preservation would lead us to unite for the destruction of the common enemy. But an ambitious or a covetous man may be as dangerous as a wolf or a lion. If any individual, therefore, insist upon gratifying his avarice, his ambition, or any of his other passions, not by industry or fair arts, but at the expence of the peace and the safety of others, it becomes necessary for mankind to unite and to make war against him. If it is asked, What right

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right has man to punish or to put to death his brother, who, as a necessary agent, is not guilty or accountable for his actions in the sight of his Maker?—it may be answered, That we have the same right to make war upon a mischievous man, that we have to make war upon a mad dog, upon a furious wolf, upon a serpent in our way, or upon any other destructive animal.

'The Creator of this world could have made man at first all love and all kindness; but if he had done so, the moral world would have exhibited a scene of less variety, of less energy, and of less skill. It is by the rage of conflicting passions in the same and in different breasts, that all the possible diversities of mind are produced, and that the ruling power of reason is awakened, exerted, and improved in the human character. He who is pursuing his enemy with fierce animosity; and he who is entering with unbounded eagerness into the quarrel of his friend; he who ploughs the rough ocean in search of wealth; and they who are lavish of life in the pursuit of glory—are all becoming skilful and active beings. Amidst the agitated state of things, which is produced by so many passions, it often happens, indeed, that individuals refuse to submit their conduct to any rational restraint; and that mankind, in their own defence, are compelled to have recourse to violence and slaughter. But in such cases, when we say that a man is guilty and punishable, we mean, or at least we ought only to mean, that he is formed with dispositions which render his existence inconsistent with our safety. When we destroy him, the Author of this world disapproves not of our conduct; but at the same time, he regards the man whom we call guilty as an useful being, whom he himself formed with wise intentions, and whose conduct he renders valuable.—Let us guard then against the thunder and the storm, against hunger and disease, against the rage of wild beasts, and of men who obey their passions and not their reason; but let us not assert that deformity or that evil exists in the creation of God.' p. 413—416.

We do not mean to hold out this reasoning as altogether unexceptionable or satisfactory; but it is boldly and strongly urged, and is all, we think, that can be said for the advocates of moral necessity.

The next chapter, 'on the duties of religion,' begins with these sentences, which offered a striking specimen of the author's sagacity, of his coarseness, and of the unbecoming familiarity with which he occasionally treats of subjects, that ought never to be approached but with reverence.

'There is no subject upon which men have fallen into a greater variety of errors, or more gross absurdities, than in their ideas of the services and duties they ought to perform to superior beings. They have fasted, they have feasted, they have lamented, they have rejoiced. They have offered sacrifices of men and of all animals for their gods to feed upon. They have built fine houses for them to dwell in; they have burned incense to please the smell of their divinities, and made concerts

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certs of music to gratify their ears; they have composed songs in their praise; they have torn their own flesh with hooks and nails; they have washed their bodies almost without ceasing, and they have gone abominably dirty; they have danced; they have remained immoveable on a spot for years; they have gone long journeys; they have acted plays; they have whipped themselves; they have given money to priests; they have walked with pebbles in their shoes; and, in short, there is scarcely a freak or fancy that the human imagination can devise, which has not been employed by somebody or other to please his God.

'All these errors have arisen from improper ideas of the Divine Nature. Mankind are always willing to fancy that their Maker differs only from themselves in the degree of his power to do good or ill. They are always, therefore, attempting to establish a commerce with him, to consist of flattery, gifts, services, and submission on their own side; and on the side of the Deity, of protection, good health, long life, fine weather, good luck, and happiness in another world. Even after they have become sensible of the absurdity of this pretended traffic, and are satisfied that their appointed employment is to act with propriety in their situation in life, still they are willing to suppose that the favour of the Ruler of the universe, like that of the rulers of this world, may at times be more successfully attained by a spirit of humble dependence, of flattery, and of solicitation, than by seriously and steadily performing the business allotted to them. Hence has arisen the high value which weak minds are continually setting upon devotion. They see that attendance and flattery at the court of a prince are often a surer road to preferment than the longest and most laborious services performed to the state; and they imagine that the same mode of seeking preferment will be successful at the court of Heaven. This notion gave rise to the practice of men and women retiring from the world and its business, to devote themselves, as they said, to God; and it still gives rise to the idea, that we have duties to perform towards God different from those actions which we ought to perform for the benefit of other men or of ourselves.' p. 422—24.

In spite of all this, however, Mr Forsyth approves of public worship in the present imperfect state of our intellectual energies, and rebukes profane swearers with the severity of a presbyterian justice. The only duties he can conceive as owing to the Deity, are resignation to his will, and an humble imitation of his virtues.

The next chapter, containing a comparison of different religions, is filled with much miscellaneous matter. The last is on a future state of existence. Mr Forsyth is inclined to indulge in this pleasing belief; but only to a certain extent, and upon reasons and conditions of his own. The greater part of the common reasons for reckoning upon immortality, he considers as very unsatisfactory, and grounds his own argument entirely upon

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upon the capacity of perpetual and unlimited improvement which seems to belong to the human understanding. But as all understandings do not advance in this career of improvement, so he thinks that immortality will only be the lot of those who shall have made themselves worthy of it by vigorous advances in the course of intellectual improvement; and that those whose attention has been entirely engrossed with sensual or worldly pursuits, will cease to exist with the dissolution of that body to which all their habits have a relation. The volume concludes with an oriental apologue, entitled the vision of Hystaspes, in which this peculiar view of immortality is more fully unfolded.

Such is the substance of Mr Forsyth's book; which appears to us in all places to indicate an understanding rather vigorous than refined, and presents us with more proofs of the author's confidence in his own powers, than of the pains he has taken to guard against their occasional insufficiency; he writes, we think, like a man of strong and acute parts, who is not very deeply studied in the subjects upon which he is occupied, and who finds it easy to persuade himself that the difficulties which he has not surmounted need not be attempted by another, and that there is nothing more to be seen than what has presented itself to his eye. There is something intrepid and manly in the consistent independence of his argument; but, though there is no asperity or controversial acrimony, there is an ungraceful tone of irreverence towards other philosophers, and somewhat too much of a cold and unfeeling dogmatism.

His style is perspicuous and forcible; but it is never engaging or elegant, and is sometimes exceedingly homely and vulgar. There are some passages, indeed, where this plain, low, and simple distinctness, produces a very ludicrous effect. Thus, towards the beginning, he says, 'Shakespeare represents *Othello the Moor* as giving this account of the kind of courtship by which he, *though a black man*, contrived to win the affection of *a beautiful Venetian woman*.' And in a still more important passage, which is meant for a declamation on the uncertainty of all human enjoyments, we meet with the following delectable climax. 'We must sow the seed, though a stranger may reap the harvest, and we accumulate treasure to be enjoyed by others: *even the dinner for to-day which we have already prepared may be eaten by another*.' The same laudable love of precision leads him into certain little redundancies of expression, which have a singular effect in composition, as they violate our customary habits of speaking. Thus, in talking of the human race in general, he never can, by any means, prevail on himself to use the common appellation of 'men,' but, with a due regard to the real state of the

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the fact, uniformly says '*men and women*;' and in the same taste we have 'Mahomet the Arabian;' Antoninus the Roman Emperor,' and 'Solomon, King of the Jews.' There are several other blemishes of style; but as the author utterly despises the character of a fine writer, we shall not gratify him by pointing them out.

ART. VIII. *An Account of the Life of Dr Samuel Johnson, from his Birth to his Eleventh Year. Written by himself. To which are added, Original Letters to Dr Samuel Johnson, by Miss Hill Boothby, from the MSS. preserved by the Doctor, and now in possession of Richard Wright, Surgeon, Proprietor of the Museum of Antiquities, &c. Lichfield.* pp. 140. Small 8vo. London. Phillips. 1805.

IN justice to the memory of Dr Johnson, who, more than any other eminent man, has been fated to suffer from the impertinence of biographers and collectors, we shall preface the few remarks which these pages have suggested, by stating, from the editor's own account, how they happen to come before the public. A few days before his death, the Doctor ordered his manuscripts to be indiscriminately committed to the flames; judging, doubtless, that they contained nothing worth preserving; at any rate, resolved to use the unquestionable right which every author has over his own literary property, by preventing any posthumous publication of his writings. His servant, Francis Barber, however, to whom this confidential office was entrusted, thought proper to secrete a small part of the papers, probably rather as a relick of his master than with any view to gain; and the consequence of his disobedience was, that, after his death, his widow sold them to Richard Wright, a collector of curiosities, who sold them to Richard Phillips, a publisher of books in *ana*, who will sell whatever can be wire-wove and hot-pressed. And thus, by the combination of all these accessaries, the breach of trust, which was, perhaps, venial in Barber, has become the means of once more holding up his master to laughter. We say, to laughter; for when the world reads the wretched trifles so carefully recorded in this fragment of biography, they will laugh at Johnson's expence, without reflecting that the absurdity of the production consists entirely in its publicity, and that they alone are answerable for it, who have combined to bring it forward, contrary to the will of the author.

After the fragment in Dr Johnson's handwriting had been procured

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procured by such means as these, the question next occurred how it could be made into a volume. Nor was this a matter of easy solution; for the relick, however 'curious and interesting' (to use the editor's expression), was unhappily so small, that all the resources of the eking-out art, types, vignettes, and margins, seemed to be set at defiance. Fortunately, it occurred, that a Miss Hill Boothby had written some letters to Dr Johnson, and Mrs Piozzi had published some letters from Johnson to Miss Boothby; so, by printing a number of the former, which, it must be owned have some relation to Johnson, and reprinting several of the latter, a volume has been at length accomplished, calling itself '*a Life of Dr Johnson, by himself.*' Of this volume, however, 'the life' occupies exactly twenty-four very small and widely printed pages, being equal in size, and not much inferior in importance, to the penny books sold by Mr Newberry for the use of children. Of these things our readers shall judge, and also of the merits of Miss Hill Boothby.

The information contained in this 'early biography' of the great English moralist, may be compressed within limits sufficiently narrow. The man-midwife who assisted his mother, said at his birth, 'There is a brave boy;' but he was at first thought to be dead, and could not cry. 'In a few weeks,' proceeds Dr Johnson, 'an inflammation was discovered on my buttock, which was at first, I think, taken for a burn, but soon appeared to be a natural disorder. It swelled, broke, and healed.' p. 10. The boil being thus settled, we have an historical sketch of an issue in his arm; some notices of his bad eyes and scrofulous habit; and a narrative of his adventures on being taken up to London to be touched by Queen Anne. The most remarkable incidents in this expedition, are the following: 'I remembered a little dark room behind the kitchen, where the jack weight fell through a hole in the floor, into which I once slipped my leg.'—'I seem to remember that I played with a string and a bell which my cousin Isaac Johnson gave me, and that there was a cat with a white collar, and a dog called Chops, that leaped over a stick: but I know not whether I remember the thing or the talk of it.' p. 16, 17. Furthermore, on his return in the waggon he was sick, which disgusted a woman, but another woman fondled him. Lastly, In this memorable journey to London, his mother bought him a speckled linen frock, which he afterwards knew by the name of his London frock. At this period of his life there occurs a *hiatus in manuscripto* of thirty-eight pages, and the narrative goes on at his ninth year, with some account of his school exercises. Of this detail, the following may serve as a specimen.

'On

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'On Thursday night a small portion of Æsop was learned by heart, and on Friday morning the lessons in Æsop were repeated; I believe, not those in Helvicus. On Friday afternoon we learned *Quæ Genus*; I suppose that other boys might say their repetition, but of this I have now no distinct remembrance. To learn *Quæ Genus* was to me always pleasing; and *As in Præsenti* was, I know not why, always disgusting.

'When we learned our Accidence we had no parts, but, I think, two lessons. The boys that came to school untaught, read the Accidence twice through before they learned it by heart.

'When we learned *Propria quæ Maribus*, our parts were in the Accidence; when we learned *As in Præsenti*, our parts were in the Accidence and *Propria quæ Maribus*; when we learned *Syntaxis*, in the former three. *Propria quæ Maribus* I could repeat without any effort of recollection. I used to repeat it to my mother and Tom Johnson; and remember, that I once went as far as the middle of the paragraph, "Mascula dicuntur monosyllaba," in a dream.' p. 20, 21.

His tenth year is occupied with similar school anecdotes, and also with a severe character of some of his relatives. With respect to himself we only find two facts noticed; that he was much pleased with a whip which had a rattle, and wrote of it to his mother; and that on a visit to his aunt he ate so much of a boiled leg of mutton, that she used to talk of it, and his mother said it would hardly ever be forgotten. After a few more details of what they read at school, how often they were punished, what the master said, and what the usher said; this 'curious and interesting' work breaks off, as we before stated, at the twenty-fourth page.

Then follow Miss Hill Boothby's letters, which make up the volume. Of this lady, Dr Johnson said 'that she had the best understanding he ever met with in any human being.' Of a person so praised by such a critic, the epistolary correspondence may well excite interest. But, alas! we read but few pages of it before we recollect that the author was a lady, and suspect that her critic was in love. In fact, letters of a less interesting nature have not hitherto, we believe, been offered up to that indiscriminate rage for letter-reading, which distinguishes the present generation. They consist of Miss Boothby's affection for Dr Johnson, whom she begins by taking under her protection, and ends by making her 'dearest friend.' They are interspersed with compliments and inquiries,—some few advices of a serious nature, which, we know not how, she seems to have thought her correspondent stood in need of,—some medical receipts, and other bits of doctoring; and innumerable accounts of the lady's health, from time to time, and of the progress of her nephews and nieces. The staple article, however, of this epistolary commerce, seems to have been Miss Boothby's admiration of Dr Johnson's

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Johnson's writings; and it must be confessed, that, considering the relative magnitudes of the two correspondents, she deals it out as if she were sufficiently sensible of its high value. She seems rather to patronize and foster Dr Johnson's merit, than to lay her devotion at his feet, in the style of Richardson's female correspondents; and, indeed, in this particular, Miss Boothby differs so much from all the other instances which we have seen of ladies honoured with the friendship of great men, that one can scarcely avoid thinking there must have been a little mixture of a more tender passion in the case, at least on Johnson's part. In the following advice, she has mingled more flattery than she usually bestows on him.

'I am enabled to march on steadily with my shattered frame; how long, I think not of, but wait cheerfully for

"kind Nature's signal of retreat"

whenever it pleases God.

'I hope, however, to see you the *author of a great Dictionary* before I go, and to have the pleasure of joining with a whole nation in your applause: and when you have put into their hands the means of speaking and writing the English language with as much purity and propriety as it is capable of being spoken and wrote, give me leave to recommend to you your future studies and labours—let them all be devoted to the glory of God, to exemplify the true use of all languages and tongues. *The vanity of all human wishes*, you have finely and forcibly proved: what is then left for you, but to seek after certain and permanent happiness, divine and eternal goods,

("These goods he grants, who grants the power to gain,")

and with all the great talents bestowed on you, to call others to the same pursuit? How should I rejoice to see *your* pen *wholly* employed in the glorious Christian cause; inviting all into the ways of pleasantness; proving and displaying the only paths to peace! Wherever you have chosen this most interesting subject of Religion in your Ramblers, I have warmly wished you never to chuse any other.' p. 36—8.

We give this lady full credit for excellent intentions in these, as well as some other lectures of the same devout tendency, which she delivers in her letters. But as they are absolutely the only things in the least degree resembling discussion or remark, in the whole of her effusions, we must venture to doubt whether they be sufficient to support the character given of her by Johnson, and quoted above, that she had the very best understanding he had ever seen in any human being. Indeed, when her piety finds a vent for itself in verse, we find a still less call to admire her. Thus, even the devoutness of the poetry (in p. 44.) about Gilead and Divine love, can in nowise excuse its wretched taste. The correspondent of Johnson lived too long after the days of Hopkins to enclose such lines as these in her epistles.

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" The sovereign Balm for every heart-felt wound
" Is only in the *Heavenly* Gilead found:
" Whate'er," &c. and so forth, down to
——————" Wisdom *Divine* must cure,
" And *Love* inspire, which *All* things can endure."

But perhaps it was in her character, in the strength of her mind, that Dr Johnson discovered the best of possible understandings. Accordingly, this publication furnishes an instance of her fortitude under afflictions, which is edifying. 'O,'—(says she, talking with lightness and resignation of her calamities) 'O—chaises and such things are only transient disquiets. I have, on a fine still day, observed the water, as smooth as glass, suddenly curled on the surface by a little gust of air, and presently still and smooth again. No more than this are my *chaise troubles*. Like Hamlet's ghost, *'tis here, 'tis gone.*' p. 96, 97.

That Dr Johnson highly esteemed this lady, there can be no doubt. In the course of his attempts to eke out the present volume, the editor has inserted a prayer from his '*Prayers and Meditations*,' composed on the occasion of her death; and in one of the letters to her, taken from Mrs Piozzi's collection, we find him prescribing for her bodily infirmities with an anxiety so amiable, and, at the same time, a quackery so amusing, that we cannot refrain from transcribing the passage.

'Dear angel, do not forget me. My heart is full of tenderness. Give me leave, who have thought much on medicine, to propose to you an easy, and, I think, a very probable remedy for indigestion and lubricity of the bowels. Dr Lawrence has told me your case. Take an ounce of dried orange-peel finely powdered; divide it into scruples, and take one scruple at a time in any manner; the best way is perhaps to drink it in a glass of hot red port, or to eat it first, and drink the wine after it. If you mix cinnamon or nutmeg with the powder, it were not worse; but it will be more bulky, and so more troublesome. This is a medicine not disgusting, not costly, easily tried, and, if not found useful, easily left off.

'I would not have you offer it to the Doctor as mine. Physicians do not love intruders; yet do not take it without his leave. But do not be easily put off, for it is in my opinion very likely to help you, and not likely to do you harm; do not take too much in haste; a scruple once in three hours, or about five scruples a day, will be sufficient to begin; or less, if you find any aversion. I think using sugar with it might be bad; if syrup, use old syrup of quinces; but even that I do not like. I should think better of conserve of sloes.' p. 137—38.

This volume having quite left Dr Johnson near the beginning, and gone to Miss Hill Boothby, concludes, not inconsistently, with her epitaph from the pen of her nephew, 'the present Sir Brook Boothby,' who, we will venture to assert, inherits a large share

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of his late aunt's poetical vein. From this 'Tribute,' we cannot afford to extract much in justification of our eulogium. Suffice it to attract the notice of the lover of genuine poesy, by the following touching picture.

'Her soul too heavenly for an house of clay,
Soon wore its earth-built fabric to decay;
In the last struggles of departing breath,
She saw her Saviour gild the bed of death',—
— "Blest Lord, I come! My hopes have not been vain."
Upon her lifeless cheek extatic smiles remain.' p. 144.

We have dwelt longer upon this patched volume than its value might seem to require, in order to satisfy such of our readers as only know it by title-page or advertisement, that no publication ever was so misnamed; and that the present rage for memoirs, which infects the public, has seldom given birth to a more barefaced attempt at duping it. We wished also to record our opinion freely upon the hurtful consequences of holding out encouragement to persons entrusted with manuscripts to betray their duty, and bring them before the world, for whose eyes they were never intended. This remark applies to as much of the volume as comes from the pen of Dr Johnson. It signifies less what may be said of Miss Boothby; though we are not without hopes that a fair avowal of the unfavourable judgment which every one must form of such compositions as her's, notwithstanding their claims to mercy, as the posthumous works of a female author, will have some effect in checking the ease with which partial or careless relations now suffer the repositories of their ancestors to be searched by common publishers, whenever a book of anecdotes, or lives, or letters, is to be manufactured.

ART. IX. *Recherches sur le Tems le plus reculé de l'Usage des Voutes, chez les Anciens.* Par M. L. Dutens, Historiographe du Roi de la Grande Bretagne, de la Societé Royale de Londres, &c. &c. 4to. pp. 37. Deboffe, Londres, 1805.

THE object of this dissertation is to show that the scientific construction of the arch was known to the ancients, and was in practice, even from the most remote periods of antiquity. This opinion is supported by a great variety of citations from ancient and modern writers, and by arguments deduced from the actual remains of ancient buildings, as well as from the description of those which are now no more. Notwithstanding the vast range of time and place which Mr Dutens has embraced—from Egypt to Judæa, from Judæa to Greece, and

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from Greece to Italy, he has not been able to satisfy us of the truth of his position; and we are still of the vulgar opinion, that the scientific construction of the arch was entirely unknown to the ancients before the time of Alexander the Great. As the invention of the arch is an event of the utmost importance in the progress of architecture, and one of the most interesting objects of research connected with its history; we may be permitted to enter more largely upon this subject, and to follow Mr Dutens more closely, than the magnitude of his work, if considered independently of its erudition or the fame of its author, might seem to demand.

The author's first care is to present us with several words, which he says are always explained in dictionaries and by translators, as arch, vault, or dome; and having determined this point, he concludes, that wherever these words are found, an argument is discovered along with them for the establishment of his hypothesis. That all these words may have been employed to signify the terms above mentioned, is undoubtedly true; but before Mr Dutens can expect our assent to his opinion, it is necessary for him to shew that they do not admit of any different interpretation, and that they are used by the *early writers* as descriptive of arches scientifically constructed. In the first place, the primitive and original signification of ἄψις, can only be the necessary connexion, arising from the touching or junction of parts, from ἅπτω, *necto*, ἅπτομαι, *tango;* and in this sense it is used by the early writers, from which it came to signify the circumference of a wheel, or the wheel itself. Thus, Euripides,

Ἁψῖδα πέτρω προσβαλὼν ὀχήματος.

Every circular figure was in like manner called *apsis;** and this word, in later ages, was also applied to the circular termination of churches, whether the roof was arched or perfectly flat. ψαλὶς, is simply *forfex*, shears, or scissars; and if it be the form produced by the opening of this instrument which has been adopted in architecture, it gives us the idea of a pointed roof, rather than one of a circular shape. In after times, it appears to have been synonymous with *apsis*.† We shall have occasion to discuss the meaning of the word Θόλος, more at large, in the course of the following pages: suffice it to say, that there is every reason to believe that it merely signified a circular building, without any reference to the form of the roof; and, that it may be

* Ἄψιδες, τὰ κύκλα τῶν τροχῶν. αἱ περιφέρειαι. ἥκαμάραι. Hesychius in loco.

† Suidas in loco.

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be applied to a building with a pointed, as well as a round roof, the subjoined passage from Hesychius will shew.* We shall however proceed to consider separately, the various arguments which Mr Dutens adduces in support of his opinions.

The two first examples are drawn from periods of the highest antiquity; and after having sufficiently expatiated on each, Mr Dutens concludes by observing, that we cannot desire stronger proofs of the existence of arches from the most remote ages. The first is, the Treasury of Minyas at Orchomenus, in Bœotia, said to have been built about 1350 years before the Christian æra; and the other, the tomb of Agamemnon and his charioteer Eurymedon, at Mycenæ, erected about 1200 years before the same period. There is much confusion in the description of the Treasury of Minyas by Pausanias: it was certainly round, and the roof was not pointed; but there is no word of a dome. It probably was built by the stones projecting internally, until they nearly met at the top, when it was covered by a single stone, which, according to Pausanias, regulated the symmetry and proportion of the building; alluding, no doubt, to the regular gradation of the stones, both in form and magnitude, in every direction from this central covering. As there are no remains of this monument, it is difficult to speak concerning it with much accuracy; but if it be of the assigned date, we must be surprised to find no allusion to it, either in Homer or Herodotus; although they both frequently mention Orchomenus. Goguet denies the antiquity of this edifice† upon this ground, but Mr Dutens maintains it is alluded to by Homer, and quotes the passage where Achilles declares 'he would not wed the daughter of Agamemnon, although she brought for her dower twenty times the wealth which enters Orchomenus.' Now it is very certain from this and other passages of ancient writers, that Orchomenus was one of the most opulent and flourishing cities of the age; but as for the particular Treasury in dispute, we can no more conceive it to be alluded to in this passage, than we should imagine a person talking of the wealth of London, to speak necessarily with reference to the individual edifice called the Bank. Herodotus is perfectly silent respecting it.

The Tomb, Treasury, or Temple of Agamemnon, still exists at Mycenæ, probably in the state in which it was left by the Argians,

* Θόλος. στρογγυλοειδὴς οἶκος. &c. Οἶκος ὡς ὀξὺ ἀπολήγουσαν ἔχων τὴν στέγην κατασκευασμένος. Hesych. in loc.

† Goguet, t. 2. lib. 2. See King's Munimenta Antiq. vol. 2. p. 222. *et seqq.* Homeri Il. lib. 9.

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ans, after the destruction of the city in the 78th Olympiad;* that is to say, entire as to the building, though despoiled of its internal decorations. This edifice is perhaps the most singular in Greece, and, from the state of preservation in which it still exists, extremely worthy of attention. It is a cone of fifty feet in diameter, and as many in height. Nearly one half of the building is below the ground, which has been excavated for that purpose, although the whole be covered with earth, and presents to a beholder the external appearance of a tumulus, about twenty-five or thirty feet high. It is composed of enormous masses of a very hard breccia, or sort of pudding-stone: the block, in particular, over the door-way (which diminishes very much in breadth at the top, after the Egyptian manner) is no less than thirty feet in length, fifteen in breadth, and five in thickness. This extraordinary edifice has obviously been raised by the internal projection of one stone over another, until they nearly meet at the top; the curved form and smoothness being previously given to each. The central stone at the top has been removed, along with two or three others; and yet the building remains as durable as ever, and will probably last to the end of time; which would scarcely appear likely, if this had been the key-stone and support of the whole edifice. We conceive the Treasury of Minyas to have been constructed in a similar manner, and that the central stone, which covered

* 460 years B. C. Pausanias says that envy in the Argives, because the inhabitants of Mycenæ shared with the Lacedemonians the glory of Thermopylæ, was the occasion of its destruction. The nature and destination of the edifice in question is doubtful. Pausanias says, that the tomb of Agamemnon was amongst the ruins of Mycenæ. Μυκηνῶν ἐν δὲ τοῖς ἐρειπίοις. &c.; whereas this is at some distance from the walls. He also describes the subterraneous treasury of Atreus and his descendants, as being in the same place. Ἀτρέως καὶ τῶν παίδων ὑπόγαια οἰκοδομήματα ἔνδα οἱ θησαυρίσκοι τῶν χρημάτων ἦσαν. This agrees singularly well in every thing but the exact position. If it must needs be a tomb, he mentions that Clytemnestra and Ægistheus are buried at a short distance from the walls. Κλυταιμνήστρα δὲ ἐτάφη καὶ Αἴγισθος ὀλίγον ἄπω τείχου τῆ τύχης. But we imagine that the intervening space between the ancient walls and this edifice was formerly inhabited, and included by Pausanias in the ruins of Mycenæ: which is the more probable, as the circuit of the ponderous and massive walls, said to have been built by the Cyclops, and which still remain, is so confined; and the ground itself bears some marks of habitations. We therefore conclude this to have been the Treasury of Atreus; but, whatever may have been its use, thus much is certain, that it is of the same stupendous materials and workmanship as the walls, and very nearly, if not precisely coeval with the time of their erection.

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covered it also, had nothing more to do with the rest, than as it might regulate the symmetrical form of each.

Mr Dutens next examines the plates of various travels in Egypt, with the descriptions of travellers; and concludes, as a thing of course, that all buildings in that country must be of the highest antiquity; entirely forgetting that it was long under Greek and Roman dominion, and that every species of magnificence known to either, was introduced into that luxurious region. We find the works of the Roman Emperors in abundance throughout the whole country, and even in Upper Egypt, amongst the ruins of Thebes and Tentyra. There is no doubt that we should place to their account, or to that of some people in later ages, the erection of arched buildings, wheresoever they may be found. Some which are cited by our author carry the necessity of this along with them. For instance, when Paul Lucas talks of a bridge of brick having fifteen arches, we recognize at once the Roman work. Aqueducts also must have been of Roman introduction; for we know that the Egyptians themselves always conveyed their water by means of canals. Pococke and Norden describe several bridges and aqueducts, but uniformly represent them as works of the Saracens or Turks. Norden, in particular, gives a description of the bridges near the pyramids of Memphis, with a Saracentic inscription found on them, of which he says there are several.* We are referred to the plates and descriptions by Denon, of the temples of Apollinopolis Magna at Edfou, and of Thebes at Kournou. It is true, in the views above mentioned are seen a variety of buildings containing arches; but we only request the reader to turn to the work in question, and to pronounce if any thing more be necessary to prove that they are of modern construction, than the representation there given of them. Those at Edfou are absolutely scattered about, within the very Pronäos and Cell itself of the temple; and in Denon's description of the ruins at Kournou, to which Mr Dutens has the boldness to refer, we find the following words: 'Il est encombré de mauvaises fabriques modernes, qui se composent très pittoresquement avec la séverité du style antique du monument, et son état de delabrement.† Norden also mentions the modern buildings of the Arabs at Edfou.‡ But it were ridiculous to dwell longer upon assertions that refute themselves.

Mr Dutens quotes the plates of Paul Lucas, to shew that there were arches in the Labyrinth; and says, the silence of Pococke concerning them is no proof to the contrary, as he did not visit the

* Norden, tom. I. pl. 64.
† Denon, tom. II. p. 29.
‡ Norden, tom. II. pl. 118.

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the remains of this edifice; and that, in like manner, the testimony of Herodotus is insufficient, as he only describes the upper part of the building; not having been permitted to view the apartments below ground. The minutely detailed and particular description of Herodotus, however, is perfectly sufficient to shew that there were no arches in the buildings above ground, which he did examine; and is therefore a sufficient refutation of the antiquity of those represented by Paul Lucas. Pococke, notwithstanding the extraordinary assertion of Mr Dutens, did visit the Labyrinth, and gives a detailed account of it. He even mentions a sort of gateway, where he observed something like the indications of an arch, which, he adds, would have made him doubt of its antiquity, if there had been evident signs of that kind of architecture. * It is, indeed, a strong presumptive proof against Mr Dutens, when we find him obliged to neglect Pococke and Norden, the most accurate of travellers, as affording him no assistance, and to fly for support to such an author as Paul Lucas, whose very name is almost synonymous with mistake and error.

However magnificent the structures of Semiramis at Babylon may have been, there is so much uncertainty in the whole story, and there are so very few really authentic notices to direct us, that little or nothing can be established from the scanty information we possess. Strabo talks of hanging gardens supported by vaulted roofs. † Diodorus mentions the same objects, and proceeds to describe an arched passage or tunnel under the Euphrates, which he says was twelve feet high, without reckoning, according to Mr Dutens, the arched roof. This roof, however, if it ever existed at all, we believe was formed by two stones of sufficient length, so inclined towards one another as to meet, and cover the whole breadth. From what has been said of φαλαγξ, the words themselves we think imply this; but there is a passage quoted by Major Rennell, in his geography of Herodotus, from the journal of M. Beauchamp, which goes far to prove it. Talking of the ruins of a wall which ran perpendicular to the bed of the river Euphrates, he says, 'I found in it a subterranean canal, which, instead of being arched over, is covered with pieces of sand stone, six or seven feet long by three wide.' ‡ We must here observe, that Herodotus, who had the best means of information on the spot, is quite silent concerning this passage, as well as the arches by which the hanging gardens were sustained. It may

* Vol. I. ch. 7. Descript. of the East.

† Strabo, lib. xvi. Diodorus, lib. ii. 1. 9.

‡ Geogr. of Herod. sect. 14. p. 369.

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may likewise be proper to suggest, that when such authors as Strabo, Diodorus, Pliny, and others, who wrote at a period when the arch was brought to its perfection, are engaged in the description of some distant, ruined, or perhaps fabulous edifice, it is natural to suppose they would use those terms, and relate that mode of construction most familiar to themselves. Thus, we cannot doubt, that in the time of Diodorus or of Strabo, arches would have been used in the support of the gardens of Semiramis, and in the formation of the tunnel under the Euphrates; and, knowing nothing with certainty of the works themselves, they did not scruple to employ such phrases in their account of them.

We next come to the temple of Solomon, the roof of which, Mr Dutens assures us, was vaulted; but the quotations he brings in support of this assertion, sufficiently explain the nature of its construction. The covering was exclusively *of cedar;* and if we adopt the Masorethic punctuation, the word גביים *gobim*, will signify planks, or beams sawed or cut by instruments, from גב *asser*, 'tabula, trabs dissecta et diffissa;' which excludes any idea of masonry, or of an arch.

Mr Dutens refers us to the ruins of Athens for specimens of the arch, in order to corroborate his statements. In any dissertation of this kind, we naturally turn to Athens for instruction and satisfactory illustration. There it is that every thing most admirable in architecture is still to be found; there still rises the only pure fountain of taste; and there it is incumbent on all professors of this art to imbibe, by long study and continued admiration of their works, the true spirit and principles which guided the artists of Greece.* Our author quotes the celebrated work of Stuart, and adduces several examples from it; but we cannot too severely censure the negligent manner in which he has done this. He seems merely to have turned over the plates of that valuable and accurate work, and, without ceremony, to have put down whatever he saw in the shape of an arch; but if he had taken the trouble to have read the author's descriptions, it is impossible he should have

* There is at this time an opportunity of giving to the country a specimen of all that is most beautiful in Athenian architecture, by the proposed plans of Downing College, shortly to be erected in the University of Cambridge. Mr Wilkins, the architect, has most assiduously examined his models at Athens; and, with the utmost propriety, has limited the object of his own designs to the imitation of these models, and their adaptation to the several purposes of utility and convenience. We most sincerely hope that nothing may obstruct the completion of this work, which may go far to lay the basis of our national practice on the broad and stable foundations of Attic taste.

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have referred to him as an authority in favour of his theory. His first proof is the Ionic temple near the Ilissus, where there is not the slightest mention of an arch of any kind; and accordingly in the plans of its ancient state, nothing like one is introduced by Mr Stuart. But in the general view of its ruined state, by that artist, Mr Dutens discovered something like the remains of a dome, and he accordingly refers us to this plate; but if he had found it convenient to have looked into the accompanying text, he would have found that this part of the building was erected by the Greek Christians, when the temple was transformed into a church.

The next instance is the Choragic monument of Lysicrates, vulgarly called the Lanthorn of Demosthenes, which is covered by a sort of dome; but Mr Stuart would have informed him that the whole roof of this building was formed of a single block of marble, which tapered to a point on the outside, but was somewhat hollowed out within, which affords no sort of resemblance to the scientific construction of an arch. (Stuart, Ath. v. 1. ch. 2.)

Next follows what Mr Dutens calls the temple of Jupiter Olympius, but which is supposed by Stuart to have been the Πανδρόσειον. Here we are also referred to the general view of the ruin, where an arch is seen to rise higher than the rest of the building; but the text would equally have informed Mr Dutens, that when the edifice was converted to a Christian church, this arch was erected by the Greeks to hold their bell, and that it no longer does so, owing to the prohibition of that sound throughout the Turkish dominions: And, accordingly, in the plans of the ancient state of the building which follow, this arch is entirely obliterated.* The ancient arch amongst the ruins of the church, called Μεγάλη Παναγία, is, from its workmanship, obviously of the time of Adrian. Mr Dutens quotes the theatre of Bacchus from Stuart,† and this naturally might appear to him an irrefragable argument; but if he had bestowed any consideration on this subject, he might have known that the building in question is now determined to be, not the Theatre of Bacchus, but that erected by Herodes of Marathon, surnamed Atticus. Dr Chandler first suggested this idea; which has since been amply confirmed by excavations on the spot. We have also seen a medal of Athens, representing the Theatre of Bacchus, which, from its relative position to the Parthenon, must have been on a spot quite different from that now occupied by the church in question. The description

* Stuart's Athens, Vol. I. ch. 4.

† Stuart, Vol. I. ch. 5.

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description of Pausanias, we could also shew, were it necessary, corroborates the fact.* The bridge over the Ilissus, leading to the Stadium Panathenaicum, Mr Dutens may find, is the work of the same Herodes Atticus, who entirely rebuilt the latter with white marble. Our author cites a passage from Plutarch,† which treats of the celebrated temple of Minerva, called the Parthenon, built by Phidias, under the direction of Pericles, and which he translated thus: 'Xenocles de Colargue terminoit le dome ou la coupole qui etoit au dessus du sanctuaire du Temple.' The original is as follows: Τὸ δὲ ὀπαῖον ἐπὶ τῷ ἀναχτόρῳ Ξενόκλης ὁ Χολαργεὺς ἐκορύφωσε. Our readers will perceive, in an instant, that there is here no intimation of a dome; nay, we will venture to affirm, that the word ὀπαῖον never, even in the later ages, signified any such thing. It is derived from ὄπη, and signifies an opening, generally in the roof, through which smoke may pass; it may also mean the roof itself, as we are inclined to believe it does in this instance; for enough remains of the Parthenon to show that it never had a dome; and from the descriptions and representations which we have of it towards the end of the seventeenth century, when perfect, and before the explosion of the powder which destroyed the roof had taken place, we may be perfectly sure that there never was any thing of the kind. The roofs of the early habitations of the Greeks, having a hole in the centre through which the smoke might pass, occasioned ὀπαῖον in after ages to be applied to the roof in general, although not of this peculiar construction: instances of a similar application of words are not uncommon in the history of Grecian improvements.

With respect to those specimens of arches, alluded to by our author in the Ionian antiquities, and which, without the slightest authority, he calls 'toutes des tems de la Grece libre' we will beg to assure him that, from an attentive examination of the greater part of the buildings themselves, we are decidedly of opinion, that not one of those mentioned by him in various parts of Asia Minor, was erected before the Romans were in possession of that country. We know that Ephesus, Miletus, Magnesia, Mylasus, and in particular Troas Alexandria, were flourishing and extensive Roman colonies, and in each of these the traveller will, with difficulty, be able to discover any remains which are not strongly marked by the distinguishing characteristics of the age and manner of the Romans.

We now come to the key stone of Mr Dutens's system: it is no

* Pausan. Att. Meurs. Athen. Att. ch. 5.

† Plutarch. in vit. Pericl.

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no less than what he thinks the united testimony of Plato and Aristotle in his favour: he rests with satisfaction on the foundation which it affords him, and declares it would alone be sufficient to prove that the Greeks were perfectly well acquainted with this manner of building, even if there did not exist a single arch to attest it. Plato says, that the tombs of the principal men of the state should be built in a certain form, and of large and durable stones.* Mr Dutens translates the passage, 'Le Monument—devra etre travaillé en forme de *voute oblongue* composée de pierres excellentes et capables de resister aux injures du tems.' It is difficult to say what our author may mean by 'voute oblongue;' nor should we expect our readers to understand us, were we to talk of an 'oblong arch.' We have said enough at the commencement of this article to shew, that the words ἀψὶς and ψαλὶς admit of various significations, so various indeed, as to justify our refusing to give them the meaning of arch, when used by the early writers, unless accompanied by circumstances descriptive in themselves. We know that the sepulchral monuments of the Greeks, even of the most eminent, were generally simple; a very small column, or Cippus, as we call it, was usually erected, and sometimes a tumulus of earth; hundreds of each are at present to be seen throughout Greece. What Plato really intended in the present passage, is doubtful: but we are inclined to believe that he only meant one stone, both from the general practice of the people, and from his dwelling on its size and beauty.

The passage quoted from Aristotle would indeed be conclusive, if it were found in any authentic part of his writings; but it is extracted from the tract entitled 'De Mundo,' which we are surprised to find cited at all by a scholar, and utterly unable to receive as an authority in a question of this nature. Mr Dutens can scarcely be ignorant of the disputes concerning this celebrated treatise, or that it is given up as spurious by the learned, almost with one consent. We need only, among the host of great names, mention those of Muretus, both the Scaligers, Isaac Casaubon, Salmasius, Vossius, Heinsius, who all agree in this opinion. There is indeed every internal evidence of style and manner against its authenticity; and when we add the silence of the early philosophers of the Aristotelian school, none of whom attribute it

* Plato de Legibus, lib. xii. Although the printed copies have ἀψίδα, yet it is probable that the original word was ψαλίδα; for the passage is thus quoted, both by Suidas (in loc. ψαλ.) and by Pollux (lib. x. c. v.) If this be the case, our supposition is strengthened by Hesychius, who says, ψαλίδες. ἄψιδες τῶν σύλων.

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it to their master, there appears little reason to doubt its being the work of a later period.

It is now necessary to ascertain how far Mr Dutens is justified in affirming, that 'as for the word θόλος, it always signified, amongst the Greeks, arch, cupola, dome, rotunda.' After the period when we think it probable the dome was invented, we do not deny that θόλος was used with that signification: but we will venture to assert, that in no instance whatsoever can it be shewn to have borne any such interpretation, in the description of any building erected before the period alluded to. The only example brought of such an edifice by Mr Dutens, is that at Athens, where the Prytanes were accustomed to meet in order to sacrifice, or for other purposes, and which, by the Athenians, we are informed was called θόλος. Our author adduces Pausanias to prove, that it was so denominated from its resemblance to the heavens, 'ut cœli sumilitudinem ostenderet.' (Pausan. lib. 1. cap. v.) Where he picked up these Latin words, we cannot imagine: for there is nothing tó warrant them in the text referred to, nor do they exist in any translation of that author which we are acquainted with. Pausanias merely states the fact, that nearest to the Senate House of the Five Hundred is a place called Θόλος, were the Prytanes are accustomed to sacrifice.* From all the writers who mention the word in this sense, it is clear that it was a proper name applied by the Athenians to this individual building; for if, as Mr Dutens imagines, it was the common and universal appellation of a dome, why should we always find it mentioned as the sole and peculiar name which the Athenians had given to this particular edifice? The fact is, that the word is derived from Θολια, a hat, and signified merely a circular building, without any reference to the form of its roof. If Mr Dutens had gone a little farther than the Ceramicus Geminus of Meursius, and looked into Hesychius for information, he would have found sufficient to have convinced him of this truth.† By the same lexicographer, we shall also find the nature of the roof of this very Athenian building explained perfectly to our satisfaction. It was called Σκιας as well as Θολος, and expressly from the nature of its roof. Hesychius enters at large upon this article; from whence it is evident, that the covering of the edifice was either a sort of canvas, or the branches of trees laid over the top.‡ It may

* Τῆ βυλευτηρίῳ τῶν φ' ἔλησίον Θόλος ἐστὶ καλυμένη, καὶ θύσοί τι ἐντᾶυθα οἱ Πρυτάνεις. Pausan. Attic.

† Θόλος. στρογγυλοειδὴς οἶκος, &c. Hesych. in loc.

‡ Σκιάς. ἡ ἀναδενδράς. καὶ σκηνὴ ἀρεοφορίκη. καὶ τὸ Πρυτανεῖον. καὶ κλάδοι ἐυμεμίθυς, σκιάδαι λέγονται. Hesych. in loc. Conf. et Suid. in loc. et Pausan. Lacon. iii. 12.

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may perhaps be worthy of remark, that at Athens, even in the present time, the public place of the city, where the Turks and Greeks principally resort, is always covered over with green branches, which produce the most agreeable shade. They are generally of the oleander, or rose-laurel, and are twined in frames erected for the purpose.

Mr Dutens proceeds to affirm, that the Etruscans were also acquainted with the use of the arch, but his proof rests entirely on two points: the first is, that arches are to be found at Nola, an ancient Etruscan city near Naples: But Nola was likewise a Greek and a Roman city; and it is necessary to ascertain the date of these arches, as well as their existence; which last our author affirms merely from hearsay. The second proof is, that Pliny, speaking of the labyrinths of Egypt, Crete, and Lemnos, describes that which Porsenna, King of Etruria, built for a tomb; he represents it as resembling those above mentioned, and as being constructed on arches. We have already had occasion to speak of the Egyptian Labyrinth. That of Crete has been very variously described by ancient writers; so variously indeed, as to prove, in a convincing manner, their ignorance of its real nature. It appears, however, only to have consisted originally of natural perforations in the solid rock, which were afterwards enlarged and increased by art, for the purpose of constructing a prison; and it is thus described by Tournefort, as he saw it towards the end of the seventeenth century, with much accuracy of detail. With respect to the labyrinth of Porsenna, we believe it never to have existed in any shape; but if it did, there is no reason for supposing it to have been described with any thing like correctness by Pliny, as it was utterly destroyed long before his time, and as he has so egregiously perverted the truth in his accounts of many buildings, the remains of which were to be seen in his age.

We have not time, nor is it necessary for us to follow Mr Dutens minutely through his concluding pages. Agrigentum, Syracuse, Catanea, Taurominum, were all Roman cities. A friend is quoted to establish the existence of arches in all these places: many of the instances adduced we know to be erroneous; for example, there is no arch in the temples of Jupiter and of Concord at Agrigentum; and those arches at Syracuse, which are said to support the '*chateau of Dionysius*,' we do not recollect to have seen any thing more of, than of the burden imposed on them. The aqueduct at Carthage, there is no reason to suppose earlier than the Roman colony: the precise date is equally unknown to us and to Mr Dutens. The gate at Pœstum would, indeed, sufficiently prove the antiquity of the arch, were there not very

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very strong reasons for supposing it a later work than the buildings to which it leads. Inscriptions, in the Etruscan character, have been discovered built up in the walls in such a manner, as to shew that the builders were ignorant of their being applicable to any other use. The syren or winged sphinx, which M. Dutens considers as of Etruscan workmanship, we know to have been often used as a symbol, by Augustus and other Roman emperors.

Much has been written by antiquaries on the Cloaca Maxima at Rome: what is now shewn as the work of Tarquin the Magnificent, is, by the best informed, generally believed to have been completed by Agrippa, who entirely repaired and enlarged the old sewers of the city.* Notwithstanding what is said of the greatness of the work, as undertaken by Tarquin, there is no specific mention of arches; and it appears probable, that the Cloaca Maxima remained until the time of Agrippa, either a mere excavation from the rock, or a ditch covered by stones and wood, or an open canal; perhaps in different places, it partook of the nature of all three. The Marcian aqueduct, described by Pliny,† does not in the least lead us to suppose that any part of it was built by Ancus Marcius; but merely that he first attempted to bring that water into the city. The aqueduct itself was the work of other individuals of that powerful family. The time of the erection of the Fornix Fabianus is not mentioned by Cicero; but even if it had been of the age of Fabius the Censor, it might easily have been called Fornix, according to after usage; as we should, at this time, denominate a building erected to commemorate any such object, a triumphal arch, even if it were square at the top. The tomb of the Scipios was, in all probability, built by Scipio Africanus. And, in the list of ruins to which we are referred by Mr Dutens, the date of all is very doubtful, and of some comparatively modern. The temple of Venus was of the time of Adrian: the temple of Hope, and the Ponte Rotto, are of uncertain dates: the temple of Vesta appears never to have had any arch, but, at all events, it is very modern; for the columns are of the Corinthian order; and ten or eleven diameters high; and the destruction of the ancient temple is mentioned by Horace. The fountain of the nymph Egeria, instead of being built by Numa, is indisputably of the time of Adrian.

Mr Dutens concludes this treatise, by observing that it will probably be asked, why the Egyptians and Greeks, being acquainted with the mode of raising arches, did not use them in their buildings? To which he answers, that as the former had inexhausti-

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* Plin. lib. 36. c. 24. † Plin. lib. 31. c. 24.

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ble quarries of very hard stone, it was a shorter, easier, and cheaper method for them to use these blocks for their roofs and lintels of doors, than to arch them. And as for the Greeks, our author flatters himself, that any doubt of their knowledge of the arch is now put entirely out of the question; and observes that, besides the immense number of arches still existing in Greece, and cited by him, Pausanias has described many more which are now destroyed. To this very natural question, we beg to observe, that Mr Dutens's answer is any thing but satisfactory; why it should be a shorter, easier, and cheaper method for the Egyptians to bring enormous blocks of granite from a great distance, than to build an arch of small materials found on the spot, we cannot imagine. The simple, and, as it appears to us, real solution of the difficulty, is this: The Egyptians, being ignorant of the scientific construction of the arch, and wishing, at the same time, to erect buildings equally stupendous for their magnitude and splendour, were under the necessity of procuring, from the quarries of Upper Egypt, those enormous blocks, which we find invariably made use of throughout the country, and which rendered necessary a multitude of columns for the support of a roof so constructed, by which the labour and expence were increased to a vast extent. It was not choice, therefore, but necessity, which compelled them to adopt this mode of building. Had the Greeks possessed no other ideas of grandeur and sublimity in architecture, than those which arise from solidity and extension, they would inevitably have recurred to the same means for the production of the desired effect. The quarries of Paros, Mount Hymettus, and Pentelicus, are not less inexhaustible than those of the Thebais; and accordingly, in the earlier periods of their history, we find them closely imitating, in this respect, the manner of the Egyptians. The remaining temples at Corinth, Pœstum, and parts of Sicily, the Pnyx at Athens, the walls of Mycenæ, and the treasuries of Minyas and Atreus, are examples of this. But they in due time discovered, that although these qualities, in a certain degree, are indispensably necessary for the entire constitution of architectural grandeur, yet that the perfection of form and proportion is a higher requisite than either. By the combination of these separate excellences, the Greeks arrived at the completion of the most perfect works of architecture, which the mind of man is capable of conceiving, or his power of executing. We may safely pronounce the Parthenon a model, which, in the variety of its excellences, its beauty, its simplicity, its grandeur, and its strength, has baffled the exertions of all succeeding ages. But though the Greeks laid aside the ponderous and massive style of the Egyptians, there is no instance of any building, executed in the

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the highest period of their taste, in which the arch is seen; for we trust that our readers are now pretty well satisfied as to the '*prodigious number*' of existing arches, cited by our author in support of his proposition: Nor is he less mistaken with respect to those described by Pausanias; for it would be equally vain to search for their descriptions in his pages, as for their actual remains in the country.

As we have now gone through the whole of Mr Dutens's treatise, and, as far as we are aware, left nothing unnoticed, we beg to state shortly our own opinion upon this subject, and some of the reasons on which it is founded. The Egyptians and Greeks certainly used arches in the earliest periods of their history; that is to say, of the simple construction we have described, examples of which still remain. The pointed arch was probably the first built in this manner; as it would be more easy to erect an arch of this shape, by the gradual projection of stones superimposed, than to describe a circular form by the same means. Notwithstanding the many ingenious speculations on the subject, we conceive this form to have originated entirely in necessity; where additional height was required, it was obtained by the simple process above mentioned. The ancients, however, though well acquainted with the form, neglected the use of the pointed arch, as scientifically constructed; and it appears never to have been thus practised, until introduced amongst the Western nations about the period of the Crusades, at which time the use of it was prevalent in the East. To trace accurately the progress of the pointed arch, from its birth in the East, where we are persuaded it arose, until its establishment in Europe, under the denomination of Gothic architecture, would furnish materials for a most interesting and desirable work. The origin of the ground arch, it is reasonable to suppose, was in the form given to excavations from the solid rock; for we may at once perceive, that the workmen, in cutting a passage of this sort, through which it was necessary that a man should pass upright, could not avoid leaving the top round, as being much easier and more expeditious, than cutting the whole to the same height, by making it square.

It would be extremely difficult, if not impossible, to fix the precise period of the invention of the arch amongst the Greeks; but we should imagine that the age of Alexander the Great, or his immediate successors, had the strongest pretensions. During that time, the greatest change took place in the arts and sciences of Greece; they had arrived at a degree of improvement which, though perhaps in some measure exaggerated, was certainly far beyond what former ages had witnessed. The use of the arch was probably communicated to the Romans, by the Greeks, at

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the same time they bestowed on their conquerors every other species of art and refined taste. In Sicily and Magna Græcia, it might have been introduced somewhat earlier. The age of Augustus, although some have supposed it, is certainly too late for the period of its invention. But whatever may have been the exact date of its first general use, we are warranted in placing it after the reign of Alexander; and, chiefly, for the following reasons:—None of the authors who flourished before him ever make use of a word, as applied to buildings, and which, in later times signified arch, attended by those circumstances which should lead us to give it that meaning, in preference to another more obvious; nor do they ever employ descriptive terms, which might serve to give us the idea of an arch scientifically constructed. Pausanias, who lived at a time when the use of arches was very common, describes no building, erected before the age of Alexander, in which an arch was to be found, constructed on those principles which governed its formation in his own. The single instance of the Treasury of Minyas (and it stands alone)—we cannot admit; nor do we think, as has before been stated, that the passage by any means conveys an adequate idea of its construction. But what we think sufficient to decide the present question, is, that notwithstanding the number of buildings of every description, which are to be found throughout Greece, Egypt, and Italy, there are none, the date of whose erection we know positively to have been before the time of Alexander, in which an arch is to be seen; and in those buildings where they are to be found, nearly all of them may be most satisfactorily proved to have been erected after the period alluded to. And with respect to those whose age and destination we are ignorant of, it is by no means sufficient for Mr Dutens merely to quote their existence, and refer their dates to such periods as may sanction his hypothesis. The weight of proving this, rests with our author; and he must excuse us, if we continue to believe them exclusively the works of later ages. His dissertation, however, is full of erudition and acuteness, and is written in a style of great conciseness and simplicity.

ART. X. *Travels through Italy in the Years* 1804 *and* 1805. By Augustus Von Kotzebue, Author of Travels in Siberia and in France, &c. 4 vols. 8vo. pp. 1195. London. Phillips. 1805.

THESE volumes contain the newest adventures of this indefatigable writer, who, true to the character of the literary German, only lives to print. We doubt if either any thing has of

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late years happened to him in life, or any idea has entered his mind, without a corresponding movement of his pen. Nothing stops by the way; nothing is treasured up for reflection or correction; and, that any thing should be written down without coming to the press, is a case not to be supposed. Hence the vast quantities of bad paper, which are yearly made still more useless by the addition of bad printing all over the German empire; hence the careless and clumsy workmanship of almost all their treatises; and the multitude of strong men, who are withdrawn from the more useful and lucrative employments of common industry, to share the miserable pittance of the literary labourer. We are far from ranking M. Kotzebue in this numerous and nameless rabble; but we are perfectly convinced, that, had his lot been cast in a country which manufactures only a tenth part of the books which are made in Germany, and had he, in consequence, written proportionably fewer himself, his name would have stood ten times higher in the estimation of men of sound judgment and correct taste. We had occasion formerly to notice the shortness of the interval which separated the performance of his journies from their appearance in print all over Europe. Since that time, his execution has become still more rapid. He began his journey in autumn 1804; and, after traversing Germany and Italy, landed of course in the printing-house before the end of winter. If we are not much mistaken, the English translation of his production, which is now before us, was advertised for publication last spring. It is true, the copy which we are reading is dated on the title-page 1806; and yet we have had it by us these three months. The German preface, too, is dated May; and yet the London publisher advertised his English translation, we think, in April, as ready for publication. But these inaccuracies may perhaps belong to the profession—perhaps they may have their meaning.

The present production of M. Kotzebue belongs to the same class with his last. It is indeed less offensive in some particulars which were there noticed; but it possesses very few additional excellences. The author's plan and system of both observing and relating, is, however, calculated to prevent his book from being either solid or interesting. If we rightly understand the following strange introduction, he professedly attempts, what is certainly not very difficult, to be superficial.

'My method is already well known. I travel neither as a literary man nor as an amateur and connoisseur of the fine arts; but merely as a human being, following the dictates of my own feelings and inclinations. In my narrative, too, I do not mean to study my periods or my expressions; but consider my reader as a friendly fellow-traveller, with whom I roll through towns and villages, or perhaps lose myself sometimes in

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an agreeable or romantic foot-path. Whoever is so disposed, may saunter carelessly by my side, and accept of the nosegay of wild flowers which I mean to pluck for him in our travel onward. Whoever is not satisfied with this, I warn him at once not to begin the journey with me.' (Vol. I. p. 5. 6.)

There is prefixed to these volumes, too, a sort of composition in the last stage of affectation and flippancy. It is entitled: '*To serve as a Preface;*' and begins with, '*a list of those who are not to read the work;*' such as, all artists or judges of the arts; all who really love the arts, and are fond of viewing their masterpieces, not of hearing them described; and several other classes. This prefatory piece concludes with a plain statement of the author's views of books of travels and of travelling. Our readers will recollect that we, upon a former occasion, have pointed out M. Kotzebue as one of those who 'judge of every thing by the standard of the first impression.' The fair avowal of this principle is contained in the following extract.

'For many years previous to my travels into Italy, I had read nothing on this country; and after having concluded them, I wished also to read nothing upon it, that my judgment might not be warped. I flatter myself, therefore, with being able to offer the traveller a book which may serve him as a guide for ten years at least; in which, if he finds indeed no deep researches, he will not be misled by parrot opinions. Whoever, without the bias or prepossessions of artists, shall hereafter visit Rome or Naples, will find a confirmation of this sentiment in his own mind.

'My stay in Italy was certainly short; yet I do not see in what respect this affects the validity of my judgments. The talent of observation is an endowment of nature; whoever does not carry it with him, will never acquire it. Most things are either viewed justly the first time, or never. The truly striking and remarkable is discovered on the first survey; and I may almost say, only on the first. When the eye is once accustomed to objects, the acuteness of investigating them is lost. I have also seen the most famous works of art twice, and even oftener; and yet in every case found that my first emotions, and my first judgment, were the most powerful and accurate. For that reason, I constantly wished to retain this impression, and commit it to paper within a few hours after. At the same time, every one is at liberty to regard my book as a collection of cursory remarks, if he pleases: he will not forget, however, that cursory remarks are not always the worst.' (Vol. I. p. vii. viii. ix.)

Much as we disapprove such *methods* and *principles* as these, we are ready to admit that the mere imitative cant of connoisseurship with which some modern voyages are eked out, is equally useless, and somewhat more tiresome. However little we may prize the loose rhapsodies and sentimental effusions of a middling person

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person like M. Kotzebue, they are likely to interest us more strongly than a bare repetition of what all former travellers had said in better style, or a collection of the *cognocenza* which is poured out by *ciceroni* for a couple of piastres a day. There is something more new and real in our author's materials; and one often feels disposed to pass over the tawdriness and flippancy of the greater number of his pages, and even to pardon the higher faults that frequently occur in them, in consideration of certain claims to nature and originality, which he occasionally presents, however dull his simplicity and useless his innovations may generally be. It is in this spirit that we have devoted the present article to his service; and we shall make it our business, in a cursory glance at the contents of these volumes, to notice, as well the most eminent of the absurdities into which he falls, as the more interesting particulars which he has recorded.

The first part of our author's journey that arrests our attention, is his tour through the Tyrol; a country inferior to none in Europe, except perhaps Norway, for grand and romantic scenery; and far more happy than that frozen region, in the varieties of its soil and the charms of its climate. M. Kotzebue justly wonders at the inattention with which it has been passed over by travellers. He went by the Inspruck road, and returned by Brixen through Carinthia. His most interesting details are those respecting the peasantry, from which we shall make two considerable extracts; one giving a lively picture of their passion for the chace, the other describing, in terms of the most merited praise, their unshaken fidelity to the cause of their country, and valour in meeting the enemy; and both passages, we lament to say, illustrate most strongly the wretched impolicy of the Austrian government towards this valuable part of its subjects.

'The Tyrolese are universally passionate lovers of the chase. Before I had proceeded so far as Inspruk, I was told that the liberty of hunting is not expressly allowed them as a right; but that, from their assistance having been much wanted in times of danger, the practice is connived at, in order to reward them for their good behaviour; and that, in fact, the chase is now no longer rented, the natural consequence of which is, that the quantity of game is daily decreasing. The conduct of the government in this instance appeared to me very commendable and prudent, in not forgetting these faithful services, but rewarding them in the manner the most agreeable to the people, and least expensive to themselves. But in Inspruk I heard a different account. I was here told that it was not till the daring enemy had found in the passes of the Tyrol mountains the limits of their victories, and the courageous fidelity of the sharp-shooters (who were never soldiers) had served as a bulwark for the trembling capital, that this privilege was temporarily suffered; but that now again every unlicensed hunter is deemed

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deemed a poacher, and, when seized, is invariably made a soldier. However, the practice is grown into a passion with them, more violent than that of the gamester. Neither threats nor punishments are capable of deterring them from it. One who had been many times caught in the fact, declared aloud, "And if I knew that the next tree would be my gallows, I must notwithstanding hunt." Gain cannot be the principal inducement here, for them to risk their liberty; for a goat, when shot, weighs only fifty or sixty pounds at the utmost, and sells, together with the skin, (which is of use only in autumn), but for ten or twelve florins. It is for this that the hunter exposes himself to a thousand dangers, and besides to ignominy and a severe punishment. For this he spends the coldest winter nights on the cliffs, buries himself in the snow, and sacrifices his hours of sleep. Provided with a scanty store of victuals, he ranges for many days the desert mountains around; and, in spite of hunger and thirst, and every other hardship, pursues this way of life as his highest enjoyment. But when he has gained his poor plunder, he is still exposed to great danger and trouble in the sale of it; unless he happens to be near the monastery at Wiltau, where he may find friends in the clergy there, who love to be provided, all the year round, with game at a cheap rate. The inns at Inspruk are also good customers to such of them as will carry them their prey in the middle of the night.

'One of these sportsmen alone seldom or never shoots a goat; they are obliged to go in company, and surround the animals. A herd of goats has always a sentinel planted at a distance. On the point of a rock, presenting no more space than can be covered by the hand closed, the goat stands; and when at a distance he perceives the human form, he makes a loud whistling sound, and in an instant the whole herd vanish. Besides these goats, there are also deer, and (still more numerous) bears, wolves, foxes, and badgers.

'The poachers wear masks, or, by some other means, render their faces undistinguishable. If they perceive a game-keeper at a distance, they beckon to him with their hands to depart in haste, calling to him at the same time, "Go, or we will make you." If he does not obey, they level their firelocks at him; and if he still refuses to return, they fire:—this, however, is in extreme cases only, and when they see no other means of saving themselves. If a game-keeper recognizes one of them in these excursions, and informs against him, he must himself afterwards guard against their revenge. Of this there have been some melancholy instances. A poacher who, in consequence of these practices, had been obliged for many years to serve in a distant regiment, was at length discharged, and returned to his country. He immediately began climbing the mountains again in search of game, met his informer, and shot him dead.' (Vol. I. p. 98—102.)

'They survey a stranger almost with the curiosity of children, follow him every where, are ever officious to do something or other for him, and are frequently troublesome in consequence of this disposition; but he cannot possibly be angry with them, as he must be convinced of their

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their ardent desire to fulfil all his wishes. Such a race of men inhabit the former principality of Brixen; whose territory, watered by the Eisach, which rushes through a narrow valley, is interspersed with cheerful towns and villages; where cleanliness prevails within and without the houses, and where health and cheerfulness smile from the faces of the inhabitants upon the stranger. They principally subsist by breeding cattle: the climate is too sharp for the cultivation of the vine; for the valley lies high, and the inclement winds have a free passage through it. "Nine months in the year are winter," say the inhabitants of Niederdorf, for example, "and three are cold." The soil, however, is well adapted to pasturage. This may perhaps be the reason why this tribe of herdsmen appeared to me to be more brave and less corrupted than their neighbours, who cultivate the vine. What might not have been expected of them during the late war! With what courage they waited for the coming of the French! At Branneken, two posts from Brixen, they had not heard of the arrival of the enemy till he was almost at their gates. They immediately sent to General Sporke, who commanded a corps at no great distance, to inform him they were ready to fight if he would come and support them. The General promised to comply with their invitation. More than four thousand country people assembled, armed themselves, baked bread for the Austrians, procured wine, and waited for their leader. He came not: he sent them word, that his orders obliged him to return over the mountains. This message the honest peasants could not understand. They were acquainted with their mountains: they knew that, especially in Spring, it was not possible to cross them, at least not with artillery. They wondered why the General should choose rather to throw his cannon into the water, than to bring it to their defence; and they still maintain, that if this had been done, if they had been organized, and had had any one to head them, not a man of the French would have escaped. Whoever has seen the country and its inhabitants, will give them credit for the assertion. The answer they received rendered them not dejected, but indignant. All the officers of government withdrew, leaving the people to shift for themselves. But whenever they met with one of these fugitives, they seized him by his queue, dragged him back, and tauntingly exclaimed, "Scoundrel, there is the enemy!"

'Had, at that moment, a man appeared among them, endowed by nature with military talents, he might have given the state of affairs a very different aspect, and have acquired great renown. Now their force was dispersed; but, even in this situation, they made head against the French. In a small town, a body of them assembled at the gate, merely opened a small door from time to time, fired, killed at each time a number of the enemy, and then instantly drew back their heads again. The French might threaten and storm as they pleased; the little troop continued to defend themselves in this manner, and at length compelled them to retire. Even in a village situated on a rock, the inhabitants resolved to oppose the entrance of the invaders. The women armed themselves as well

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well as the men, and the children rolled large stones down upon the French, who made a halt, and then proceeded farther. On their approach to Branneken, the peasants ascended the mountains, kindled some hundred of fires in the vicinity, and so alarmed the numerous army of the enemy, that he entered into a capitulation with this open town, the articles of which were faithfully observed. These brave herdsmen were therefore indebted to their courage alone for not being plundered. The word *peasant* was a terror to the French, and frequently restrained them from committing excesses. The heart of a German patriot bleeds, when he sees what a two-edged sword the government then had in its hand, without daring to draw it from the scabbard.' (Vol. I. p. 274—278.)

'At Lienz the inhabitants likewise gave proofs of their courage; and here too, they complain bitterly of having been deserted by General Sporke with eleven thousand men. He had resolved to retreat with his artillery beyond the mountains. They represented to him that such a measure was impossible, as there was not even a path for a saddle-horse. All their representations, however, were in vain: he treated them rather rudely into the bargain; and attempted to put his plan in execution, but was soon obliged to desist, and to leave his cannon behind him. "Had he kept on good terms with us," say the Tyrolese, "we would have drawn the artillery ourselves to some place of security, and have concealed it where it would not be found by the enemy. It would then have been saved for our Sovereign."

'But the General was not only obliged to abandon the cannon, but likewise a great quantity of ammunition. He attempted indeed to destroy the greatest part of it, but the time was too short. What could not be destroyed was collected by the inhabitants, and with this they repulsed the French. Such was literally the fact: The anecdote is truly extraordinary. Deserted by those who ought to have protected them, unprovided with arms, except such as the troops had thrown away in their precipitate flight, they seized these, placed an inn-keeper, who had once been a serjeant, at their head, boldly attacked the advanced guard of the French which had entered their little town, and drove them from street to street, out at the gate, and beyond the bridge, strewing the whole way with the bodies of their enemies. An army of sixteen thousand men soon afterwards advanced, and the general who commanded it breathed vengeance against the town. But when he perceived that the peasants and inhabitants had taken post unintimidated on the adjacent mountains, where they remained under arms, he altered his tone, and declared in a manifesto, that he had relinquished all idea of satisfying his vengeance, though just; that he wished not to punish the innocent with the guilty, and merely demanded a free passage and bread for his troops. This capitulation was accepted; but no sooner had the rapacious Frenchman entered the town, than he gave notice, that, unless the sum of one hundred thousand florins was raised in two hours, the place should be set on fire at the four corners. The unfortunate citizens made every possible exertion: they went from house to house,

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house, accompanied by a French guard, to collect money, but could not collect more than twenty-five thousand florins. Five of the principal inhabitants were therefore taken as hostages. These were shamefully treated during their march; were scarcely allowed bread; and, when the preliminaries of Leoben were actually signed, they were not informed, that by this treaty all arrears of contributions were remitted: they were several times led out, as if for the purpose of being shot; and, by such methods as these, a like sum, which they were obliged to borrow of their friends and acquaintance, was extorted from them before they were dismissed. It would certainly be worth the while of a good historian to reside for a few months in Tyrol; he would there have an opportunity of collecting the most extraordinary particulars of a war, the individual occurrences of which must appear incomprehensible to posterity. They will not be a little astonished to learn, that the military manifested a kind of hatred (I cannot possibly call it envy) against the brave peasantry; and that they went so far as to call the gallant General Laudon, by way of ridicule, *the idol of the peasants*, because he was the only officer who knew how to avail himself of the courage and energy of the Tyrolese; and who, let it be well remarked, himself fought at their head.' (Vol. IV. p. 281—5.)

We sincerely hope that Austria may yet have an opportunity of correcting those grievous errors in the Tyrolese administration. It is certain, that should the fate of war transfer this fine province to the enemy, no such blunders will be repeated by him. But, at any rate, it is a useful task to record the instances of impolicy which pave the way for changes of dominion—to hold up such spectacles as a warning to the nations, whose turn in the combat of strength, and still more of skill, is approaching—and enforce, by a thousand proofs, what some infatuated persons are so unwilling to believe, that there are no limits to the powers of mal-administration in destroying the energies, and precipitating the downfal of the finest and the proudest people.

From the majestic and various scenery of the Tyrol, our author, crossing the rugged wall which bounds that country on the south, proceeded towards the delicious plains of Lombardy—

> 'To happy convents buried deep in vines
> Where slumber abbots, purple as their wines;
> To isles of fragrance, lily-silver'd vales
> Diffusing languor on the panting gales;
> To lands of singing and of dancing slaves,
> Love-whispering woods, and lute-resounding waves.'

But with these 'visions of fair Italy' he appears to have been little enchanted. Some agreeable sensations are excited by the journey of the Appennines; but a whole letter, which, from its title, 'A morning in the Appennines,' we should expect to give a sketch of that delightful district, is occupied with the homelier and

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and more German consideration, of how Mr Kotzebue contrived to cook his coffee every day, before the dawn, and to drink it with his first pipe, while the veturino was getting ready for the journey. Instead of the enchanting contrast which Lombardy stretches before a traveller from the Alpine territories—a theme which one might have expected a poet to be struck by, nearly twenty pages are devoted to the adventures of a Count Zambeccari, who went up from Bologna in a balloon, and fell into the Adriatic, and is now ready to go up again. Balloons are, indeed, a tender subject with our German traveller;—they inspire him mightily with a sort of absurd enthusiasm, which seems to have some object, but too dim and confused to be perceived. This furor frequently comes on him; and when Count Zambeccari is not to be had, there is a Mr Robertson, almost as irresistible, whose praises he sounds in the language usually reserved for great exploits and exalted character; and then concludes, by avowing that he thinks Garnerin an inferior man.

From Tuscany our author travelled on to Rome; and in his raptures on this magnificent remnant of ancient art and power, we can more easily sympathize with him. We do not find him so perversely singular in his taste upon some of the great objects of antiquity, as upon the monuments of the modern fine arts; and we fancy very few persons, who have seen the Coliseum, will think his apology necessary for preferring it to all the other sights in Italy. His admiration of that wondrous pile is quite allowable, and not ill expressed, though we cannot help wishing that the flippancy, inherent in Mr Kotzebue had been suppressed on this one occasion. Unfortunately he has chosen to display it here in a more than usual degree. After giving a pretty long discussion of the question relating to the holes in the walls of the Circus, he produces what he terms 'my own view of this matter, which I consider as the most natural.' He gives his theory at length accordingly, and then mentions a fact, which leads to the following notable piece of impertinence: 'And this at once destroys my hypothesis. Yet, why should I trouble myself with devising reasons for an inexplicable matter? Let every one think as he pleases.' Reserving his further observations on the arts and remains of antiquity until his return, he pursues his journey along the Appian way, in a terror of banditti rather livelier than necessary; and after passing some delightful hours in rambling over Cicero's villa, and the other beautiful scenery in the neighbourhood of Gaeta, he reaches Naples, the end of his travels. His sketches of this singularly interesting capital, are frequently very lively, and generally correct. As they embrace, without any arrangement, and with but little selection, every thing which a man sees

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sees there who walks forth with his eyes open, it would be an unprofitable task to attempt exhibiting them in an abstract. We shall select one of the most prominent by way of specimen. The following is a spirited and clear outline of the passage of the Host; a very ordinary occurrence, to which, in Catholic countries, one speedily becomes insensible, and which, nevertheless, is probably the most striking of all the sights presented for the first time to a stranger.

'Another striking spectacle in the streets is, when the Host is carried by priests to dying persons. We should, if possible, see this in an open place; for in the narrow streets it produces much less effect, I suppose. I live in the Largo del Castello, a very large square, which is covered from morning till night with buyers, sellers, animals, carriages, popular exhibitions, and spectators. Close by me is a puppet-shew, at the entrance of which the owner stands and entertains the people with his droll remarks. Some steps further is a fish-market, and directly opposite to me the main guard-house. I do not exaggerate when I say that upwards of two thousand persons (besides the cattle) are usually assembled in this place. Suddenly the procession I have just mentioned appears: colours flying before, announce it to the eye; and the perpetual tingling of little bells, to the ear. It is surrounded by finely dressed priests, and often also by a military guard of honour; and clouds of frankincense ascend into the air before them. All the pious whose road leads this way, consider it a duty to follow the train; which, like a snow-ball, thus enlarges in its progress. The shewman is directly silent; even the fish-women are perfectly still; not a sound escapes: all hats fly off, and thousands fall on their knees, beat their breasts, and cross themselves. The guards shoulder their arms, and a solemn tune is played as long as the procession is in sight. In the night the spectacle is still grander. At every balcony (and let it be remembered that there is no window without a balcony) a light suddenly appears, and the darkness is converted as it were by magic, into broad day; for every story is illuminated; and below in the street a number of rockets are lighted, which, with a whizzing and loud report, salute the solemn procession. As I pursue it into the next street, the sight varies in its singularity. At one moment all is perfect darkness; and the next, as the procession enters, the whole street on both sides assumes a brilliant aspect: and thus the light appears to fly from house to house, and from balcony to balcony, in the most rapid succession, till in the same order it by degrees vanishes again, and every thing returns to its former darkness. I have frequently put the question to myself, whence comes it that this spectacle should fill me (who am a heretic) with a sort of awe, since I esteem it the greatest of all absurdities to believe that God can be carried in a box in the streets? I know not how to answer this otherwise than by the observation, that most things affect our weak minds, which occupy and influence such a vast multitude of people at the same time. Who, for example, feels much pleasure in seeing a single soldier exercise

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cise only for five minutes? But put twenty thousand soldiers in a row, and it amuses us for hours.' I. 271, 272, 273.

The wonders both of nature and of antiquity in which the environs of Naples abound with a profusion unknown elsewhere, have been described by our author with a degree of fulness that renders his second and third volumes a tolerably good directory to future travellers. There are, however, few parts of his narrative where something does not occur, either in the pertness of his style, or the childishness of his remarks, sufficiently offensive to good taste. In climbing up Vesuvius, 'Nature appeared to have died in hoary old age, amidst convulsions; and the sight of her corpse caused a cold thrilling through our veins.' II. 6. The sensibility with which Mr Kotzebue is afflicted, becomes also somewhat troublesome; it even stops him in his journey on the mountain; for the custom is, to have the assistance of persons used to the slippery road of ashes; and 'it is not every one's talent to be able to derive enjoyment from ease thus purchased by the excessive exertions of others.' Ibid. 13. We did think that the most sensitive soul might have viewed, without a hot fit, the well paid labour of a few idle *Lazzaroni*, employed in the business of all others-the most congenial to their taste and habits. In the *Album* kept at the Hermitage, Mr Kotzebue had the candour to make one discovery, which amuses us not a little. 'This medley,' says he, 'was to be found in all languages: but I confess, that, on a slight perusal, it seemed to me that the Germans had written the most nonsense; at least they affected the greatest sensibility.' Ibid 15. The account of Pompeii is extremely good; and some of the most striking anecdotes, relating to that singular place, are both well selected and well told.

'A great and rich town, that, after lying eighteen centuries in a deep grave, is again shone on by the sun, and stands amidst other cities, as much a stranger as any one of its former inhabitants would be among his posterity of the present day;—such a town has not its equal in the world. The feelings which seized me at its gate may be very faintly expressed by words, but admit indeed of no adequate representation. My foot now steps on the same pavement as was trodden on eighteen hundred years ago: the tracks of the wheels are still visible which then rolled over it. An elevated path runs by the side of the houses, for foot-passengers; and, that they might in rainy weather pass commodiously over to the opposite side, large flat stones, three of which take up the width of the road, were laid at a distance from each other. As the carriages, in order to avoid these stones, were obliged to use the intermediate spaces, the tracks of the wheels are there most visible. The whole pavement is in good condition: it consists merely of considerable pieces of lava; which, however, are not cut (as at present) into squares, and may have been on that account the more durable.

'What

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'What must have been the feelings of the Pompeians, when the roaring of the mountain and the quaking of the earth waked them from their first sleep? They attempted also to escape the wrath of the Gods; and, seizing the most valuable things they could lay their hands upon in the darkness and confusion, to seek their safety in flight. In this street, and before the house that is marked with the friendly salutation on its threshold, seven skeletons were found: the first carried a lamp, and the rest had still between the bones of their fingers something that they wished to save. On a sudden they were overtaken by the storm that descended from heaven, and sunk into the grave thus made for them. Before the above mentioned country house was still a male skeleton standing with a dish in his hand; and as on his finger he wore one of those rings that were allowed to be worn only by Roman knights, he is supposed to have been the master of the house, who had just opened the back garden gate with the intent of flying, when the shower overwhelmed him. Several skeletons were found in the very posture in which they had breathed their last, without being forced by the agonies of death to drop the things which they had in their hands.' II. p. 76, 78, 79. 88, 89.

There are occasional passages also in Mr Kotzebue's descriptions of natural scenery, which are beautiful and impressive. We are tired, however, of the Bay of Naples, and the falls of Tivoli. There is more novelty and nature and picturesque effect, we think, in the following account of the Pontine marshes.

'On my return to Rome I was as little incommoded as before by the noxious exhalations of the Pontine marshes; on the contrary, I passed some of the most agreeable hours during my residence in Italy on their borders. It was the conclusion of December; the sky was serene, and the air pure and warm. The veturino baited his mules near the deserted convent of capuchins, which I have already had occasion to mention in the first volume. We spread our cloth on the great flight of steps before the church, in the mildest sun-shine, and took our cheerful repast in the open air. After dinner I strayed alone behind the convent, where, in silent transport, I forgot all Europe, for I was actually in Arcadia. The verdant turf was decorated with innumerable flowers. Long trains of gossamer waved here and there over the plain. The larks, rising from the grass at my feet, chanted strains heard in other countries only in the spring. Tame flocks of ducks, snipes, and lapwings, hovered over the marshes; solitary hawks uttered their harsh cries aloft; buffaloes bellowed; and the tinkling of the bells of pasturing sheep was heard at intervals. Small birds of every kind chirped forth their joy. A shepherd, at a distance, sung a *Russian* air. On the opposite mountains was situated a town, the faint sound of whose bells, now and then interrupted by the report of a musket at a still greater distance, broke upon the ear. These various tones, which animated nature, were not, however, when combined, sufficiently strong to form a noise: a melancholy stillness reigned around, and I could hear the rustling

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ling of every lizard in the grass. What a contrast with the tumult of Naples, where only two days before I was stunned with the harshest discords! Here all was so tranquil, so innocent; the earth appeared to be a paradise, and the sky an arch of corn-flowers. What a horrible idea I had always entertained of the Pontine marshes, and what an agreeable one I carry away with me from them!' III. 99—101.

There are not many of his descriptions so good as this; but there is spirit and feeling in most of them, as well as in many of his sketches of national manners and character.

Mr Kotzebue's description of modern galleries is much less calculated to assist the traveller, than his catalogue of natural beauties or remains of antiquity. His taste is so faulty, indeed so professedly lawless, that it is always a wonder if he takes any notice of the finest productions. We have said already, that we do not object to his decisions merely because they are new, or unfettered by the prejudices of vulgar connoisseurs. But in avoiding cant, and what he calls parrot-work, our author has almost always gone into another extreme; and whoever should follow him, would cant as much like a parrot as any *cicerone* in Italy, and be moreover in the wrong. It does not argue a respectable freedom from the restraints of trite opinion, to deny the beauty of the Etruscan vase, and to call its painting a pot-daubing, inferior to the ordinary works of modern artists (vol. II. p. 209.); or to confound the cartoons with the frescoes of the Vatican (III. 172.); or to find 'nothing remarkable in the Moses of Michael Angelo but its size;' and then to abuse it as a 'small-shouldered, large-bellied figure, with a disagreeable marble beard' (would he have had it of hair?) 'hanging down to the navel, which makes it look still worse' (III. 207.); passing over, with his eyes shut, the majesty of attitude, and commanding wisdom of expression, which point out the statue of the great legislator as by far the finest effort of the modern chisel. Nor will even those, who are the least disposed to overrate Bermini, go along with our author in his constant invectives against that expert artist, to whom he will allow no merit whatever; and, to close a list of heresies, which might be extended to any length from either of the volumes before us, we conceive Mr Kotzebue is the first admirer of the fine arts who has been unable to discover any thing striking in Dominichino's *Chase of Diana*, and Raphael's *Deposition* (in the Borghese palace), of which the former has been admired by all judges as at least second to the St Jerome of the same master, and the latter is always esteemed inferior to the Transfiguration alone, of the prince of painters. Under this department of our author's work, we must notice his continued irreverence towards those names which most of his readers have associated with the feelings of devotion.

It

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It is something more than bad taste to call the *cross* '*the Jewish gallows*,' and to term David a '*pious old rogue*,' (III. 111. & 216.) As one specimen more of his method of leading us round picture galleries, we extract the following rare piece of Germanic liveliness. After turning with indignation from a portrait by Leonardo da Vinci, merely because the subject is Queen Johanna of Naples, and asking why the friend of Francis I. could profane his pencil by such a picture, he thus introduces a piece of Vandyke, who seems to be his favourite master.

'Let us hasten to that of an elderly lady by Vandyke. She seems to be one of our old acquaintances; she is a chattering good old woman, and wishes to converse with us. She waits eagerly for an opportunity to do so. Let us speak to her: she will certainly answer us; and every thing she says will be so good-natured, that we shall hardly leave her.' Vol. III. p. 244.

Mr Kotzebue returned from Rome by the way of Loretto and Ancona to Bologna, where we are once more stopped with about twenty pages upon Zambeccari, and Balloons, and Garnerin. Thence he proceeded to Verona, and through Styria, to Vienna; but, strange to tell, without visiting the beauties and wonders of Venice. After a few slight notices of the most eminent persons then resident in the Austrian capital, he continues his journey, and with a loud panegyric on the Prussian government, arrives happily at Berlin—the '*finis chartæque viæque*.'—'Let every peaceful mind,' says he, 'devoted to the Muses, repair hither, as the navigator doubling Cape Horn strives to reach the Pacific Ocean, whose surface is never ruffled by the tempest.' (IV. 324.) This conveys a very interesting discovery in geography. For our parts, we wish the government in question were as easily ruffled as the Pacific Ocean. Although, however, Prussia is thus held up as the land of promise, it appears, by the conclusion of the work, that the best of possible countries is not Prussia, but Russia; between which and Italy, a very long comparison is drawn, entirely to the advantage of the former. Our author prefers it stoutly to the garden of Europe, first in point of climate, then for manners, comforts, freedom, arts and sciences, liberality of opinions—every thing. 'Enough!' he exclaims at last, (and we echo the word) 'Enough! to the praise of ingenuity my parallel prefers no claim; but I pledge myself for its truth. Will any one now wonder that I quitted Italy without reluctance; that I never wish to see it again; and that I would not for millions pass my life in that country?'

Before closing this article, we have, in justice to Mr Kotzebue, to state, that we have not had an opportunity of perusing his work in the original German, which, in point of style, we know

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know must be greatly superior to the English translation. Indeed, to all appearance, this is very ill executed, and, without having compared it with the original, we are disposed to view it as the performance of a person but moderately learned in the German language. For example, he mistakes the names of countries and places; he talks of Ingermannland and Eastland, (which are not English words,) instead of Ingria and Esthonia. We are told of 'St Mary's *Cloister*' being surrounded with lava (II. 19.), which looks very like a mistranslation of the word *Kloster*, a *convent*. Nobody that understood German would have represented the emperor as hunting *wild swine*. Ibid. 48. We suspect that *mound* (in Vol. II. p. 171.) must be a mistake for *mouth* (the German being *mund*); at least, *mound* is downright nonsense as it now stands. In another place, speaking of mephitic vapour, he says, 'the effect of the *whole*, is as strong at Pyrmont as at the Grotto del Cane.' (172.) And, describing somebody's coins, he makes them 'rival the best *camoens* in perfection.' (203.) These examples will probably be thought to afford sufficient proofs of our suspicion that this translation is the work of some indifferent German scholar. That it is executed with a very moderate knowledge of the English language, the extracts already given furnish evidence still more clear.

ART. XI. *The Wealth of Nations, with Notes, Supplementary Chapters, and a Life of Dr Smith.* By William Playfair. London. 1805.

IN the whole course of our literary inquisition, we have not met with an instance so discreditable to the English press, as this edition of the Wealth of Nations. It may be given as a specimen of the most presumptuous book-making. The editor proves himself quite ignorant of his author, and of the science on which that author wrote: he does not scruple, however, sometimes to correct, and sometimes to confirm, what he generally misunderstands in both cases. But what has most moved our indignation, is, that he has presumed to thrust his own supplementary chapters, as he calls them, not in the form of notes or an appendix separate from Mr Smith's text, but into the very body of the work itself, and in the same types; breaking the continuity of the author's great design, and adulterating the purity of its composition with this editor's ignorant and vulgar writing. Our readers must accept of it as a sufficient specimen; that, subjoined to the inimitable digression on the corn laws, and

before

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before the reader can proceed to the chapter on treaties of commerce, is a tract of fifteen pages by this Mr Playfair, in which he gives *his* opinion, that monopoly, forestalling, and regrating, exist in the trade of provisions, and that Lord Kenyon had many real and credible proofs of it. We have no objection to this being said by those who have such notions; but it is rather indecent to interpolate them into the text of the Wealth of Nations.

We shall say no more of this publication, except to express our surprise that it should have appeared with the name of so respectable a bookseller; who, having had the original property of this immortal work, might have been expected to feel some tenderness and veneration for its fame. We are happy to announce, that, since the expiration of the original right of property, several editions have been published in different parts of the country; particularly a very cheap one by a bookseller in Newgate street, London, the advertisement of which, addressing this philosophical treatise to artisans and tradesmen, may be regarded as a literary curiosity, and a signal proof of the diffusion of liberal information.

An edition of the Wealth of Nations, with notes by an editor properly qualified, would be a most acceptable publication. It ought to comprise, either in the form of illustrations or of corrections to Mr Smith's propositions, the facts which have been more carefully observed since he turned the attention of men of letters to these subjects, as well as the reasonings which later inquirers have pursued. It would be desirable also, that the editor should be acquainted with those writings which preceded the Wealth of Nations, that he might assign the most important reasonings to their real inventors; and it would be useful to multiply the examples which Mr Smith has taken from the institutions, or statistical experience of foreign countries, to elucidate his general principles: In this respect, considerable assistance might be derived from the French edition of the work by Garnier, and the Spanish edition by Ortiz.

ART. XII. *Lyric Poems.* By James Mercer, Esq. Second Edition, with some Additional Poems. London. 1804. 12mo.

FROM a short advertisement prefixed to this elegant little volume, we learn that the public are indebted for its appearance, not to the author himself, but to a very near relative, to whom the greater part of its contents had been communicated many years ago, and whose amiable partialities for the composi-

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tions of a friend had not been subdued by 'more than twice the time of deliberation prescribed by Horace.' In 'taking upon himself to hazard the publication,' and to deliver over the verses of another 'to the severe tribunal of general criticism,' the Editor may fairly be presumed to have felt all that 'trembling solicitude' which he expresses; yet we may venture to predict, that few readers of feeling or of taste will hesitate in acquitting him of rashness, or indiscreet prepossession. Indeed, it can be ascribed only to the excessive modesty of the learned and excellent author himself, that his literary talents were not more generally known, and more eminently exerted in the public service.

Major James Mercer* was the son of Thomas Mercer, esq. a gentleman of private fortune in Aberdeenshire, whose political attachments to the abdicated family of Stewart, had engaged him in the rebellion of 1745; and who, on the event of that ill-fated enterprize, had retired to France. His son was educated at the University of Aberdeen; and, under Professor Blackwall, one of the most distinguished scholars of his time, acquired a decided taste for the study of Greek literature, which he continued through life to cultivate and improve. After acquiring distinguished reputation at the University, several years were spent on the Continent, with his father, till the commencement of the Seven-years War called him back to England, and induced him to enter into the service of his country as a soldier. Having joined one of the expeditions to the coast of France, he soon obtained a commission, and served with great zeal, and an ardent love of his profession, during a considerable period of that war, under Prince Ferdinand, in Germany. He afterwards continued in the army till about the year 1772, when he had attained the rank of Major, and was on the point of being advanced to that of Lieutenant-Colonel. In consequence of a well-grounded disgust, occasioned by an undue interference in the business of his promotion, he then quitted the profession, and never afterwards resumed a military character, excepting as an officer of fencibles during the American war. Having been married several years before to a lady of extraordinary beauty and accomplishments, he now retired with his family to Aberdeenshire, where, with the exception of a few years spent in the south of France, he continued ever afterwards to reside.

These few particulars we have thought not unworthy of being commemorated in the private life of a man, who was the intimate and valued friend of some of the most distinguished scholars

* Born 27. Feb. 1734.

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lars of his age. Among these, the names of Lord Hailes, Dr Reid, and Dr Beattie, may be sufficient to mark the station which his virtues and talents had entitled him to hold. With the two former, he entertained a literary correspondence; with the latter, he lived for many years in the habits of almost daily intercourse. His almost uninterrupted leisure was indeed chiefly devoted to the luxuries of classical reading and study; and to a very intimate acquaintance with the writers of Greece and Rome, he added an extensive knowledge in most departments of modern literature. In the society of private life, he was courted and admired for the liveliness of his wit, and for the purity and elegance of his manners.

Though the far greater part of his time had been dedicated to the acquisition of knowledge, yet his native modesty appears to have repressed the ambition of communicating to the world the fruits of his studies; and though the correctness of his taste enabled him to contribute very valuable aid to the literary undertakings of others, it does not appear that he ever seriously employed himself in writing for the public eye. The little collection of poems which has appeared under his name, cannot be regarded as an exception. They are obviously the occasional effusions of a man of sensibility and cultivated mind, rather than the anxious efforts of a poet, ambitious of extended or permanent fame: They seem to have been originally destined to float within the circle of private friendship; and their publication appears rather to have been permitted than sanctioned by the ingenious author. The first edition was published in 1794; that which is now before us, appeared only a few months before the death of Major Mercer, in November 1804.

The greater number of pieces in this little volume belong to a species of poetry in which few English writers have eminently excelled. They are decidedly of the lyric cast; but they neither aim, on the one hand, at those bolder flights of imagination, and louder bursts of passion, which almost bewilder and astonish in the higher classes of the Pindaric ode; nor, on the other hand, do they descend to the playful levity of the Anacreontic, or remain contented with the freedom and careless grace which constitute the charm of mere *vers de Societé*. They are the offspring of those more gentle and regulated feelings which accord with the real events of common life; and in communicating to them the genuine characters of poetry, Fancy is called to officiate as the handmaid, rather than the mistress of sentiment. Justness and elevation of thought, equally remote from trivial vulgarity and far-fetched refinement,—terseness of expression,—purity and polished elegance of diction, may be enumerated

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among the happiest characteristics of this species of poetry. Of their perfect attainment, the finest examples must, undoubtedly, be sought for among the lyrical compositions of Horace. The versatility of his exquisite genius enabled him, indeed, to rival, if not to equal the daring sublimity of Pindar, and the frolic gaiety of Anacreon; but, in that intermediate class which is peculiarly his own, he must be allowed to have remained not only without an equal, but without a rival. That Horace was the great master whom the writer now before us had proposed to follow, we can entertain no doubt; and it is no mean or scanty praise to say, that he will often pleasingly remind his reader of the rare excellences of his model.

The first poem in the collection, on the influence of the love of Novelty, as a principle of action and a source of happiness, may be quoted as a fair specimen of the poetical talents of Major Mercer. We have to regret, that the length of the quotation must oblige us to suppress a few stanzas, not inferior in excellence to those which we shall transcribe.

'To NOVELTY.

'For thee, in infancy, we sigh,
And hourly cast an anxious eye
Beyond the prison-house of home;
Till, from domestic tyrants free,
O'er the wide world, in search of thee,
Fair NOVELTY! we roam.

'Full on thy track, by dawn of day,
The stripling starts, and scours away,
While Hope her active wing supplies,
And softly whispers in the gale,
At every turning of the vale,
"Enjoyment onward lies."

'Not far remote—athwart the trees,
The landscape opens by degrees,
And yields sweet glimpses of delight—
Beyond the trees the views expand,
And all the scenes of fairy land
Come swelling on the sight.

''Tis here, where wild profusion flows,
On ev'ry shrub there hangs a rose,
And mellow fruit on ev'ry spray—
Here Pleasure holds her bounteous reign,
And here the wand'rer might remain,
Could Pleasure bribe his stay.

'But still the love of Thee prevails—
He quits the port, and spreads his sails,

Careless

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Careless if Ocean frown or smile;
So Fate shall give him to explore
The vast expanse, th' untrodden shore,
And undiscover'd isle.

'Tir'd with the stillness of the deep,
While yet he chides the winds that sleep,
The clouds collect, the lightnings play;
And the torn vessel drives at last,
A wreck, abandon'd to the blast,
And found'ring on her way.

'Again the vext horizon clears—
The hills emerge—the coast appears—
He and his mates their mirth renew;
They man their boats, their oars they hand,
And soon the hospitable strand
Receives the jolly crew.

'What in the interior parts befell,
In after times we hear them tell,
When they at last their limbs recline;
The tongue, well pleas'd, its office plies,
And, all the while, their brimful eyes
With dews of transport shine.

— — — — —

'While thus, with pleasing warmth, they boast
Their gay excursions on the coast,
Where all seem'd brilliant, all divine;
The fond adventurers little know
It was thy pencil gave the glow,
The vivid charm was thine.

— — — — —

'Ah me! beyond thy short-liv'd reign,
And does there nought of love remain?—
Can nought the sluggish heart engage?
Shall ev'ry joy with thee decay,
And Heav'n afford no parting ray
To gild the hours of age?

'Heav'n still is kind—When thou art fled,
Comes gentle Habit, in thy stead,
With silent pace—nor comes in vain—
For, growing with declining years,
The good man's comforts she endears,
And softens ev'ry pain.

'Where she, sweet sober maid, abides,
Contentment at the board presides;

No

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No vagrant wish her votary stings—
In his own grounds he loves to tread;
Nor envies, on his household bed,
The couch of eastern kings.' p. 1—6.

'The Castle in the Air' contains several pleasing stanzas, and exhibits a fanciful picture, of which many readers may be able to trace an original in their own waking dreams of Utopian happiness, to be enjoyed in the undisturbed society of those whom we prize solely for their virtues,

'Without a single thought on those,
Who live beyond the hill." p. 16.

The verses 'to a Fountain,' though distinguished by no great novelty of sentiment or of imagery, are written with great elegance, and rendered more peculiarly interesting, by the reference they seem to bear to the real feelings of a mind wounded by injustice and unkindness in its intercourse with the world, and seeking relief in retirement, but struggling, at the same time, to repress those painful sentiments of distrust, which are so apt to flow from disappointed ambition, and which indeed give to it one of its bitterest pangs. From this poem we shall select a few stanzas.

'Sequester'd Fountain! ever pure,
Whose placid streamlet flows,
In silent lapse, through glens obscure,
Where timid flocks repose:
Tired and disabled in the race,
I quit ambition's fruitless chase,
To shape my course by thine;
And, pleas'd, from serious trifles turn,
As thus, around thy little urn,
A votive wreath I twine.

'Fair Fountain! on thy margin green,
May tufted trees arise,
And spreading boughs thy bosom skreen
From summer's fervent skies;—
Here may the spring her flow'rets strew,
And morning shed her pearly dew,
May health infuse her balm;
And some soft virtue in thee flow,
To mitigate the pangs of woe,
And bid the heart be calm.

'O! may thy salutary streams,
Like those of LETHE's spring,
That bathe the silent land of dreams,
Some drops oblivious bring—

With

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With that blest opiate in my bowl,
Far shall I from my wounded soul
The thorns of spleen remove—
Forget how there at first they grew,
And, once again, with man renew
The cordial ties of love.

'For what avails the wretch to bear
Imprinted on his mind,
The lessons of distrust and fear,
Injurious to mankind?—
Hopeless in his disastrous hour,
He sees the gath'ring tempest lower,
The bursting cloud impend—
Tow'rds the wild waste he turns his eye,
Nor can that happy port descry,
The bosom of a friend.

— — — —

'Ah me! to Youth's ingenuous eye
What charms the prospect wears!—
Bright as the portals of the sky
The op'ning world appears;
There every figure stands confest,
In all the sweet advantage drest
Of Candour's radiant robe—
There no mean cares admission find,
Love is the business of mankind,
And Honour rules the globe.

'But if those gleams fallacious prove
That paint the world so fair;
If heaven has plac'd for gen'rous love
No soft asylum there;
If men fair faith, fair fame deride,
Bent on the crooked paths that guide
To int'rest's sordid shrine;
Be yours, ye gloomy sons of Woe!
That melancholy truth to know,
The dream of bliss be mine.' p. 41—45.

To these quotations, we shall only add the following lines from a poem, entitled, 'Reflections by a Father.' They are perhaps in the author's best manner.

'Though sweet the breath of vernal hours,
When garlands hang on ev'ry thorn,
When ev'ry path is strew'd with flow'rs,
And opening rose-buds greet the morn;
Who knows what blasts may yet arise;—

However

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However sweet, however gay,
The blossom may our hopes betray—
It is th' autumnal fruit, we prize.

'Alas! the same precarious fate
Attends on childhood's pleasing show—
The parent views with hopes elate,
His favourites round the table grow;
Who, lost to worth in riper years,
To duty lost, may yet conspire,
To wring thy heart, unhappy sire!
And drench thy furrow'd cheek in tears.

'While the poor child of homelier mien,
Who in the corner sits forlorn,
Sobs hourly at parental spleen,
And eats the bitter bread of scorn;
Untainted by the pamper'd crew,
And faithful to affection's call,
Perhaps, in his paternal hall,
Shall trim the lamp of joy anew.' p. 90, 91.

From these passages, which have been selected at random, the reader may be enabled to form a very fair estimate of the style and peculiar merits of the poems contained in this little volume; and we doubt not that the whole collection will be found to justify the praise we have ventured to bestow upon it. To that praise, however well merited, the excellent author himself can now no longer be sensible; and, by a singular coincidence, we may with characteristical propriety apply to him the *lament* of a celebrated Scotish poet of the sixteenth century, for the loss of a contemporary bard of the same name.

'He (*i. e.* Death) has reft Mersar, his indyte
That did in luve so lyfly wryte,
So short, so quick, of sentens hie,
Timor mortis conturbat me.'
Dunbar's Lament for the Deth of the Makkaris.

ART. XIII. *Speech in the House of Commons, on the War against the Mabrattas.* By Philip Francis, Esq. 1805. Ridgway.

WE have read this speech with great approbation of the judgment and temper with which it is composed, and with a very melancholy assent to the reasonings of the speaker. It is upon a subject of far greater importance to the Asiatic interests of this nation, and indeed to its character all over the world, than the public in general seems aware of. Those who have observed

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served the progress of events in India for the last six years, wait in anxious suspense for the result of the crisis to which they are now brought; whether councils of justice and peace shall yet be able to restore our empire to its former stability, or incurable distrust and hostility in all the warlike tribes of Hindostan are to be the punishment of unprovoked aggression. We mean to take another opportunity of laying before our readers the grounds of the opinion which we entertain upon this subject, and which has not been formed upon a slight or hasty consideration of the subject, but upon a careful examination of all the documents that are within our reach. In the mean time, we earnestly recommend the present speech to be studied by our readers, as containing a perspicuous and very candid abstract of facts, as well as of the principles by which their import is to be judged of. It is itself too concise, to admit of being abridged with any advantage. We shall not attempt, therefore, to enter more particularly at present into its contents. But there is one passage, which we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of extracting, from the minutes which precede the principal speech. On the bill to enlarge and regulate the powers of the Governor-General and Commander in Chief, Mr Francis said,

'I do not perceive that the bill gives Lord Cornwallis any new or extraordinary powers; and if it did, I should not be inclined to oppose it, for two reasons: first, because I should think it not at all unlikely that the exigency of the case might require such powers; and then, because I know of no person, among those who have acted in great stations in my time, whom I should be more ready to trust with great power, than my Lord Cornwallis. Judging him by all his public conduct, I am convinced that power may be safely trusted in his hands, and that he will never use it but for the benefit of the public service. If *my* voice could contribute to his honour, he should have it without reserve, for the spirit that prompts him to undertake such a task, as I know it to be, and at such a time; and if it were possible to give him support in the execution of it by any effort of mine, he might be sure of it. I am convinced that his great object will be to compose the disorders of India, and to restore peace and tranquillity to the unfortunate inhabitants of that country.'

It is impossible to read this testimony to the character of the present Governor-General, without calling to mind, how honourably the name of Mr Francis himself is connected with the history of our Indian administration. It has been from the beginning placed in steady opposition to all those enterprizes of unjust ambition, which have dishonoured the English empire of the East, and from time to time have brought it to the brink of ruin. In a resolute and disinterested opposition to the two Mahratta wars

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wars of a former governor, he maintained the same principles with regard to the extension of our dominions, and the rights of the native powers, to which he now appeals. And, after all that has been said or written upon the government of India in its foreign relations, we should refer to the extracts of Bengal Consultations, printed for the information of Parliament in 1782, as affording, in the minutes and protests of Mr Francis, the most satisfactory exposition of the true maxims of policy. These maxims were, upon that occasion, as they are upon the present, urged without effect, until the guilt of violating them was thrust upon the public attention, by the disaster which ensued. They were in the end sanctioned by the House of Commons, and confirmed by the Legislature into a general law, not yet repealed, which declares, that 'schemes of conquest and extent of dominion in India, are repugnant to the wish, the honour, and the policy of this nation.' What a commentary upon this enactment, the recent transactions in Oude, in the Carnatic, and at Bassein!

ART. XIV. *The Tomb of Alexander. A Dissertation on the Sarcophagus brought from Alexandria, and now in the British Museum.* By Edward Daniel Clarke, LL.D. Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. 4to. pp. 161. 1805.

DR CLARKE, to whose active and classical spirit we are mainly indebted for the possession of the Alexandrian sarcophagus, has here presented us with a very interesting memoir respecting this trophy of his zeal and perseverance. We cannot, indeed, conceive any relick of antiquity which could more powerfully captivate our attention, than that which forms the subject of this publication. The discovery of the supposed memorial of a western conqueror, in a country which entombs so much native greatness, wealth, and learning, is itself a very striking incident; while, on the present occasion, we need not say that the images of Grecian and Egyptian story mix themselves very finely, in every English mind, with the recollection of other victories and other tombs than those of Alexander the Great. Researches, therefore, into the history of this valuable bequest of ancient times, are in some degree useful, when considered merely as ministering to the pleasures of imagination. Whether their utility stops here, and whether the imagination be not the faculty principally concerned in them, are questions not very easily answered. Yet, when it is once settled that the study of anti-

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quities, however overvalued, is not without its use, and prefers, on this ground, a clear title to our regard, it certainly is not necessary to make out this title in every particular instance. To demand this, were about as reasonable as to ask, why care is taken to turn, with the finest precision, every volute and olive-leaf on the capital of a lofty column, although these minuter graces are hardly distinguishable from below? Every thing must be done carefully, that nothing important may be done ill. Besides this, the spirit of experimental philosophy requires us to accumulate observations, although we should not always be able to figure out to ourselves the specific shape and magnitude of the benefits which may accrue from them. If we fail in our principal inquiry, we are often rewarded by obtaining some unhoped collateral advantage, which overpays our labour and our disappointment.

This sarcophagus was forcibly taken from the mosque of St Athanasius in Alexandria by the French, in spite of the howlings and lamentations of the inhabitants, to whom it was the object of superstitious veneration; and on the capitulation of Alexandria to the British, it fell into the hands of the conquerors. It had then been long removed from the sight and adoration of the people of Alexandria; it was already destined for Europe; however it might have been obtained by the French, it was to us the prize of war; lastly, it was a most tempting article; and, on all these accounts, we seized it, brought it into England, and placed it in the British Museum, where it now lies, a wonder to the ignorant, and a riddle to the wise. Seriously, although we are of opinion that the acquisition of this treasure by our victorious army, stands on very different ground from the lawless seizure of it by the pretended deliverers of Egypt, yet it seems a nice inquiry, whether conquest strictly conferred on us the right of converting it to our own use, and whether the feelings of those, to whom it had previously belonged, were sufficiently consulted in this transaction.

The capitulation of Alexandria being already on the tapis, Dr Clarke was commissioned by Lord Hutchinson to enter the city, and obtain the surrender of the monument of Alexander, which report had already made known to the English. Dr Clarke set forward on this expedition, accompanied by two other gentlemen. The following extract from his account of it, will give our readers a very favourable idea of the manner in which an antiquarian can draw up a narrative.

'We had scarcely reached the house in which we were to reside, when a party of the merchants of the place, who had heard the nature of our errand, came to congratulate us on the capture of Alexandria, and to express their anxiety to serve the English. As soon as the room was cleared of other visitants, speaking with great circumspection and in

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in a low voice, they asked if our business in Alexandria related to the antiquities collected by the French? Upon being answered in the affirmative, and, in proof of it, the copy of the Rosetta Stone being produced, the principal of them said, "Does your Commander in Chief know that they have the Tomb of Alexander?" We desired them to describe it; upon which they said it was *a beautiful green stone*, taken from the mosque of St Athanasius; which, among the inhabitants, had always borne that appellation. Our letter and instructions from Cairo evidently referred to the same monument. "It is the object," they continued, "of our present visit; and we will shew you where they have concealed it." They then related the measures used by the French; the extraordinary care they had observed to prevent any intelligence of it; the indignation shewn by the Mahometans at its removal; the veneration in which they held it; and the tradition familiar to all of them respecting its origin. I conversed afterwards with several of the Mahometans, both Arabs and Turks, on the same subject; not only those who were natives and inhabitants of the city, but also dervises and pilgrims; persons from Constantinople, Smyrna, and Aleppo, who had visited, or who had resided at Alexandria; and they all agreed in one uniform tradition, namely, ITS BEING THE TOMB OF ISCANDER (*Alexander*), THE FOUNDER OF THE CITY OF ALEXANDRIA.

'We were then told that it was in the hold of an hospital ship, in the inner harbour; and being provided with a boat, we there found it, half filled with filth, and covered with the rags of the sick people on board. Nothing could equal the admiration with which I viewed this beautiful Tomb, having never seen, among the fine works the ancients have left us, an instance in which nature as well as art vie with each other to such perfection. True indeed are the words of Denon before cited: "*Qu'il peut être regardé comme un des morceaux les plus précieux de l'antiquité:*" and strictly does the appearance of it correspond with the description given by Diodorus of the shrine constructed for the body of Alexander.' p. 39—41.

This sarcophagus is one entire block of green Egyptian *breccia*, and is covered with hieroglyphics. Its dimensions are as follows; the elevation, three feet ten inches; its greatest length (for it swells out towards the head), ten feet three inches and a half; its greatest breadth (near the head), five feet three inches and a half; its least breadth (at the foot), four feet two inches and a half. The object of Dr Clarke in this dissertation is, to prove that this mighty receptacle did actually once contain the corpse of Alexander the Great; and it is now incumbent on us to follow him through his reasonings on this subject. With our criticisms upon this learned author, we shall combine some strictures on a shorter paper by Mr Henley, which is subjoined to the dissertation of Dr Clarke, and maintains the same hypothesis. The following is a compressed

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sed and popular view of the evidence produced by these gentlemen.

It is demonstrable that Alexander the Great was buried within the old walls of Alexandria; but within those walls, there is, at this day, a place called the *Tomb of Alexander*, and from that place the sarcophagus was taken. It is demonstrable that Alexander was deified as an Egyptian god; for which reason, to conciliate his new votaries, he must have been buried with Egyptian rites and in an Egyptian sarcophagus; but the sarcophagus in question *is* Egyptian, being covered with hieroglyphics. From the immensity of the preparations made for Alexander's funeral, it is fairly presumable, that his sarcophagus would be extremely magnificent; and, accordingly, this is wonderfully the case with the sarcophagus of Alexandria, which has perhaps no rival in the world. It is demonstrable that the supposed coffin in which Alexander was sent to Egypt, was merely a closely-fitted coating of gold; to contain his body, therefore, together with his armour and robes, some outer receptacle was necessary; and what more proper for this purpose than a sarcophagus of this sort? It is demonstrable that the tomb of Alexander stood in a large consecrated enclosure, and the site of that which is now called the Tomb of Alexander answers to this description. All these coincidences make it highly probable that the sarcophagus of Alexander has a fair claim to its title, unless history or tradition should furnish presumptions hostile to that supposition. It happens, however, that both history and tradition furnish the strongest presumptions, and even much more than presumptions in its favour. From the burial of Alexander till the establishment of Christianity throughout the Roman empire, the tomb of the conqueror in question was held in the highest veneration, and its history can be traced through that long period with facility. When the Christian religion became general, the idols and temples of Paganism were in a great measure destroyed; but the sarcophagus of Alexander, either from its solidity resisted, or from its beauty escaped, the general desolation. We read nothing positive, with respect to its fate, for many centuries after this; but it is curious that, during the greater part of this interval, it was in the custody of the Mahometans, whose veneration for Alexander was quite as profound as that of the earlier Alexandrians themselves. Thus its safety and its identity were insured, and at length it again became the subject of description in the beginning of the sixteenth century.

Such is the substance of Dr Clarke's arguments. It would have been surprising, if, in detailing them, he had never been misled by his zeal for a favourite hypothesis; and, whether he has been so or not, it would be surprising indeed, if a reviewer should fail to

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to charge him with this sort of partiality. In preparing to indulge a little our professional prejudices on this occasion, we beg leave to anticipate and to soften the resentment of some of our readers, by conceding to them all that they can say upon the facility of raising doubts and cavils in every case and against every theory. Certainly the spirit of the famous Socratic apothegm, *I know only that I know nothing*, is marvellously perverted by those ingenious philosophers who are decided only in believing nothing, and who harass mankind and themselves with an eternal buz of objections and hesitations and solemn indecision and most sapient doubts about every thing but their own judgment. It is therefore requisite to premise, that we think the hypothesis of the authors before us by no means improbable; at least, we know of no insuperable objection to it; but we see what appear to us to be some awkward objections to the evidence upon which it is here maintained, much as we may commend the learning employed on the subject. We do not think so ill of the ingenious authors on whom we are about to comment, as to offer to them any apology for a free and candid discussion of this question.

In sifting the evidence brought forward by Dr Clarke and Mr Henley, we shall adopt nearly the same order which we followed above in summing it up, not because we think this arrangement systematically accurate, but because it is the most convenient for our purpose.

The first point to be established is, that Alexander was buried in Egypt, and at Alexandria. This is proved in the work before us by a profusion of testimonies, which it will be unnecessary to detail in this place. Merely, however, by way of furnishing our quota to the completing of this part of the evidence, we shall add to these testimonies two others. The first is that of Arrian; for, although Arrian's history of the successors of Alexander is lost, there is extant an abridgement of it by Photius, which distinctly informs us that Arrhidæus conveyed the body of Alexander to Ptolemy the son of Lagus in Egypt, travelling thither from Babylon by the way of Damascus.* The other authority is Justin, whose evidence, however, merely proves that Alexander desired to be buried in the temple of Hammon.†

But in order to account for the hieroglyphics found on the supposed sarcophagus of this great man, it is necessary to shew, not only that he was buried in Egypt, but that he was buried with Egyptian rites. This, we are told, was *indispensable*, because it can be proved that he was deified, not as a Grecian, but as an Egyptian deity; for the Egyptians could never have regarded

* Phot. Eclogæ ex Arriani scriptis. † Just. lib. 12. c. 16.

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ed him as one of their own gods, had he been interred in the Greek manner, and with a Greek epitaph. To shew that Alexander was considered as an Egyptian divinity, several quotations are given, of which the strongest comes from Lucian's entertaining dialogue between the shades of Alexander and Diogenes. We shall give this passage rather more fully than it is given by either of the learned authors before us. Alexander, asking Diogenes why he laughed, the latter gives the following among other reasons.

'*Diogenes.* Because some of the Greeks have enrolled you among the twelve gods, and have honoured you with temples and sacrifices, as being the son of Jupiter disguised under the form of a dragon. But, tell me, where have the Macedonians buried your body?

'*Alexander.* It still lies in Babylon, and has done so for these three days. But my general Ptolemy promises that, if he can find leisure from the troublesome affairs in which he is at present occupied, he will convey it to Egypt and bury it there, that I may become one of the Egyptian gods.

'*Diogenes.* Can I help laughing, Alexander, when I see you still indulging this folly, even in hell, and aspiring to be Anubis or Osiris?'

Besides this, it is to be observed that Alexander was *embalmed*; a circumstance consonant to the customs of Egypt: whereas (observes Mr Henley) 'long before the age of Alexander, the Greeks burned all their dead.' Speaking further of Lucian and Diodorus, Mr Henley says: 'Whoever admits the account of the former (Lucian), that Ptolemy transferred to Egypt the body of Alexander, there to inshrine him as one of its gods, can have no doubt but the sacrifices and games, mentioned by the latter (Diodorus), were rites essential to the deification.' p. 119.

We believe this to follow from the very words of Diodorus, without any assistance from Lucian. *To honour with sacrifices* (τιμᾶν θυσίαις) seems to be a mere periphrasis for *to sacrifice to*; and thus Cyril uses the expression, when he says that Alexander deified his friend Hephæstion, and commanded him βωμῷ καὶ θυσίαις τιμᾶσθαι, *to be honoured with an altar and sacrifices.* *

The reader, we presume, cannot but distinctly perceive Mr Clarke's object in contending for the Egyptian character of the deified Alexander. He wishes to prove that the burial and the sepulchre of his hero were Egyptian; and, in the absence of any very direct evidence to this fact, attempts to infer it from the circumstance of his Egyptian apotheosis. But both the position which he

* Cyril contr. Julian. VI. p. 205.

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he would ultimately establish, and that intermediate position from which he wishes to infer the former, seem to us to require, at least, some qualification before they can be received; and the very great stress which our author lays on this part of his argument, renders it necessary that our doubts with regard to them should be stated. We shall first, therefore, say something on the supposed Egyptian burial of Alexander, and next, shall endeavour to shew that his deification was not exclusively Egyptian.

We shall not here lay much stress on the form of Alexander's mausoleum, as it is described in Strabo, but shall barely observe, that, on the whole, it seems to have been constructed rather in a Grecian than in an Egyptian taste. Still less do we insist on the circumstance (although the fact appears capable of proof),* that, even in the age of Alexander, the Greeks did *not* burn '*all* their dead.' It is certain that this was their usual practice; and, connecting this consideration with the wish of Alexander to be interred in Egypt, it may be allowed that, as far as the *animus* of the hero himself is concerned, the scale inclines in favour of Dr Clarke's opinion. But let us examine what we are told of the burial itself. Diodorus says that it was distinguished by *heroic sacrifices and magnificent games.* The question is, Was this, then, an *Egyptian* ceremony? Now, first, it is plain that the magnificent games wear an appearance extremely *Argive*; for these exercises formed no part of the Egyptian worship. We allow that to this general rule there was a single, and that a *local*, exception. We are informed by Herodotus, that the inhabitants of Chemmis, a place in Upper Egypt, committed *this Grecism* (τῶν Ἑλλήνων) in the worship of Perseus; they celebrated games in his honour. 'I asked them,' proceeds the historian, 'why Perseus was accustomed to appear to them alone, and why *they were distinguished from the rest of the Egyptians by the celebration of gymnastic games?*'† But, we fear, the case of Chemmis here mentioned could furnish no precedent for the burial of Alexander in Alexandria; for every dabbler in classical antiquities knows that the provincial superstitions of Egypt were no less hostile to each other, than they were to the religions of foreigners. So far, then, it would seem that the burial of Alexander was a *Greek* ceremony; unless, indeed, with some very learned men, we proscribe Herodotus for an old woman, and his history for a romance.

Another adjunct to the obsequies of Alexander, was the oblation of *heroic sacrifices.* But to whomever these heroic sacrifices might

* See Potter on the Grecian mode of burial.

† ὅτι χαχμεῖδαται Αἰγυπτίων τῶν ἄλλων, ἀγῶνα γυμνικὸν τιθέντες. Euterp. 91.

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might be offered, certain it is, that if Herodotus is to be relied on, no genuine and unsophisticated lover of Egyptian institutions could possibly have partaken of them. The distinction between *herolatry* and *theolatry*, or the sacred rites of heroes and the sacred rites of Gods, was perfectly well known in Greece; and Herodotus expressly says, that the Egyptians of his time 'paid *no* religious honours to heroes.'* It may, perhaps, be inquired, whether the testimony of Herodotus, in this instance, be quite uncontradicted by other ancient authors. We are afraid that nothing amounting to a positive contradiction of it can be produced; nothing, at least, that can effect more than to involve the whole matter in complete doubt. Even this we cannot say of the little that we ourselves have found on the other side of the question; but it is incumbent on us to produce that little. Diodorus tells us three things, which, it must be owned, seem a little staggering at first sight; he says, that according to the Egyptians whom he consulted, Egypt had formerly been governed by demigods or *heroes*;‡ also, that Osiris was one of these heroes, and, upon his death, was deified by Isis, and honoured, on the occasion, with sumptuous sacrifices;† and, lastly, he says, that the Egyptians seemed to venerate their kings as if they had been really deities.‖ But it will be the reader's own fault, if these things stagger him long. The Greeks made a very clear distinction between ascribing a human origin to a divinity, and worshipping him *as* sprung from such an origin, or with *heroic rites*. Jupiter was universally adored, not as a hero, but as the greatest God; yet many believed in the story of his birth and his tomb. But the instance most apposite to our purpose is that of Lampsace, whom the Phocæans originally worshipped only with heroic honours, but afterwards voted a full goddess, knowing her all the time to have been a mere woman.§ The story may be true or false; but still it curiously proves the distinction between the *historic* and the *ritual* character of a divinity. Diodorus, therefore, who tells us that some Egyptian traditions talked of demigods, by no means contradicts Herodotus, who asserts the absence of all heroic ceremonies from the Egyptian ritual. But, in truth, that which Herodotus here asserts may be deduced with almost equal clearness from Diodorus himself; for, whoever will take the trouble to wade through this historian's account of the customs, and especially the religious customs, of Egypt, will not find there one syllable implying

* Νομίζουσι δ' ὧν Αἰγύπτιοι Ο'ΥΔ' ἥρωσι Ο'ΥΔΕ'Ν. Euterp. 50.

‡ Lib. i. c. 4. † Lib. i. c. 2. ‖ Lib. i. c. 7.

§ καὶ τῇ Λαμψάκῃ πρότερον ἡρωϊκὰς τιμὰς ἀποδιδόντες, ὕστερον ὡς θεᾷ θύειν ἐψηφίσαντο. Plut. Mulier. Virtut. 18.

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ing the existence of hero-worship in that country. A sanguine examiner might even contrive to persuade himself, that this writer wished to guard against any impression of that kind, by the strong language in which he speaks of the apotheosis of Osiris: instead of mentioning heroic sacrifices, he seems almost carefully to state that this monarch was made a *God*, and received *all the honours paid to the most eminent of the Gods.** In the same manner, while he informs us that the Egyptians seemed to regard their king as a species of divinity, his remark manifestly confines itself to the king while *alive*, it being clear that nothing like a funeral deification took place. As an instance of the strong monarchical attachment of the people in question, the historian adduces and describes their ordinary conduct on the decease of a monarch; it was merely a deep and general mourning; not a trace or a hint can be discovered of divine or heroic honours, which would clearly have been mentioned had they existed.† It would seem, indeed, from Diodorus, that no apotheosis had occurred in Egypt within the period of authentic history; and this is involved in the larger proposition of Herodotus, that Egypt had never deified a mortal.‡ Perhaps, therefore, a very zealous opponent of Dr Clarke would contend, that the whole apotheosis of Alexander was one grand *Grecism;* but much less than this will satisfy our ambition.

We are not aware of any thing else that can be quoted against us on this subject, unless it be a vague story recorded both in Arrian§ and Diodorus. On the death of Hephæstion, it seems that Alexander sent to inquire of the oracle of Jupiter Ammon, whether his deceased friend should be worshipped as a *God* or a *Hero*, and that the oracle decided for the latter. Arrian seems to decline vouching for the truth of this story; nor is it indeed very probable that the messenger of Alexander, supposing him to have been sent, would really take the trouble of visiting the oracle to find a reply. But, at all events, we may leave this unaccredited tale to make its full impression on the minds of those who are fond of light reading.

And now, shall we admit that the funeral rites of Alexander were not quite *à l'Egyptienne?* Or, shall we believe that Diodorus, mentioning the deification of this conqueror, carelessly and mechanically slides into the expressions descriptive of that ceremony among his own countrymen? The minuteness of our historian's whole account makes us unwilling to think that he has, even through inadvertence, materially misrepresented any incident; especially

* θυσιῶν καὶ τῶν ἄλλων τῶν ἐπιφανεστάτων θεῶν τιμων. Lib. i. c. 2. Some for θεῶν read ἐν θεοῖς. Would it not bear ΘΕΙΩΝ?

† Lib. i. c. 6. ‡ Euterp. 143. § Arr. lib. 7. c. 14.

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especially since, if there be one, there are here two misrepresentations, *funeral games* being associated with the *sacrifices* of Ptolemy. Besides, we may see reason, in the sequel, to doubt whether the tomb of Alexander was not always honoured with heroic, rather than with divine, oblations.

There is a passage in Pausanias, which, though inaccurate, seems to confirm our doubts with relation to the supposed Egyptian interment of Alexander. The corpse of our hero, we know, was first conveyed to Memphis, and, after some years, transferred to Alexandria. Pausanias, apparently confounding these two transactions, informs us, that Ptolemy interred Alexander in Memphis. But he uses here one remarkable expression; the burial (he says) was *in the Macedonian fashion*; Καὶ τὸν μὲν ΝΟΜΩ, ΤΩΝ ΜΑΚΕΔΟΝΩΝ ἔθαπτον ἐν Μέμφει.*

Having ventured to call in question the general opinion of our author and Mr Henley on this subject, we will now take the liberty to offer a few remarks on the principal ground of that opinion. Alexander, they tell us, was honoured as one of the Great Gods of the Egyptians, and hence every thing about him must taste of the Nile. Dr Clarke always speaks of him emphatically as *an Egyptian* GOD; and Mr Henley, though more moderate, yet seems fond of considering him as enrolled among the Twelve Deities of that people. Their learning has been very successfully employed in collecting some strong, or at least specious authorities, to prove their position. Yet we cannot quite concur with them; and have the misfortune to think, that our deified conqueror, so far from being *generally* thought one of the Egyptian Twelve, or perhaps indeed a Great God of any country, was usually worshipped as a hero; in other words, that the son of Ammon was worshipped under a Grecian character, or, as a Greek would have expressed it, ἑλληνικῶς ἐτιμᾶτο. Whether we can make this appear or not, we may, at least, venture to correct some misconceptions into which, as we make bold to suspect, the learned authors before us have been betrayed.

The critical question is, In what light was the man of Macedon regarded by those distinguished sovereigns who, as we learn from history, visited his tomb? Dr Clarke seems to be convinced, that these persons regarded the object of their adoration as one of the great Egyptian gods. Now, we happen to be quite convinced that they considered him as something much inferior to those deities; that they were careful to pay him no more than heroic honours; and, of consequence, that, though they might

 acknowledge

* Paus. lib. 1. c. 6. This passage seems erroneously referred to by Dr Clarke.

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acknowledge him to be the son of Ammon, they yet worshipped him with Hellenistic ceremonies. We read of three princes born in different ages, who did homage to the remains of Alexander, and we read of them in different historians. These princes were, Ptolemy the First, Augustus Cæsar, and Caracalla.

The honours paid by Ptolemy to his deceased master are described in Diodorus; but we have already said enough of this description. We shall therefore merely remind our readers of a remark made above, that the 'heroic sacrifices' of Ptolemy were manifestly offered to Alexander himself. To these oblations of Ptolemy, we shall see that those of Augustus Cæsar and Caracalla appear to have been, in their kind at least, very similar; and this fact, while it confirms the accuracy of Diodorus, throws light on what we have already said respecting the circumstances of the burial.

Augustus, entering Alexandria as a conqueror, gave his free pardon to the citizens, professedly (says Dio) on account *both* of their *god* Serapis and their *founder* Alexander, τόν τε θεὸν τὸν Σάραπιν, καὶ τὸν Ἀλέξανδρον τὸν οἰκιστὴν ἀυτῶν.* Afterwards he visited the body of Alexander, and (as Suetonius relates) honoured it with an offering of a golden crown and flowers, which, we need not say, was in accordance with the customary tributes of respect paid to the dead. Being urged by the Alexandrians (not necessarily the *priests*) to see the bodies of the Ptolemies, he replied, 'I wished to see a king, and not merely the dead.' On the same principle he declined visiting Apis, observing that he had been accustomed to worship *gods*, and not *oxen*.' Dr Clarke here lays a strong emphasis on the word *gods*, clearly referring it to Alexander, and apparently supposing that the refusal of Augustus to see the bodies of the Ptolemies, and his refusal to visit Apis, were two connected parts of the same transaction. He says that the consecrated relicks of Alexander 'reposed with the holy Apis, and the most secret divinities of that country, in a sarcophagus, under the guardianship of Egyptian priests.' (p. 48.) But this is inadmissible; for Apis always resided at Memphis,† and therefore the offer to exhibit him could

* Dio Cass. lib. 51. c. 16.

† This is affirmed by such a cloud of authors, that to fill a long note with their names were as easy as it would be useless. Happily, two of the first rate attest it with respect to the very time of Augustus. Diodorus wrote about twelve years before this emperor's visit to the tomb, and Strabo about thirty years after that event. The former says that Apis was kept in the grove of Vulcan at Memphis, and that all the sacred

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could not have been made by the priests of Alexandria. In whatever way, then, Dio is to be explained, the refusal to worship Apis had no necessary connexion with the visit to Alexander's tomb. But, again, if we even believed in this connexion, we should be apt to refer the expression of *divinity*, in Augustus's speech, to Serapis, and only that of *royalty* to Alexander; in the same manner as Apis is before called the *God*, while Alexander has merely the appellation of the *founder* of the city.

That Caracalla adored Alexander only as a hero, will be evident to every man who consults Herodian himself, though it is not quite so evident in the translation (for it seems to be intended as such) of his account by the ingenious author before us. This cruel monarch directed his course to Alexandria, with a professed view partly to see the city founded by Alexander, and partly to consult the divinity whom the inhabitants particularly venerated. Whether this revered divinity was Serapis or Alexander, let the reader judge from what follows. 'These, therefore, (says Herodian) were the *two* pretexts which he studiously gave out; his desire to worship (θησκεῦσαι) the *god*, and his desire to commemorate (μνῆσαι) the *hero*. Accordingly, he ordered preparations to be made, *both* for divine sacrifices (ἱερουργίας), and for every species of funeral honours (ἐναγισμούς).' In the sequel we learn, that, 'having entered the city with his whole army, he first betook himself to the *Temple* (*i. e.* the Serapeum *), where he offered many sacrifices and heaped the altars with incense. Thence he repaired to the *Monument of Alexander*, and despoiling himself of his purple robe, his rings set with precious jewels, his belts, and any other costly ornament which he happened to have about him, placed them on the tomb of that person.'

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cred animals were immured in sacred inclosures, ἐν ἱεροῖς μὲν περιβόλοις, lib. i. c. 6. Strabo uses an equivalent expression (ἐν σηκῷ τινι), and farther states, that this animal was never suffered to leave his confinement, excepting occasionally for the outer court, when he was to be exhibited to strangers, (Strab. p. 807.) But how then are we to explain Augustus's declining to see Apis? Did Augustus visit Memphis, and there make this uncourteous speech? This, in itself, is not unlikely; but no author, as far as we know, records it. Perhaps, then, he spoke it in Alexandria, and, in fact, refused to visit the city of Apis's residence. The reader, however, will observe, that Dio's words do not imply any connexion between the remark on the Ptolemies and that on Apis; and farther, that Suetonius records the former of these remarks, without mentioning the other.

* Τὸ ἱερὸν in Alexandria meant the *Serapeum*. In this sense, it occurs at least six times in Philostratus's life of Apollonius. Vid. lib. 5. c. 25.

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person.'† These citations reflect great light on the former extracts both from Dio and from Diodorus; and, on the whole, the distinction between divine and heroic honours seems irresistibly clear. Mr Henley does not actually quote these passages of Herodian; but, from his manner of referring to them, it is evident that he was aware of the distinction here intimated.

Both Dr Clarke and Mr Henley produce some very plausible testimonies in favour of the very exalted mythological character of their hero. But we beg leave to observe, that the strong expressions of satirists deriding, or of moralists rebuking, the absurd and impious practice of deifying the dead, may fairly be understood with some abatement, since both rhetoric and ridicule are universally privileged to employ a very bold style of colouring. Moreover, these learned authors must forgive us if we hint that they have occasionally taken too many liberties with the evidence of their own witnesses. Thus Clemens is adduced by Dr Clarke (if we have not misunderstood him) as stating that *the Roman Senate* inscribed Alexander 'their thirteenth god,' while Mr Henley infers from the same authority, that this folly had been committed by the Egyptians. Now, if the context of Clemens be consulted, it will be found that he attributes this doctrine neither to the Roman Senate, nor to the Egyptians; he expressly calls those who had broached it, ΣΥΡΦΑΚΕΣ ΤΙΝΕΣ, *certain of the refuse of the people.*‡ A similar remark applies to some others of the authorities here adduced. Besides all this, if it be true that the Roman Senate enrolled a Grecian prince among the twelve gods (and really we doubt it,) these must have been the twelve *Dii majorum gentium*, and not the Twelve Deities of Egypt; and that neither the Egyptians nor the Romans placed the Macedonian conqueror on a level with Serapis, we have already shown.§ We shall close this part of our subject with a quotation from Plutarch, which indirectly confirms all that we have now advanced. In reprobating those who had attributed to the gods a human origin, Plutarch pleads the impossibility of effectually deifying mortals, and instances thus: 'Cyrus led his victorious Persians, and Alexander his Macedonians, only not to the very boundary of the world; yet these conquerors are now

† The expressions of Herodian appear the more remarkable, when we contrast them with his strong language in describing the apotheosis of a Roman Emperor; μετὰ τῶν λοιπῶν θεῶν θρησκεύεται. lib. 4. c. 3.

‡ Cohort. ad gent. p. 77.

§ Alexander's inferiority to Serapis, is expressly stated in Julian's Letters. 'If you neither revere Alexander your founder, nor, *still more*, (μᾶλλον γε) the great and most holy God Serapis.' Ep. 10.

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now mentioned and commemorated merely as excellent kings.'* He proceeds to remark, that, although a few princes had, in their pride of heart, arrogated to themselves divine honours, yet their triumph had soon faded away. 'They have been torn (says this eloquent philosopher) like fugitive slaves, from their altars and their temples, and nothing is left them but a monument and a grave.'† Could an author, so well-informed as Plutarch, have written this, if Alexander had, in his time, been worshipped as one of the Supreme divinities in Alexandria? and written it, too, in a work expressly treating of the religious rites of the Egyptians?

We have thus endeavoured to shew, in opposition to the ingenious author of the treatise before us, that neither the obsequies, nor the deification of Alexander, were strictly according to the *costume* of Egypt. Supposing this to be proved, is it still credible that a sarcophagus, covered with hieroglyphics, could have contained the relicks of that prince? We may reply; Probably not, if we must suppose with Dr Clarke, that, to command the veneration of the Egyptians, it was necessary for the burial to be *exclusively* Egyptian; that there could be no compromise between the religion of the conquerors and that of their subjects, no neutral ground interposed, no *outer court of the temple*, in which the native and the stranger might kneel together. But there is, as it appears to us, another supposition, on which the theory respecting Alexander's tomb may still be supported, and this a supposition not unnatural. We conjecture that, in Alexandria, a Greek city, and the seat of a Greek court, the Egyptian superstitions, with all their pride of originality, condescended to *hellenize* a little; and either from fear, or gratitude, or even overcome by the principle of imitation, to fraternize partially with their new neighbours. And yet some people will think this idea supremely absurd. The same Herodotus (they will allege) who says, 'There are no heroic sacrifices in Egypt,' says also, 'The Egyptians detest the institutions of foreigners.' If, then, it may be conjectured that, after the death of Herodotus, this haughty nation abated a little of their contempt for foreigners, why may it not be conjectured that they admitted hero-worship into their ritual previously to the building of Alexandria? But between the times of Herodotus and Alexander there elapsed little more than a century; and the proverbial fondness of the Egyptians for their old customs, and even their known antipathy to those of foreigners, forbid us to suppose that, during this interval, they innovated

* ὀνομα καὶ μνήμην βασιλέων ἀγαθῶν ἔχουσιν. De Is. & Osir. c. 24.
† Ibid.

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innovated sensibly on their ceremonial code, either by inventing, or by importing new rites. The case was much altered when the Greek dynasty mounted the throne, or at least, altered with regard to the capital of the new government. Alexandria had grown up, out of a paltry village,* at the command of a Grecian; the worship of Isis, and that of the European deities, were established there by the same person,† and that person was to be entombed among the creatures of his bounty: Is it therefore incredible, that, in celebrating the obsequies of their common benefactor, the two religions should have been on tolerably free terms of borrowing and lending?

It is plain that Alexander, and it seems likely that the Ptolemies also, wished to effect some sort of friendship between the two religions in question. Before the time of Augustus, this friendship seems to have taken place, for we find the enthusiastic veneration of the populace divided between the god Serapis and the hero Alexander; and, indeed, in the very case before us, it has been proved, that the reputed son of Ammon was invested with the insignia of an European demigod. If this was not inconsistent, it seems to follow, that a Grecian apotheosis might consist with an Egyptian sarcophagus.

And yet, even in making this supposition, we do not move quite so smoothly as might be wished. Philostratus, in his fabulous life of Apollonius, introduces the high priest of Serapis saying, (in the time of Vitellius) 'and who can alter the sacred institutions of Egypt?'‡ Was this a mere *façon de parler?* It should seem so; for it is clear that the people at least had become less rigid; and this may be inferred, even from Philostratus himself.‖ But if any think otherwise, we have yet an alternative. Ptolemy might contrive the funeral of Alexander, with the hope of conciliating the religions of Egypt and Greece, and might be unsuccessful. It is well known how much the Macedonian princes of the East affected the customs of the countries they had subdued; although by a curious, and yet a natural process, when the Ptolemies had really become Egyptians by dint of time, they were fond, as we learn from Pausanias, § of recalling, and being reminded of their Macedonian origin. If this our second hypothesis too should be rejected, we have nothing better to offer, and must lament our inability to explain hieroglyphics.

The arguments by which we have attempted to account for these hieroglyphical inscriptions, are, we acknowledge, not only directly at variance with that of Dr Clarke, but are also, if we may

* Strab. † Arrian. ‡ Lib. 5. c. 25.
‖ Lib. 5. c. 43. § Paus. lib. 10. c. 7.

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may so speak, less effective. He says, Alexander's tomb *must* have been inscribed with hieroglyphics, because the Eastern and Western superstitions were *not* compatible. We say,—it *may* have been so inscribed, because these superstitions *were* compatible. This reasoning, however, is equally good for defensive purposes, as it repels the objection founded on those hieroglyphics.

In the course of this inquiry, we were surprised to find that Mr Henley should, with apparent acquiescence, have copied from Athenagoras and Augustine, the story of Leo the Egyptian priest, who, it is said, informed Alexander the Great that the gods of the Egyptians had formerly been mere mortals. Older authority might be found for this story, than either of the two vouchers cited by Mr Henley, since it is related by no fewer than four of the fathers.* But we agree with them who suppose it to have originated in an odd confusion of Alexander the Great with Alexander Polyhistor.

Bidding adieu to hieroglyphics and Egyptian gods and Greek heroes, we now come to consider the form of the Alexandrian sarcophagus itself, as well as that of the place in which it was found, and to compare these with what history records of the cemetry of Alexander. The hypothesis of Dr Clarke requires us to believe, that the remains of this hero were enshrined within four successive enclosures. First, there was the shell or case, originally of gold, and afterwards of glass, in which the body was immediately reposed. The body, thus cased, lay in a huge sarcophagus of stone, which also contained the armour of the deceased. Over this sarcophagus was built a small shrine or chapel. Lastly, this chapel stood in an open area, surrounded by a wall, or perhaps by a circular building. Our inquiry then is (to speak in homely phrase) *four deep*, and the reader will feel its difficulty, when he hears, that of the four supposed parts of this monument, no one ancient writer mentions more than *two*, so that their various expressions must be carefully sorted together, before they can be turned to much account. Diodorus speaks of πυίλος and τύμνος, Strabo of πυίλος and περίβολος, Herodian of μνῆμα and σορὸς, and Suetonius of the *conditorium* which contained Alexander's armour. These are the principal witnesses, and from their confronted testimony we are to find out a coffin, a sarcophagus, a chapel, and a *belt*. Of the two extremes, indeed, of this series, we must say that their existence is unquestionable. Dr Clarke makes it clear that the πυίλος which immediately enwrapped

* Tertullian, Athenagoras, Minucius Felix, and Augustine. See Davis's notes on it in Tertull. *de pallio*, and Minucius's *Octavius*. Fabricius, however, seems almost to believe the story. See his *Scripta deperdita*.

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wrapped the body, was merely a frame of golden chase-work; and it is equally clear from Strabo, that the body was interred in the midst of a large court or consecrated enclosure. We must allow farther, that, between the gilding of the corpse, and the *belt* of the burying-ground, something under the name either of a sarcophagus, or of a small shrine, must have been interposed; for the corpse could never have been placed in an open area, under the shelter of a slight metal coating. But what was this something? Was it a small building? Was it a sarcophagus? Or must we suppose both? Here it is that the evidence seems to halt a little. The *conditorium* of Suetonius, and the *sorus* of Herodian do assuredly sound as if there had been a sarcophagus; and if this be granted, it may be granted also that a sarcophagus of exquisite workmanship might be thought to want some exterior covering. Yet the word *conditorium*, *might* be applied to a sacellum or sort of oratory built immediately over the corpse, enchased as it was in gold; and though σορὸς and πύλος are not properly synonymes, yet we see not that Herodian, in using the former, must necessarily have meant something different from the latter. The *sarcophago contentus erit* of Juvenal seems really not much worse authority, in this place, than either Suetonius or Herodian.

Our author, however, in behalf of the sarcophagus, resorts to presumptive evidence of no contemptible kind.

'The forms of Greek and Egyptian sepulchres, when constructed for eminent persons, were distinguished by little variety. Wherever traces of their mode of sepulture appear, whether in the pyramids of Egypt, among the chambers excavated in the rocks of Syria and Asia Minor, in Cyprus, the isles and continent of Greece, or in the remote territory of those colonies whose *tumuli* dignify the desolate plains of Tartary, the sarcophagus invariably appears.' p. 45, 46.

This evidence is so strong in favour of Dr Clarke's hypothesis, that it may safely bear a little reduction; and we shall therefore submit to this learned gentleman, whether the form of sepulture in question was really so very general as he states it to be? We think we can adduce an instance or two of deviation from the rule.

Arrian has given us a most minute and curious account of the tomb of Cyrus; so curious indeed, and so illustrative of our present subject, that we should almost have expected it to make a prominent figure in a dissertation on the tomb of Alexander. Dr Clarke, however, has not mentioned it; his learned coadjutor only alludes to it slightly; and we are obliged to compress it without mercy. In the midst of a large enclosure, arose a very small shrine, containing the remains of the great Cyrus. They were, like those of Alexander, embalmed, and enclosed in a case of

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of gold; but, instead of being entombed within a sarcophagus, lay upon a couch or stand, supported on legs of massy gold. Upon the couch was also placed the imperial robe, together with scymitars, chains for the neck, and a variety both of Babylonish and Medish articles of dress, of the richest texture and most beautiful colours. Alexander always longed to visit the tomb of Cyrus; and, when he at length effected his purpose, was incensed to find that this magnificent sepulchre had been plundered of almost all its costly furniture. He was careful to replace what was lost, and sealed up the tomb with the royal signet, that it might not be exposed to a repetition of the injuries it had sustained. The resemblance between the tomb of Cyrus, as here described, and what we are told of the tomb of Alexander, is most striking, even to the expressions used by the authors that describe them respectively. We have here also a περίβολος, a πύλος of gold, with a veil or covering over it (πῶμα or καλυπτὴς), the arms and regal apparel of the deceased interred with the body, and the small chapel which is presumed to have also enshrined the remains of Alexander. Supposing, then, some theorist to infer, from the closeness of this resemblance, from the apparent veneration of Alexander towards the tomb of Cyrus, and perhaps also from his known attachment to Persian fashions, that he had probably expressed a wish to be buried in the manner of his great precursor, and that his body therefore must have been laid, not in a sarcophagus, but on a κλίνη, this conjecture, though much less likely than Dr Clarke's, would have its share of plausibility.

The corpse of Alexander was placed first in a case of gold, and afterwards in a case of glass; and as we have adduced a parallel to the former, we will now seek for a *case in point* to match the latter. Xerxes (as we read in Ælian*) having entered the monument of an old Babylonish king, found there a πύλος of glass, which contained the corpse preserved in oil. Close by the πύλος, stood a low column, bearing an inscription. But an ill omen occurring, while the king was engaged with the πύλος, (we have not room to detail the matter), he shut up the tomb, and retired in disorder. This anecdote wants minuteness; but, from its general complexion, it would not appear that Ælian held the necessity of an exterior coffin of stone to cover the body and its frame of glass, though some sort of roof or building, as a shrine for both, is clearly supposed.

On these grounds alone, then, it might be doubted whether the sarcophagus was universally used in ancient times; but there is another

* Var. Hist. lib. 13. c. 3. The same story is told in Photius's Ctesias, Pers. p. 8. where also πύλος is the word.

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another important circumstance to be mentioned, which, however, it must be owned, Dr Clarke has not quite overlooked. However common the use of sarcophagi in other countries, if we understand that term to mean *recumbent coffins of stone*, it was clearly not universal in Egypt. Most writers, we believe, admit that the Egyptian dead were generally placed in a case of wood, and in an erect attitude. The only question, indeed, seems to be whether the contrary was ever the case. Pauw decides the question with his usual coolness. 'That rule' (the burying the corpse upright) 'seems to have been always observed, except with the kings, who lay at full length in the sarcophagus.'† Could this be proved, Dr Clarke's hypothesis would be even a gainer by the circumstance of the *rare* use of the recumbent mode of sepulture. But the assertion of this learned man seems to militate against the representation of Herodotus, who, speaking of his own time, mentions the erect posture of the corpse, even when he is treating of the funeral ceremonies of a man of consideration, τοῦ τις καὶ λόγος ᾖ.‡ Yet, on balancing evidence, we lean to an opinion not very different from that of Pauw. Dr Clarke, however, we must think, gets rid of the whole question in somewhat too summary a manner. It is in vain to appeal to the sarcophagus of Cheops, and 'that monument,' the principal pyramid; since the controversy respecting the use of the pyramids themselves turns, in some measure, on the decision of the question respecting the use of the sarcophagi, which they were all probably intended to contain. 'Denon' (Dr Clarke says) 'proves that such a mode of burial was consistent with the customs of Egypt in the remotest periods of its history.' We do not think he has positively *proved* it, though he has made it likely; for some of his own discoveries seem to afford presumptions, at least, on the other side. But we decline any farther discussion of a question that has been so often discussed, particularly as we have here no quarrel with the work under examination.

Both the learned authors before us refer to the interment of Joseph, who was put into 'a coffin,' (σορὸς); and this it seems was all. Hence they infer, that the σορὸς was a sarcophagus. But it should be recollected that, according to the context, Joseph's remains were to be preserved, and carried out of Egypt by his posterity. It was therefore natural that he should not be entombed; and the circumstance of his being placed in a σορὸς, if it follows that the σορὸς was portable, is somewhat against the hypothesis maintained in this publication.

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† Dissert. on the Egyptians and Chinese, § 6.

‡ Euterp. 8. 5.

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A word or two must now be said upon the appellation borne by the tomb of Alexander. Strabo informs us, that the bodies both of Alexander and of the Ptolemies reposed within an enclosure called *Soma*. This word has attracted notice, and Casaubon supposes it to be an erroneous reading for *Sema* or *the Monument;* but adds that, if *Soma* be right, the building must have been so called from its containing the body (σῶμα) of Alexander. We incline to prefer *Soma*, not because it is in itself the more likely reading, but because (as Dr Clarke justly intimates) the pure text of so accurate an author as Strabo is not to be lightly altered. Mr Henley proceeds farther, and attempts to support the present reading, partly by shewing its propriety from the convertibility of the terms *soma* and *sema*, and partly by discovering a confirmation of it in two passages of Dio Cassius. In the former attempt, he certainly displays much curious learning; but we shall attempt to shew, that his interpretation of the two extracts from Dio are much more refined than solid.

The historian tells us, with reference to Augustus, Καὶ μετὰ ταῦτα τοῦ μὲν τοῦ Ἀλεξάνδρου σῶμα εἶδε, καὶ ἄντου καὶ προσήψατο, which any plain man would render, 'And after these things he saw the body of Alexander, and even touched it.' But Mr Henley turns it thus; 'He saw both the *Soma* of Alexander, and his *body*, and is said, in handling the latter,' &c. To say nothing of the awkwardness of this construction, which makes Dio talk very indifferent Greek, the context alone will decide the question. Τὸ μὲν τοῦ Ἀλεξάνδρου σῶμα εἶδε,—τοὺς δὲ δὴ τῶν Πτολεμαίων οὐκ ἐθελήσαι. *The σῶμα of Alexander indeed he saw, but he did not see* THOSE *of the Ptolemies.* It is obvious that Mr Henley's construction of the word σῶμα would reduce this sentence to something absurd. Augustus might decline seeing the *bodies* of the Ptolemies; but it would have been very odd in him to decline seeing their *Somas*, since they were all interred in the same Soma, and that happened to be the very one which he had already seen.

The other passage of Dio states, that the emperor Severus, having seized the archives of all the Alexandrian temples, shut them up together in the monument of Alexander, that no man might, in future, either see the body, or read the books; τῷ τοῦ Ἀλεξάνδρου μνημείῳ συνέκλεισεν, ἵνα μηδεὶς ἔτι μήτε τὸ ἰόνλου σῶμα ἴδῃ, κ. τ. λ. According to Mr Henley, this means, 'that the *Soma* might be no more seen.' Now, conceding the propriety of this rendering, either μνημεῖον must signify the same thing as the soma, or it must mean the interior chapel which enshrined the body. If it means the same thing, why this awkward jumble of synonymes? If it means the interior chapel, how could the shutting up of this render the Soma inaccessible? In both these translations from Dio, the learned author before us appears to understand the verb ἰδεῖν in

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in somewhat of an English meaning. When we talk of going to *see* a fine building or a fine seat, we understand the entering and examining it, or *inspicio;* but ἰδεῖν is not this; it implies simple *vision*, and, in this sense, neither Augustus nor any other person could have walked through Alexandria without seeing the Soma, whether it were locked up or open.

We may observe, that as Casaubon proposed to change the word σῶμα in Strabo into σῆμα, so Xylander wished to substitute ζῶμα, *claustrum*, *cingulum*. There is no end to these conjectures; we might as well proceed to recommend χῶμα or δῶμα, both equally applicable.

There are many subordinate points on which we wished to comment; but we have barely left ourselves space for a few remarks on the *history* of the tomb of Alexander. Dr Clarke endeavours to accompany it with a chain of historical evidence from its first formation until the present time. Ancient history traces it down as low as the reign of Caracalla. Modern history is supposed to take it up about the commencement of the sixteenth century, when Leo Africanus flourished. In spite of the silence of a few travellers respecting this tomb, it seems clear that, beginning at the present time, what we call *the tomb of Alexander* can be traced back to the age of Leo. On the other hand, it can hardly be doubted that the real tomb of Alexander was that which was seen by Caracalla. But, then, how are we to prove that Caracalla and Leo saw the same tomb? This is, indeed, a fearful question; for the interval of time between these two characters was no less than twelve hundred and seventy years! History fails here; nothing is recorded of the tomb during this interval; and in the place of history, Dr Clarke has recourse to Arabian traditions, which, however, are of too filmy and subtle a texture to fill the void. Soon after the death of Caracalla, it is to be observed that the pagan idols and temples were destroyed, and it was not very long before the Saracens took possession of Alexandria.

The veneration of the Mahometans for Alexander, makes it probable that his tomb would be very safe under the custody of persons of that persuasion. The difficulty, however, is to prove that it originally arrived safe into their hands, or that it survived the ruin which overwhelmed so many of the Alexandrian temples. Could we once learn this, we might be the less anxious on account even of centuries of silent obscurity, through which it might sleep under the guardianship of its new masters. On the other hand, could we trace back the adoration paid it by the Mahometans, a few centuries higher, we might be better satisfied of the genuineness of that monument which they called the tomb of Alexander, though nothing definite were to be known with respect to its fate during the desolation of the pagan edifices of Alexandria. Thus it is neither our ignorance of the fortunes of the tomb

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tomb of Alexander at the period in question, nor the subsequent silence respecting it for so many ages, that, singly taken, induces us to hesitate in identifying the tomb of Alexander with the sarcophagus of St Athanasius; it is the union of these two circumstances, it is the occurrence of a tempest which might *possibly* destroy both the tomb and the superstitions attending upon it, followed by ages of ignorance in which new superstitions had time to raise themselves on the ruins of the old, and in which even a new tomb might by degrees become confounded with that which had really held the remains of the Macedonian conqueror.

Yet even these difficulties would not be insuperable, provided it could be proved that the ancient tomb of Alexander, as far as we know its history, agreed in any characteristic circumstance with that which is now so called. In that case, the coincidence of features would prove the identity of this monument, however great the difficulty of tracing its fortunes through successive ages. But of the ancient tomb of Alexander we seem to know hardly any thing positive, excepting that it was magnificent, and that it was within the walls of Alexandria. These circumstances, it is clear, are not marked enough to authorise us to pronounce decisively upon the claims of the Alexandrian sarcophagus.

These, then, seem to be the three principal difficulties in coming to a decision on this whole matter; our imperfect knowledge of the form, site, and most prominent *insignia* of the ancient tomb of Alexander; our utter ignorance of its fate during the desolation that overtook the Alexandrian temples; and the total absence of any information respecting it for a thousand years after that event. Could we clear away but any two of these three difficulties, we should not hesitate to give a decisive opinion on the hypothesis of Dr Clarke. As the case stands, we can only say that the hypothesis is *not unlikely;* an expression by which we mean to assign to it a positive though not a high degree of probability. It is however saying not a little, to say, that of a hypothesis necessarily made up of a number of separate presumptions, no direct objection can be urged against any one part, and that all the evidence of which the question allows, is either friendly to it, or at least not unfriendly.

Independently, indeed, of the difficulties which we have noted as attaching themselves to the discussion before us, there is a sort of prejudice which we cannot quite shake off, arising from the recollection of certain other hypotheses that antiquarians have framed, and framed no less erroneously than plausibly. Five years, we believe, have scarcely elapsed, since a book was written to prove that the well-known column called Pompey's Pillar, had originally formed a part of the famous Serapeum or Temple of Serapis. This theory had apparently no other fault than that of being

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being a theory, and, what is singular, the line of argument adopted in that case, did not greatly differ from that which is now pursued by Dr Clarke. Arabian legends were contrasted with Grecian history; Dr White talked of Serapis, as the present author talks of Alexander; and, as Dr Clarke suggests that the age of the Ptolemies alone could have produced the Alexandrian sarcophagus, so Dr White pronounced that Pompey's Pillar could have been built only in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus. Yet in that case, the decyphering of a few mouldering characters on the base of the pillar itself, went far indeed to refute a quarto volume replete with Egyptian learning. It would be doing great injustice to the ingenious author of the present dissertation, to pretend that his hypothesis stands on the same level of probability with that of Dr White. It is indeed considerably more probable; yet who can banish the idea, that the discovery of a single manuscript, which should throw light on the history of this sarcophagus, might confound all our reasonings on the subject? This, however, is to say little more than that Dr Clarke has not made his point *certain;* and when we add that he probably would have no reason to be confounded in the case supposed, and that, on the contrary, his hypothesis would have every thing to hope from the discovery of such a manuscript, we ascribe to it a degree of weight much beyond that of the great mass of antiquarian conjectures and learned researches.

We intended fully to have taken distinct notice of some collateral but very interesting inquiries, pursued in this publication. Such are, Dr Clarke's conjectures with regard to the medals of Lysimachus, his account of his discovery of the ruins of Sais, as well as of those of Tithorea at the base of Parnassus, and Professor Hailstone's letter on the substances employed in the Egyptian monuments brought to England. These points we are necessitated to leave; and the cursory perusal which alone we have been able to give to the papers mentioned, authorises us merely to recommend them to the attention of our readers, as worthy their regard.

We must again compliment Dr Clarke on the spirit with which he both travels and writes. His work is free from all sorts of pedantry, though he is at once a traveller, and a scholar, and an antiquarian. With respect to his performance, indeed, in the second of these characters, we could have forgiven him, if, in one respect, he had hazarded a nearer approach to pedantry. We wish that, after the manner of his learned coadjutor Mr Henley, he had discarded the Latin translations which he subjoins to his Greek extracts. These translations are sometimes very inaccurate; witness that of Herodian in page 63.

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INDEX.

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INDEX.

A

Activity, pleasure derived from, 427.
Alembert, M. de, character of, 369.
Aetius, his manner of treating fever, 51.
Affections, benevolent and malevolent, remarks on, 427.
Agamemnon, tomb or treasury of, a remarkable Grecian edifice still remaining, 443.
Aloë, water. See *Stratiotes*.
Alexander the Great, age of, probably the era of the invention of the arch, 455.
——— sarcophagus, said to be the tomb of, brought from Europe to Britain, 481.
Amelia, Princess, of Prussia, character of, 225—consequences of her attachment to Baron Trenck, 228.
Amusements, for what end devised, 427.
America, familiarity, &c. of servants there, complained of, 33.
Arch, construction of, said to have been known and practised from the most remote antiquity, 441—examples adduced in support of that opinion examined, 443—what most probably the era of the invention, 455.
Argens, Marquis d', dissuades Frederic the Great of Prussia from committing suicide, 229—ungrateful treatment of, by that monarch, 230.
Arts, fine, inquiry into the value of, 424.
Athens, ruins of, the pure fountain of taste in architecture, 447.
Avarice, observations on, 428.
Augustus, visits the tomb of Alexander, 490.

B

Babylon, inquiry whether the arch was used in the structures of Semiramis at, 446.
Banquet, account of, in the apostolical palace, 343.
Barbadoes, murder of slaves how punished in, 245.
Beauty, visible, in what it consists, 307.
Beccabunga, derivation of the term, 105.
Bells prohibited in the Turkish dominions, 448.
Blight in wheat, Sir Joseph Banks's account of the cause of, 148.
Boats of a singular construction used on the Ohio, 158.
Borgia, Lucretia, remarks on the character of, 342.
Broom, common, cultivated in the neighbourhood of Ghent, &c. 110.

C

Caraccioli, character of, 372.

Digitized by Google

Celsus, his mode of treating fever, 53.
Caracalla, visits the monument of Alexander, 491.
Cicero, remarks on the style, &c. of, 182.
Clairon, Madlle., great revolution in the style of acting introduced by on the French stage, 385.
Clarke's dissertation on the sarcophagus brought from Alexandria, &c. 480—means by which that antiquity was brought to Europe, 481—description of, 482—view of the evidence by which its authenticity is supported, 483—evidence examined, 486.
Cloaca Maxima at Rome, by whom constructed, &c. 453.
Coin, base, issued in Ireland during Tyrone's rebellion, 274.
Coinage of money, first steps in the practice of, 268—management of, in all civilized countries, the exclusive prerogative of the Sovereign, 267—state of in England at the Conquest, 269—changes made in the currency at different periods afterwards, 270—general principles of examined, 276—plan for reforming the system of, 283.
Cold, manner in which it is carried off from one body to another, 77.
Connexion, necessary, remarks on the doctrine of, 131.
Consciousness, immediate, effects of giving no faith to any evidence short of, 173.
Corn-spurrey. See *Spergula* arvensis.
Creuta, Count de, character of, 372.
Crimping, Prussian army in a great measure recruited by, 234.
Currie, Dr. his Medical Reports on the effects of water, 42—the author's mode of practice asserted to have been known to the ancients, 43—that assertion refuted, 54—general outline of his mode of treatment, 57.
Cyrus, tomb of, similar to that of Alexander, 496.

D

Daniel, various opinions with regard to the authenticity of the book of, 99.
Deity, unity of, acknowledged by many of the ancient philosophers of Greece and Egypt, 97.
——— on the moral government of, 431.
Drummond's Academical Questions, introductory remarks on, 163—vindication of the study of metaphysics, 164—abstract of the author's reasoning, 166.
Dunkers, a religious sect in America, 163.
Dutens on the use of arches among the ancients, 441—construction of arches known and practised from the most remote antiquity according to the author, ib.—examples adduced in support of his opinion, 443.

E

Edward's, Prince, island, settlement formed in, by Lord Selkirk, 200.
Egyptians, reasons assigned for their not employing the arch in the construction of their buildings, 453—unacquainted with that invention, 434.
Ellis, Mr, his account of the ancient minstrels, 397.

Emigration

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Emigration, from the Highlands of Scotland, a necessary consequence of the extension of the commercial system, 191—inefficacy of all projects to prevent, 194—regulations with regard to the transportation of emigrants, 197—plan for collecting them in some of our American settlements, 198.

Eneid, De Lisle's translation of, 134—extracts from, 137—general character of, 144.

Etruscans, said to have been acquainted with the art of constructing arches, 452.

Evil, moral, existence of, denied, in the eye of the Deity, 432—attempt to reconcile this doctrine with the subsistence of moral distinctions among men, ib.

Extension, definition of, 176.

Error, causes of, in science, 425—in religion, 434.

F

Faery Queen, Spenser's, allegory contained in, 214.

Farms, Highland, description of, 188.

Fashion, capricious changes to which it is subject, 298.

Fever, use of cold affusion in, originally ascribed to Hippocrates, 43—how treated by Galen, and Paul Egineta, 50—by Trallian, Aetius, &c. 51—by Celsus, 52—particular species of, described, 58.

Frederick the Great of Prussia, some particulars of the early years of, 220—striking instances of his ingratitude, 221—and want of feeling, 224—conduct of, towards the Marquis d'Argens, &c. 229—his ordinary mode of enjoying society, 232—method of recruiting his armies, 234—and supplying his finances, 235—example of his mode of administering justice, 236—his character contrasted with that of the Emperor Joseph II. 238.

Frenchmen, ill-adapted for the labours of colonization, 158.

Forsyth's, Mr, Principles of Moral Science, 413—general character of, ib.—what the proper object of human pursuit according to the author, 415—illustration of the fatal consequences of preferring the pursuit of happiness to that of intellectual excellence, 420—remarks on language, 422—inquiry into the value of the fine arts, 424—on the causes of error in science, 425—of amusements, 427—on avarice, 428—on the progress of society, 429—of the nature of the divine government, 430—causes of error in religion, 433—remarks on the author's style, &c. 435.

Francis, Mr, Speech of, in the House of Commons, on the war against the Mahrattas, 478.

G

Galen, character of his works, 50.

Galliani, Abbé, character of, 371.

Gallipoli, in America, colony of French at, 158.

Gold coin, when first introduced into England, 269—popular prejudice against at first, 272—asserted to have now become in this country the measure of property, 277—amount of, issued since 1774, 283.

Greece,

Digitized by Google

Greece, on religious honours paid to heroes in, 487.
Guicciardini, critical observations on the history of, 357.

H

Happiness, asserted not to be the chief good of a sentient creature, 415.
Heat, manner in which it is carried off from one body to another, 76.
Helvetius, character of, 370.
Henry III., gold first coined in England by, 269.
Highlands of Scotland, view of the state of society in formerly, 187—changes which took place on the suppression of the rebellion in 1745, 189—Pasturage the most profitable employment of land in, 190—how the introduction of that system must operate upon the inhabitants, 191—no decrease of population in, notwithstanding the frequent emigrations from, 193.
Hints respecting the education of a young princess, 91.
Hippocrates, use of cold affusion in fever, groundlessly ascribed to, 43—some particulars of his mode of practice, 44.
Host, procession of, at Rome, described, 465.
Hume, Mr, remarks on his doctrine of necessary connexion, 119.

I

Iceland, grain of the sand-reed made into bread in, 109.
Ideas, in what manner one train of succeeds another, 167.
Imitation, one of the most universal sources of pleasure derived from association, 311.
Immortality, arguments on which the belief of, is founded by some, 434.
Indigenous, to what plants the term can be strictly applied, 104.
Insanity, case of, cured by the use of the cold bath, 61.
Intellect, the improvement of, the chief good of man, 415.
Johnson, Dr Samuel, life of, 436—in what manner it has been introduced to the public, ib.—specimen of the information it contains, 437.
Joseph II. the Emperor, character of contrasted with that of Frederick the Great of Prussia, 238.

K

Kentucky, account of the state of, 159.
Kilcolman, the residence of Spenser the poet, described, 209.
Knight's Mr, inquiry into the principles of taste, 295—variations of sentiment which have occurred in different ages as to the objects of, 298—of sensation and its modifications, 307—of the association of ideas, 311—of judgment, 317—of the passions, 320—remarks on the author's style, &c. 326.
Kotzebue's Travels through Italy, 456—introduction, 457—account of the Tyrolese peasantry, 459—religious procession at Rome, 465—description of Pompeii, 466—account of the Pontine marshes, 457.

L

Leo X. Pope, remarks on the earlier part of his life, 337.
Leslie, Mr, combination of the clergy formed to prevent his election to the chair of mathematical professor, 114—circumstances on which they founded their objection, 217—his case brought before the different

Digitized by Google

ferent church-tribunals, 123—sustained by the General Assembly, 126.
Leslie, general character of his experimental inquiry into the nature and propagation of heat, 63—description and use of his differential thermometer, 65—certain anomalies in the author's experiments with that instrument pointed out, 68—important doctrine with regard to the agency of radiant heat unfolded by, 70—manner in which heat and cold are carried off from one body to another, 76—description of the photometer, 86—doubts respecting its theory and application 89—remarks on the author's style, 90.
Lexington, the capital of Kentucky, described, 159.
List, quarterly, of new publications, 249, 503.
Liverpool's, Lord, treatise on coinage, 265—general principles of, examined, 276—remarks on the present state of the paper circulation, 287—objections stated to several of his positions, 289.
Lucan, example of the moral sublime from, 323.
Lucian, extract from the dialogue of, between the shades of Alexander and Diogenes, 485.
Luther, Martin, character of, 354.
Lysicrates, monument of at Athens, how constructed, 448.

M

Marignano, account of the battle of, 349.
Marivaux, character of, 370.
Marmontel, posthumous memoirs of, 358—account of the author's earlier years, 359—picture of the humble happiness and innocence he enjoyed at that period, 360—enters into the academy of Jesuits at Clermont, 361—is elected a member of the college of St Catharine at Thoulouse, 362—goes to Paris, and commences writing for the stage, 363—is sent to the Bastile, 366—publishes his Belisarius, ib.—his death, 367—portraits of several of his acquaintances, 368.
Matter, Dr Reid's and Bishop Berkeley's arguments for and against the existence of, 170.
Mercer's, Major, lyric poems, 471—account of the author, 472—specimens of, 474.
Metals, precious, effects of the continual variation of their relative value, 276.
Metaphysics, not inimical to other studies, 164.
Michaux, M. travels to the westward of the Alleghany Mountains, 155—general character of, 156—abstract of his narrative, 157.
Milton, remarks on the versification, &c. of, 313.
Mind, inaccuracy of the ordinary philosophical language, with regard to the active and passive states of, 168—difficulty of explaining the intercourse between, and matter, 176.
Minstrels, Norman, concise account of, 397.
Minyas, tomb or treasury of, at Orchomenos, adduced as an example of the antiquity of the use of the arch, 443.
Motion, definition of, 176.
Morellet, Abbé, character of, 371.

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N

Necessity of human actions. See *Predestination.*

Novelty, a primary source of pleasure to the human mind, 310.

O

Ohio, river, description of, 157.

P

Parkinson's tour in America, general character of, 29—views of the author in visiting that country, 30—melancholy disappointments, &c. he encountered, 31.

Parthenon, a celebrated temple of Minerva, 449.

Passions, on the value of, 429.

Percy, Bishop, first turns the public attention towards the ancient metrical romances, 388.

Photometer, Leslie's described, 87.

Playfair's edition of Smith's Wealth of Nations, 470.

Poetry, extracts from Southey's Madoc, 11—from De Lille's translation of the Eneid, 137—from Spenser's Faery Queen, 208—from Fletcher, 212—from Poulin's translation of Thomson's Seasons, 328—verses prefixed to an edition of Plato, 346—from Richard Coeur de Lion, a romance, 405—from Mercer's Poems, 474.

Poland, Europe now suffering for the partition of, 243.

Pompeii, description of the city of, 466.

Pontine marshes, account of, 467.

Possibility, two senses in which that term is used, 318.

Poulin's Translation of Thomson's Seasons, 328—some passages of, compared with the original, 329—specimen of the work, 334.

Providence, superintending influence of, a subject full of difficulty, 96.

Predestination, doctrine of, asserted to have no tendency to degrade man, 431.

Prytaneum, at Athens, remarks on the construction of, 451.

Q

Quenneville's dialogues of the dead, &c. 145.

R

Reformation, the beneficial effects which resulted from, 94—remarks on Roscoe's account of the origin and progress of, 351.

Religion, causes of the many errors in, 433.

Richard Cœur de Lion, a romance, story of, and remarks on, 404.

Ritson's ancient English Romancees, 387—general remarks on, ib.—story of Ywain and Gawain, 390.

Romance, ancient metrical, great light thrown upon the manners, &c. of the Gothic ages by, 387—public attention first directed to by Bishop Percy, 388.

Rome, religious procession at, described, 465.

Roscoe's life of Leo X. 336—extract from his narrative of the wars in Italy, 339—specimen of the author's versification, 346—account of the battle of Marignano, 349—remarks on his account of the rise and progress

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progress of the Reformation, 351—character of Luther, 354—observations on the history of Guicciardini, 357.
Roucel's Flore du Nord de la France, 101.
Rousseau, character of, 377.

S

Sand-reed, grain of, made into bread by the Icelanders, 109—great utility of, in fixing the dry and moveable sands, 110.
Sarcophagus, said to be the tomb of Alexander the Great, brought from Egypt to Britain, 481—description of, 482—form, &c. of compared with the descriptions left us by the ancients of the monument of Alexander, 495.
Scarlatina, symptoms of, described, 60.
Schwerin, Marshal, ungrateful treatment of, by Frederick the Great, 230.
Scotland, cultivation of the fine arts little attended to in, 424.
Science, on the causes of error in, 425.
Sciences, on the relative importance of, 426.
Seaforth, Lord, incurs the displeasure of the Legislature of Barbadoes, 245.
Selkirk, Earl of, turns his attention to the subject of emigration, 186—establishes a colony of Highlanders on Prince Edward's Island, 200.
Silk, culture of, attempted to be introduced into Prussia, 240.
Silver coin, old standard of fineness for, 269—the only money of British manufacture for long after the conquest, ib.—great scarcity of at present, 285—more an article of commerce than gold, 282.
Slaves, murder of, how punished in Barbadoes, 245—importation of, into our late acquired colonies, prohibited, 247.
Society, sketch of the progress of, 428.
Solidity, definition of, 176.
Southey, Mr, aspires to be the founder of a new party in poetry, 1—what the chief characteristics of his manner of writing, 3—sketch of the story of his Madoc, 5—faults in the fable and characters, 9—principal excellences of exemplified, 21.
Spenser, Edmund, some particulars of his early life, 207—incurs the displeasure of Lord Burleigh, ib.—goes to Ireland as secretary to the Lord Lieutenant Gray, 208—description of his place of residence there, 209—becomes unfortunate in consequence of the rebellion in Ireland, and dies, 212.
Spergula arvensis, manner of cultivating, in Brabant, 110.
States, Western, of America, account of, 161.
Stewart's, Professor, statement of facts, &c. 113.
Stratiotes, aloïdes, description of, 111.
Sydenham, Dr, change in the treatment of small-pox introduced by, 60.

T

Talleyrand, memoirs of, 151.
Taste, striking characteristic of the pleasures which the exercise of affords, 295—enumeration of arts which are its objects, 296—great difference in the sentiments of mankind in matters of, 297—causes to which

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which that contrariety of sentiment may be ascribed, 302—inquiry into the laws of, 304.
Tears, no unequivocal evidence of tenderness of heart, 223.
Tencin, Madame de, advice given to Marmontel by, 368.
Tetanus, idiopathic, cured by the use of the cold bath, 61.
Thermometer, differential, described, 65.
Thiebault's memoirs of Frederic the Great, 218—his peculiar manner of treating his subject, ib.
Thomson, faults of his versification, 329.
Tintoretto, the painter, anecdote of, 356.
Tod, Mr, his edition of the life of Spenser, 203.
Trallian, his mode of treating fever, 51.
Translation of poetry, extreme difficulty of executing properly, 132.
Trenck, Baron, true cause of the cruel treatment of, by the King of Prussia, 226—affecting interview with the person who was the cause of his misfortunes, 228.
Tyrolese peasantry, their violent attachment to the chase, 459—their courage and fidelity in the cause of their country, 461.

U

Universe a continued exhibition of divine power, &c. 431.

V

Virgil, of all the poets of antiquity, the most susceptible of a modern dress, 136.
Voltaire, anecdotes of, 379.

W

Washington, General, anecdotes of, 40.
Water, inquiry concerning the application of, in fever, by the ancients, 43—among the moderns, 56—general heads of the doctrine with regard to the use of, 62.
Wheat, blighted, account of the causes of, 148—may be used with advantage as seed, 149.
Western States of America, account of, 160.

Y

York, New, population of, 156.

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